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A MARSH ISLAND.

IV.

As Doris and her cavalier turned out of the yard and drove down the road, they were both silent for a minute or two. The evening seemed very dark, and Doris lost all thought of her companion as she instinctively assumed a certain responsibility and kept watch before her. In a little while, however, her strong eyes became independent of the shadows, and as the horse's feet struck the smooth track of the highway she leaned back in the carriage, and her attention became diverted to the interests of the occasion. Dan Lester was a dim figure at her side; he had seen his way all the time and felt no uneasiness, and now turned to look at Doris with entire satisfaction. He knew perfectly well that nothing served his purpose better than to be able to claim Doris's companionship on the slightest pretext. Doris herself was so shy of love-makers that he did not mean to startle her by any premature avowal of his true affection for her. This very evening his heart gave a happy beat, as he told himself that she could not have gone to the village very well without him; indeed, she might have to give up more than one pleasure if he were not always ready and glad to serve her; some day she would surely find out that she could not get along without him any better than

he could without her. And the good fellow leaned over and smoothed the lap-robe, and tucked it in more closely. Most of the maidens whom he had known were willing to be agreeable, and to smile upon him and his attentions, and he was not averse to being smiled upon; but Doris Owen's lack of self-consciousness and quiet dignity attracted him, and kept him eager to follow and to win her. He could not remember a time when he did not feel for her a tenderness that nothing should change. To-night he reassured himself that at last he was able to marry a wife whenever he chose, and suddenly found it more difficult than ever to bide his time. Dan was quite aware that the neighbors had long ago ceased to feel any excitement about so natural and proper a match; they had talked it over and over, and settled his future for him, and even spoken to him on the subject without the least hesitation. But, strange to say, in these days, when he continually told himself that all obstacles had been removed, the lover became for the first time disturbed and uncertain. Doris was so friendly and sisterly, and unlike other girls who thought of marriage. Yet it was not impossible that she was quiet and sweet, and untroubled even by love; and Dan Lester grew scarlet all at once in the sheltering darkness, because he was possessed by an eager de-

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sire to risk asking the great question that very night. Perhaps Doris was waiting for him to declare himself; was wishing to hear the words he found it so hard to say.

At that instant the girl herself spoke, and he was instantly possessed by a sense of disappointment, for her tone showed her unexpectant of such an exciting possibility. "I was not sure that you would come," she said. "I hope you did n't feel obliged to keep the promise, if you were tired. I was n't counting on it greatly, and haying is hard work."

Lester laughed uneasily. "'T would take more than haying to beat me," he answered, and touched his horse unnecessarily with the whip, after which his thoughts returned to a subject which had provoked his curiosity while he waited in the farmhouse yard. "Have you had company come?" he asked. "I saw a stranger at supper with the rest of the folks."

Doris was glad to have a new topic for conversation suggested. She half feared that it was an unwelcome tax upon Dan to drive her to the village that evening. He was unusually silent, and she had begun to be the least bit uncomfortable.

She hoped that he would not feel bound to her, yet her woman's heart had become aware that one element in their relation to each other was fast growing more conspicuous than any other; and she had lately both dreaded and enjoyed being alone with him. Dan had been her brother Israel's crony, and was a near neighbor. It was perfectly natural that he should be at the farm often.

"Mother told me that the young man's name is Dale," she answered, cordially. "I don't know anything about him, except that he was painting a picture somewhere near here to-day, and they forgot to come for him from Dunster; so he came up to the house,

and asked to stay over night. They think he looks a good deal as Israel did," Doris added softly. "Father seemed to want him to stay. I did n't like to come away and leave mother with so much to do, but this morning she was very anxious to get word to Temp'rance; we were to let her know when we began to get the salt hay in. Mother said a little while ago that perhaps we'd better let her stay another day or two, or go over to-morrow and get her; but I was afraid she would be all tired out. You know what mother is when there's a great deal extra to do."

Dan Lester eagerly insisted that Doris had done exactly right. He had quickly understood Mrs. Owen's change of opinion, and found it enough to rouse a flame of jealousy. "Temp'rance has been away most a fortnight," he remarked as quietly as he could. "She never gets any rest over at her sister's, any way."

He could not be sufficiently thankful that Doris was not at home that evening, being suspicious of the unknown rival, and unpleasantly sure that Mrs. Owen was filled with ambitions for her daughter's future that overtopped and slighted his own claims. There was something ominous in the stranger's appearance at this critical time, and poor Lester wished that he were already sure that Doris belonged to him; he must settle it right away. But while he tried to gain courage to speak to her, Doris, who was in uncommonly good spirits, talked about one every-day thing after another until they reached the minister's door.

When the choir-meeting was over, fate would insist that a cousin, who lived half a mile or more beyond his own house, should ask to make a third passenger homeward in the new buggy. Dan was amazingly ungracious for the first few minutes, but the girls, who were good friends, gossiped together serenely all the way.

V.

The various excitements of the evening apparently exhausted Mrs. Owen's reserve fund of good-humor, for she came downstairs the next morning looking older than usual and very despondent. Her husband, on the contrary, was in a cheerful frame of mind, and even hummed a tune as he waited for his breakfast. Whenever his companion had occasion to go to the kitchen closet, just behind the chair where he sat, she gave a deep and ostentatious sigh. The farmer was always an early riser, and had already fed the horses and cattle; he asked now, with mild interest, if none of his assistants had yet appeared.

There was no answer to such an unnecessary question, and a vague thought flitted through the good man's mind that perhaps this had been one of the idle words for which he must give account. It was hardly a rebuke to himself, but rather a theological view of an unimportant mistake. He still waited patiently, giving his best attention to his interlaced fingers, matching one thumb to the other, and wondering, also, what "mother" had on her mind now. He had known these signs of storm to precede even so reasonable an event as her going to the village to pay an afternoon visit, and a general overturning of affairs always preceded the more serious enterprise of deciding upon new clothes. He assured himself that the clouds were likely to blow over, and smiled suddenly at his own philosophy. It was half past five o'clock; the morning was chilly and misty, and would have promised to an inland farmer anything but a good hay-day.

The smile reflected from his observation of the in-door weather seemed to deepen Mrs. Owen's sense of displeasure. "I'm getting the breakfast ready as fast's I can," she said, in a most of-

fended tone. "You just try to do all your farm work with one pair o' hands, and see how you make out."

"I did n't know as anybody was ever in the habit of usin' two pair," suggested Israel Owen mildly. "None of us is expected to do any more than we can do. Don't overtax yourself, Marthy," he added, placidly. "I declare, I don't know when I've ever been so sharp-set for breakfast, though. I think most like it may be on account of the weather's being cooler. What's goin' on with you to-day? I hope Temp'rance'll get home good an' early."

"'T will be the first day since she's been gone that she could wear her new thick dress. I told her 't was all nonsense to toil so over it. Anybody might know 't was like to be too warm weather to have any good of such a thick material. She thought she'd have it ready for winter if she got it done now, in leisure time, before we begun to get the ma'sh hay in. An' she did n't have a notion that you would begin till Monday. I must say I hate to spoil her visit, sending and getting of her home."

"We're going over on the south ma'sh," said the farmer, tilting his chair, "and most likely won't be back before seven or eight o'clock. You might take the old horse and jog up Dunster way, and fetch Temp'rance home yourself,— 't will be a change."

The cause of Mrs. Owen's despondency was at once apparent, and the discovery of her plan seemed to excite great anger: "I'd just like to know how I'm going over there without a decent thing to wear over my shoulders. Nobody would expect that I belonged to folks who had means. I've got some pride, if you ain't. There's Temp'rance's folks from the West all there. I do consider they are weak about dress, and lo'd on too much of it without respect to occasion; but I don't feel happy when I've got nothin' to wear over me except old things that's only

fit, and ought by good rights to be took, for rug-rags."

"They used to tell a story — I do' know but you've heard it — about old Sergeant Copp an' his wife, that was always quarrelin'," said the farmer, in a tone of great satisfaction. "Somebody heard her goin' on one day. Says she, 'I do wish somebody'd give me a lift as fur as Westmarket. I do feel 's if I ought to buy me a cap. I ain't got no decent cap to my back: if I was to die to-morrow, I ain't got no cap that 's fit to lay me out in!' 'Blast ye!' says he, 'why did n't ye die when ye had a cap?'"

Martha Owen tried to preserve her severe expression, but began to laugh in spite of herself, and her companion knew that this was an end of present discomfort. "It's your own fault if you an' Doris don't have what you want to wear," he added. "I'm sure I always make you free to spend what money you need, but you're always a-sufferin' for somethin'."

"Well, there, it's more the trouble of gettin' clothes than anything else," said the good woman. "I s'pose I can go over an' get Temp'rance. We'll have an early dinner soon as Doris gets back from Dunster with the young man. I shall have to send her off soon as we get breakfast cleared away," said the crafty mother. "There won't be a bit of tea in the house after to-morrow morning. We shall use up a sight with the three men, and now I suppose we must keep this new one. I don't know as he will make much trouble. They used to think Doris had a pretty taste for drawing; perhaps he will give her some lessons."

"He won't stay here long, at this time of the year," said the father. "We don't know a word about him, neither. I don't expect there's anything wrong in him; he could n't look ye so straight in the eye. Doris ought to be coming down; it ain't usual with her to be so

behindhand;" but at that minute her footfall was heard on the stairs.

Israel Owen's face brightened as he saw his daughter. "I thought 't was about time for you," he said affectionately.

Doris looked up at the clock, and then smiled at him without speaking.

"I don't know but quarter to six is full early enough," he answered. "I think hired men are apt to take it out in nooning, if they don't loiter all through the day, when you try to start 'em out too early. Your mother here has been hard at it since a little past five, though;" and this seemed like an attempt at reproach.

If Mrs. Owen had been allowed to speak her sorrows first, she could have made good use of the occasion; but as it was, she instantly defended her daughter, though in a manner which let both her companions understand that Doris had something else to answer for.

"You could n't have done anything until now, unless it was to open the fore-room windows before the young man comes down," she said; but after a minute's reflection and a glance at her father, Doris fell into line with the usual preparations for breakfast, and by six o'clock the family had assembled round the table. The sun had broken through the morning mists, and the kitchen seemed a very comfortable and smiling place. The company was much more prosaic and business-like than it had been the evening before, at supper-time, for the beginning of a busy day has not the leisure that the close of it offers as part of the worker's reward. Yet there has been a certain spirit of adventure at every breakfast table, whether it were surrounded by knights who were eager for the tournament, or bronze-faced hay-makers ready to prove their prowess with the armies of straight-stemmed marsh grasses. The evening ought to find men tired, and it may find them disappointed and defeated; in the morning

success seems possible, for who knows the treasures and surprises a new day may hold in its keeping?

As Dick Dale came through the clock-room he found the damp morning air very pleasant. There was no chill; only a sharp freshness, that gave an additional spur to his cheerful readiness to meet the world. The old farmer had opened the windows himself, and a straying branch of the cinnamon rosebush outside had been turned by the light wind, and was lying across one of the window sills, as if it were eager to come inside. The young man crossed the room quickly as he heard the sound of voices, and paused for a minute on the threshold of the kitchen, held by his pleased artistic sense. He had become somewhat familiar with such rural interiors in England and France, but the homelike quality of this, the picturesque grouping and good coloring, were a great surprise and satisfaction: he noted the bronzed faces of the men, the level rays of the pale sunlight, the dull gleam of the brass mountings of a chest of drawers at the shaded side of the room, and the central figure of the girl, who brought a tall coffee-pot with both hands, as if it were an urn of classic shape. Her delicate features and clear color seemed to intensify themselves as he looked,—Doris would make a picture by herself. He must surely do the best he could at making a sketch of her.

Mrs. Owen thought the guest was experiencing an attack of awkwardness, and was not sure of his place at the table, and at once signified the seat which had been given him the evening before. After a few minutes the interruption was forgotten, and the regular progress of the breakfast went on, as if it had been a brook into which somebody had lately thrown a stone. Dale was half amused and half gratified with his new position. He had felt very much like other people until the evening before, but so sensitive a nature was aware that he had

suddenly become the most interesting fact to several minds; that he represented an only half-understood order of things, and was looked upon with mingled suspicion and envy. It was not beyond his power to make his common humanity more apparent than the difference in experience and local values. Being, indeed, a man who was not ruled by the decorations of character, he had a true sympathy with his fellows, which gave him the advantage of feeling at home in almost any place; and with another glance at Doris, who sat by his side and next her father, without a word of entreaty to his companions, he began to lay the best claim he could to equal rights with the rest of the household. Busy Mrs. Owen could hardly spare time for her morning meal, and presently bustled away into the pantry to finish packing the dinner baskets. The farmer laid down his knife and fork, next, and carried the cider jug to the cellar, protesting that he had nearly forgotten it, which made the company smile; and two of the haymakers nodded at each other and grinned a moment later, when they heard their favorite beverage gurgling from its cask in the depths below. Then they went out together. There were a few reproachful cries at a restless horse, and a hurry and clatter and general excitement in the yard. The farmer came back again to the door to say that he should have to leave Mr. Dale to the favor of the women folks; but if he felt like strolling over to the marshes by and by he could find a welcome, especially if it looked like rain. The stranger himself laughed in response, and in a few minutes the stir was over, and quiet had again settled down upon the house.

After a minute's hesitation Dick wandered back into the clock-room, and stood before the sketch he had made the day before. This was disappointing, after all; the little birch-tree was more like a tree and less like Doris than he had hoped to find it. Yet he was not sure that he

felt exactly like going on with that bit of work; perhaps it would be better to look about the farm, and see what he could discover in the way of subjects. He had found his room at the north side of the house a little damp and cheerless that morning, and had doubted whether it were worth while to linger long in this rural neighborhood; but all trace of such want of hardiness had been dispelled by his comfortable breakfast. It really seemed his duty to forget inconveniences which could not be worth mentioning beside those he had encountered elsewhere in pursuit of his art. One did not happen upon such rich hunting-grounds every day, and he gave a complacent glance at a Washington pitcher of most rewarding quality, which held some durable dahlias and other late summer flowers, on the narrow table under the blurred mirror in its twisted frame. He was a trifle ashamed of his grasping worldliness, as he stood in the old room. The master of the house was most attractive; he and his daughter were of a different fibre from the other inmates of the household. The girl had a fine repose and dignity of manner. She seemed equal to her duties, but she was grave and brooding; like some women whom he had known among the French peasants, with her serene expectancy and steadfastness and careful expenditure of enthusiasm. She was an economist by nature, but rich with power and strength, the young man thought, as he wondered if there were any one who had the gift of sounding the depths of this faithful heart. He was ready to read much romance and sentiment between the straight, plain lines of this new character. Evidently nothing of any great interest had happened to Doris yet, but it could not be possible that she was made only for fading out and growing old, undeveloped by these dull fashions of country life.

As he went up the broad green sloping yard toward the orchard, a little

later, Mrs. Owen's voice reached him as she sang a high droning psalm tune behind the wilted scarlet runners of the pantry window. She had sung in the church choir in her early years, and had agreed with her neighbors that her gift was quite uncommon; but it was impossible now for the listener to resist a smile at some of her ambitious excursions among the higher notes. She was rolling out a new supply of the substantial ginger cakes that her dependents so much admired, and doughnuts also must be provided afresh; but she noticed with pleasure that her guest was going in the same direction from which Doris would presently be returning, and rejoiced to think they were sure to meet.

Nothing would give her daughter a better suggestion than such an acquaintance as this. It was Mrs. Owen's darling project that Doris should see something of the world. She dimly recognized that the world had a claim upon the girl's beauty and good sense, and she wished to hear her praised and see her take a rightful place. Her own most womanly perception had not been unconscious of young Dale's interest in her child's good looks. Dale himself was pleasant to look at; young Israel Owen might have truly been something like him, if he had grown older under such evidently prosperous worldly conditions; and the tears started to this mother's eyes, as she watched the stranger out of sight. She must ask him some time to give further particulars of the accident which had lamed him. He seemed to have difficulty in using his left foot, and limped a good deal now as he disappeared among the old trees of the orchard. Presently he came into view again, this time allured to the family burying-ground at the edge of the field. The good woman could see, as he had seen, the faded color of the little flag which since the last Decoration Day had fluttered in every breeze above the soldier's grave.

VI.

The weather did what it could to prosper the dwellers on the Marsh Island, and Dick Dale more than once assured himself that it was too heavenly beautiful for a man to do anything but enjoy life in idleness. There was a sturdiness and royalty about the stout-stemmed fruit trees. He looked along delightful vistas between their rows, and when he had followed the hillside a short distance he discovered, as he turned to look behind him, a view of the farmhouse roofs and chimneys against the willows, with a far distance of shore and sea and clouds beyond, which appeared to him of inestimable beauty and value. He forgot, as he looked across the country, that he had ever known any interest in existence save that connected with his paints and brushes, and would have hurried back for the best of them if he had not remembered, almost with impatience, that Doris would be ready to drive him to Dunster at eight o'clock. It was now a little past seven, and there never had been a better beginning of a day, with such wealth of time yet to look forward to. If Dale had been a more energetic person, he might have seized that perfection of morning light, and made sure of his sketch directly; but he looked back lovingly again and again instead, was sorry that the family plans seemed too important and inevitable to be disarranged, and strolled on through the open field. The aftermath here was wet with the heavy dew of the night before, and he kept to the cart track, along which the workmen had evidently passed earlier in the day. One of the ruts was well trodden and much used as a foot-path. He wondered whither it led: it must be to the creek, and there was sure to be a fine view of the marshes after one reached the top of the slope beyond.

A salter breeze than any he had met

blew the drier grasses of the hill-top, and for his lame foot's sake he stopped, and then looked about eagerly. A wide, low country stretched away northward and eastward, with some pale blue hills on its horizon. The marshes looked as if the land had been raveled out into the sea, for the tide creeks and inlets were brimful of water, and some gulls were flashing their wings in the sunlight, as if they were rejoiced at the sight of the sinking and conquered shore. The far-away dunes of white sand were bewildering to look at, and their shadows were purple even at that distance. One might be thankful that he had risen early that morning, and had climbed a hill to see the world. Far away the haymaking was going on. In another direction some old haystacks looked soft and brown; and then Dale discovered a second group of men floating down the creeks, and was puzzled to know which were his friends. He felt like a leaf that drifts down a slow stream; he grew serenely contented in his delight, and dared to look the August sun full in its face, and then threw a stone with all his might at a bird that flew by. He blinked his dazzled eyes angrily because he could not tell whether the shot had been of any avail, and then laughed at himself, and felt like a boy on a stolen holiday. Just then he heard a noise of heavy footsteps, and behind some bushes, farther along the path he had been following, he was surprised to see Doris approaching, walking quickly beside two farm horses, whose harness was hanging about them, unfastened and clinking as they came. She was holding the near horse by his bit, and leaned backward to check the honest creatures, who were impatient to finish their breakfasts. The color flickered more brightly in her cheeks as she saw Dale, and watched him eagerly come down the slope to meet her.

The clumsy horses were filled with the spirit and excitement of the clear morning, and were ready to take advan-

tage of any excuse for prancing a little. They raised their heads and looked at the stranger, and the off horse capered at the sight; the dangling harness struck them unexpectedly, and their slender teamster was suddenly in danger. At least, Dale thought so, and hastened to the rescue. Doris lost sight of him, but presently had the horses well in hand again, and a moment afterward she was shocked to see the painter try to get up from the turf. He had stumbled and fallen ignominiously, but looked pale, as if he were really hurt. The conquered horses stood still now, at the girl's command. They were docile creatures, of great experience, who would stand in the hot sunshine all day, or follow the long spring furrows without impatience. They would not have struck their young mistress for all the cracked corn in the bin, and waited now, looking after her uneasily as she went toward the stranger.

"It is only this confounded ankle of mine!" growled Dale. "I believe I never shall get it strong;" and though he felt more and more disgusted and ashamed of himself and wished he were a thousand miles away, an unpleasant faintness was creeping over him. No, he would not be such a baby! But at this point the bright sky turned black, he felt the ground lift itself up and the short grass prick his cheek, and there was a pause altogether.

Only a minute went by before life resumed its course, and he opened his eyes, quite a languid and white-faced person now, instead of the stalwart admirer of the country who had come up the hill. "You had better lie still a little while," said Doris softly. He need not have felt such a sense of inferiority and silliness, for her face was very sober and distressed. The horses had become totally indifferent to their surroundings, except as they tried to brush away a fly now and then. Dale sat up presently, and leaned his head on one hand while

he felt his disabled ankle with the other, and then tied his handkerchief tightly about it. He felt sorry it was not the clean one which he had filled with mushrooms the day before; this looked miserably the worse for wear. Somehow, he never could remember to beg for paint rags before he started out for a day's sketching.

Doris looked on compassionately. She was standing close beside him, and he was sure she had stooped to take off his hat, which had been uncomfortably misplaced over his eyes as he lay down; but she had not lifted his head on her arm, or behaved at all as maidens do when their lovers, or even their friends, faint in the story-books. He was obliged to confess that she was very sensible and very kind, however, and that she looked sorry for him.

"I shall be all right directly," he said, with his best smile. "I must insist that I have n't fainted before since I was a boy. Could you ask?"—and Dale hesitated: there was nobody at the farmhouse save Mrs. Owen. "Can you get me a stick, do you think, so that I can hobble back to the house?"

"I will come back and help you, if you will wait right here for me," said the girl, flushing slightly, while leading the horses to the side of the path, she sprang upon the back of the nearer one, and went jolting toward the barns with entire composure. She was apparently familiar with this uncomfortable mode of travel; she did not turn her head, though Dale turned his, and saw her strike first the leader and then his mate with the end of the heavy leather reins. He wondered if she would not be hurt against the low boughs of the old apple-trees; he had been obliged to stoop more than once as he had walked under them. It was very odd that he should have been talking nonsense to himself the night before about being invalidated upon the Marsh Island. Somehow, the reality was not so pleasant, and he felt

like a shipwrecked sailor, and unwontedly destitute at that. He could not go to Dunster now; perhaps he must ask Doris to bring a doctor. This was a dismal end to his triumphant morning; but his ankle was in a wretched way, and with an angry cry of misery, which nothing would have forced from him had he not been alone, he seized it with both hands, and soliloquized at intervals until Doris reappeared. Even in his suffering condition he felt a great joy, because she ran so lightly and so fast, as not one woman in ten thousand can run, with fleet-footed directness and grace. She was slow, she herself thought, — she had been afraid that he might faint again; and when she reached his side, and Dale leaned upon her firm arm and stopped to break a stick from a wild-cherry thicket, she thought him uncomplaining and even heroic. She was much disturbed, but the painter thought her very placid and quite motherly in her attentions and feeling toward him. She was a soulless creature, after all; beautiful to look at as a fawn and unconscious as a flower, but as a human being utterly commonplace. The confession must be made that when they reached the hot kitchen, and Dale deposited himself wearily in a padded rocking-chair, which he wished to be out of directly, Mrs. Owen was much more equal to the occasion in her expressions of sympathy than her daughter had been. "For mercy's sake, Doris," she demanded, "why did n't you slip one of the hosses into the old wagon, and not make Mr. Dale walk all the way? He may have het up the bone so 't will be stiff as a stake." But Doris looked so convicted and distressed that Dick announced gallantly his complete repugnance to being cruelly jolted over the uneven surface of a hillside field.

Dan Lester was happily unconscious of the devotion which was spent upon his rival that day at the farmhouse. The family doctor was seen coming along the road, and was called in with

great eagerness. He looked at his patient with much surprise, and recognized him as having sometimes been a guest at one of the fine houses on the shore, at the other extremity of his range of practice. The doctor had served as surgeon in the army during the war, and was a man of excellent acquirements and quick perceptions.

"I have seen you before, I think, at Mrs. Winchester's, Mr. Dale?" he said carelessly, when the bandage had fallen short, and Mrs. Owen had hurried away with thumping footsteps for more old cotton. "It was when a little grandson of hers had a bad fall in the stable," he explained, holding the strip of cloth with firm fingers.

"Yes," replied Dick Dale uneasily. "I thought I had seen you. If you run across any of my people, don't speak of my being here. I stopped to make a sketch or two, and meant to be away to-day. I have promised to visit my aunt later in the season," he added more boldly. He was unaccustomed to apologizing for his plans, and wondered, as he spoke, why he felt now a little at odds with propriety.

The doctor nodded, and seemed indisposed to criticise the deeds of any young man, especially an artist. "You could not find a more picturesque bit of country," he said, with considerable enthusiasm. "There were two or three artists staying at the east village in June. I dare say they might have been friends of yours."

Mrs. Owen had returned with a stout roll of linen and a damaged sheet, which she offered submissively for inspection. "There's plenty more where this come from," she announced, a little out of breath; and the doctor smilingly responded that she had better not let any of the hospitals hear of her; they were always beggared for want of such things.

"Will he be laid up a good while, do you suppose?" she asked the hurried

surgeon, with a shade of anxiety, as she followed him to the door, and hardly knew whether she was most relieved or disappointed when the doctor answered that this sprain was only slight; it was a miserable weak ankle; the fellow had used it too soon after the first injury.

The morning went by slowly, and Dale grew more and more dissatisfied and impatient with himself. He had heard the doctor's verdict upon his case, and did not anticipate any long delay; but his foot ached badly, and the bandage felt tight and bungling, though it looked so smooth and irreproachable. He had been established in a high-backed wooden rocking-chair in the clock-room, with his lame foot on another chair, cushioned by a small and fluffy pillow, with a cover so long that it drooped to the floor and looked like a baby's skimpy-frock. He was left to himself for a time. Doris was going to Dunster without him, and would bring back Temperance Kipp, the maid servant, and his own portmanteau. Dale could see her in the yard harnessing a horse into a light wagon. Presently her mother joined her, looking heated from her work in the kitchen. She was a fine, straight woman for her years, a most kind creature, the young man thought gratefully, and smiled as he heard her tell Doris what the doctor had said, and add that his own foot was as soft and white as a child's. Doris seemed impatient to be off. The young horse she drove was impatient, also, and whirled the wagon round a corner of the yard and down the road. Dale leaned forward to see better. Doris looked quickly up at the window, and their eyes exactly met; the next moment she was hidden by the willow boughs, but it was so still about the farm that the sound of wheels could be heard for some minutes.

Mrs. Owen looked in, every little while, and always said that they were going to have a regular dog-day. The

tall clock ticked excitedly, as if it were not pleased with this intrusion upon its own apartment. The county paper lay upon the table under the looking-glass, with the Massachusetts Ploughman and the semi-weekly Tribune, which Dale selected with satisfaction. After looking over its pages with sad quickness, he made use of it to beat away the flies which were flocking in from the kitchen. Mrs. Owen had unguardedly left the door half open, and they seemed eager to prove the truth of her repeated statement about the weather. From his seat by the window he could see the hillside and the orchard, with the small, pathetic crowd of gray and white headstones in the family burying-place. One might fancy that these stones were a sort of prosaic disguise, under which the former dwellers in the old farmhouse stood apart together to watch and comment gloomily upon their descendants. The faded little flag alone signified any active interest. There was a kind of hopeful beckoning and inspiration about its slight movements and flutterings.

In the dullest of the morning hours Dick was assured that he must communicate with his aunt, and make use of her hospitality. Later, he reflected that, however reasonable such an arrangement might appear, it would be also a great bore. The house was always well filled at this time of the summer. There was sure to be a flock of his aunt's grandchildren, and they were noisy and clamorous enough if a man were well, and he was not disposed to put himself at their mercy now, confounded little beggars! They were all extremely fond of him, and hitherto he had returned their affection with a more or less spasmodic warmth. Dick jerked his shoulders suddenly, as if a first-cousin, once removed, had unsympathetically tried to climb upon them. He would wait a day or two, and see how the ankle got on; indeed, he had often spent a week or two in a duller place than this. But he

wondered idly, more than once, if it were not time for Doris to be at home again.

VII.

Meanwhile work was going forward on the marshes. There had been some delay in transporting the crew of men; the great hay-boat, which had not been used before for some months, was stranded high and dry on the shore at the side of the creek. It had been well beached, and put as far out of reach of the spring tides as possible, lest it should float off across the shallow sea which covered the meadows, and be either wrecked or take up its residence inconveniently far inland. The same spring tide, however, had revenged itself for the loss of its prey by giving the heavy boat a lift and a push which made it swing about and tug at its moorings from the opposite direction. Finally, when the waters receded from their unnatural vantage ground, the craft settled down heavily, with its bow toward the deep channel; and when the huckleberry and bayberry bushes waked up a little later, they struggled and bent their twigs under a weight and obscurity equal to a land-slide, and concluded that it was not spring yet, after all.

The farmer had met such hindrances before, and had laid some persuasive rollers in the way to the water, and the launch was achieved in the early August morning with little difficulty, though with the aid of much shouting from Jim Fales, beside vigorous pushing from all the haymakers. The tide was in, and the stupid-looking square hay-boat floated lightly, with a somewhat coquettish air of being in its element, while the displaced water splashed among the coarse grass of the shore. A weather-beaten dory was brought up and fastened at the hay-boat's stern; the farmer was carefully putting his scythes and pitchforks on board. One of the men fas-

tened the horses to a small maple-tree, which they browsed industriously. Doris was to come presently to drive them back to the barn.

Jim Fales had worked furiously to aid the launching of the hay-boat, and now stood contemplating it with some scorn. "Ain't she got a sassy bow?" he remarked derisively. "I don't know's I ever see one that was built more awk'ard. 'Twas one o' old Lester's make, wa'n't it? His was all the same pattern."

"You take right holt now, my son, and help git these tools aboard," said Israel Owen serenely. "We're belated more 'n I wish we was a'ready. An' Lester's bo'ts are pretty much all afloat in the ma'shes now, while those that have been made since are mostly split or rotten. He put good stuff into 'em, and they carry well, a good load and well set, if they be square-nosed."

"We'll all be drowneded, sure 's fate. I guess I'd better step along on the bank," laughed the young man; "she's leakin' like a sieve."

"Give her a couple of hours in the water and she'll be as dry as a cup," said the farmer. "I know her. But run along ashore if you feel skeary, James," as the youngster leaped lightly over the side. The other men smiled indulgently. Jim Fales was a good fellow, whose faults were those of youth and self-confidence. He was thin and light, quick as a flash, and apt to work beyond his strength in boyish bravado. He was employed at men's wages for the first time this summer, and had proved himself worthy to enter the lists at any sort of farm-work, though some of his comrades could not help wondering how he would hold out. He was frequently designated as the Grasshopper, and was worth at least half his pay for his good spirits and the amusement he afforded his associates.

One would have thought that the boat's builder had measured the width

of the creek before he laid her timbers, and then left very little room on either side. The complication which would be involved by one hay-boat's meeting another in the deep and narrow channels of the marsh can hardly be pictured, unless, indeed, the crews were amicably transferred. At some distance, however, a broader inlet was shining in the morning sunlight, and another boat and its company presently emerged from behind a point of the Marsh Island, and floated placidly away to the eastward.

"There goes Bennet's folks," said Mr. Jenks. "They're late this morning, too," and Jim Fales and Allen, who were poling, doubled their diligence, and made haste to signify their presence by loud and echoing outcries.

Farmer Owen had seated himself on the broad gunwale of his valued boat, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees and his brown hands clasped together before him. Sometimes the tall sedges brushed the faded cambric back of his waistcoat, and once Mr. Jenks reached out and cut two or three cat-tails with his great jack-knife, and selecting the largest proceeded to trim it, and then stuck it in a small auger hole in the stern, where it looked like the mockery of a mast. For some distance the faded square of yellow was visible where the boat had laid on the sloping bank; it made a surprisingly attractive point in the landscape, and Farmer Owen said once, as he looked at it, that the growth underneath would be likely to think there was an early fall. There had been no such high tides for ten years as the spring before, when Lester's masterpiece had been drifted so far ashore.

As they neared a point half-way to the south marsh, a young man was seen standing there, waiting, a solitary figure on the low shore. This was Dan Lester, who, as the hay-boat approached, took a flying leap and landed in what might be called the hold, making a great

splash in the six or seven inches of water, which seemed to disconcert neither him nor anybody else.

"I'd better have fetched a mallet and spike along, and caulked up this conveyance," he said soberly, with an inward sense of the scrutiny of Jim Fales's curious eyes. His mind was not at ease, and he tried to behave exactly as usual, without entire success.

"I guess 't will be the end o' the leakage now," Israel Owen announced, after a wondering though brief look at this new member of the crew. "The sides are tight, and 't was only the bottom planks that had shrunk a grain, same's they do every year. She'll be dry enough if she lays out in this sun till evenin'."

The fresh morning wind ruffled the surface of the tide river and tossed about the foliage on the shore, lifting the leaves and varying their shades of green skillfully. As the boat slowly rounded a point covered with underbrush, Lester saw a late wild rose almost within reach of his hand, and with the sudden thought of Doris that was always linked in his mind with anything beautiful he tried to catch and break the twig. But he had been carried just too far beyond, and almost fell over into the water. The other men laughed, and he joined them a little ruefully, and watched the flower, as if the loss of it foretold his fate. He had known the misery and anxiety of an unassured lover the night before. He had never until now been really uncertain or in such desperate earnest about winning Doris, and was shaken and hurt by his sleeplessness and fears. Dan was a model of health and vigor. Like men of his nature, he could ill bear suffering of any sort, but he was supported this morning by a noble instinct of heroism. He would die hard before he let himself betray the lack of courage that he sometimes felt. If Doris knew how troubled he was for her sake, she could not help

thinking that he deserved her love. Poor fellow! sometimes he needed her tender pity almost as much.

But saucy Jim Fales, with his quick, shrewd eyes, had dared to tell him that he looked afflicted, and was begging him to give the reason. It was a preposterous favor to ask, under the circumstances, and Jim seemed quite abominable. Lester was quick-tempered, and found himself growing very angry, although it would never do to wage open war against the youngster. Mr. Owen was already looking benignly at the faces of his companions, as if he were becoming conscious of the presence of some interest he did not understand.

They were so far away now from the farm that it showed its whole outline and extent from that eastern point of view. The hill which Dick Dale thought a good lookout had lowered itself, and was only a bare, unsheltered pasture upland. Israel Owen could read at a glance all the slopes and hollows of the woodland and fields of the neighboring country, and surveyed with pleasure his own sound fences and the tops of his fruit trees, which showed themselves over the crest of the island as if they were trying to see what was on the seaward side.

The tide was full; the lines of the creeks made a broad tracery whichever way one looked. Northward and southward from the Marsh Island the great reaches of the Sussex marshes spread themselves level and green, while the nearer hills of the inland country were bronzed and autumn-like, and the distant ones were blue in the morning haze. The sea-birds overhead were crying and calling, as if they besought the salt-hay makers to fly away with them, like reluctant nestlings of their own.

The outlying portion of Israel Owen's property, toward which he was voyaging, was a low bit of the sea country. Even this not unusual tide was submerging its

borders, and most of the grass must be taken away to be spread and dried elsewhere. The old farmer with Dan Lester went apart from the other workmen, and all began to mow as fast as possible, so that a good portion of the crop might be put into the boat, ready to carry away when the tide should be high again in the evening. The men stepped forward diligently; the tall grasses fell before their enemies, rank after rank. The tide held itself bravely for a time: it had grasped the land nobly; all its great weight and power were come in and had prevailed. It shone up at the sky; it laughed in the sun's face; then changed its mind, and began to creep away again. It would rise no more that morning, but at night the world should wonder! So the great sea, forsaking its purpose, slid back out of the narrow creeks and ditches, leaving them black and deep, with the green sedge drooping over their edges; and at midday the sun was fierce and hot, and the haymakers brought the small sail of the dory, and made a tent-like shelter of it with their pitchforks, and were ready for their nooning.

"I declare I don't know 's it was ever hotter than this any of the hot days I've seen in my time," said the farmer. "Doris had a notion yisterday that 't would be better for her to bring over the dinner at noontime; she thought she could slip down the west crick in her small bo't, if 't was low water; but I'm glad she didn't." The younger men gave each other a sly look; they would have enjoyed such a visit in the midst of their dull work. Some evil spirit suggested to Jim Fales that it would be good fun to tease Dan Lester.

"Doris!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "She'll be all taken up with the city swell, I expect; she won't have no time to spare for country folks. Perhaps she'll fetch him along over here in her dory, long towards night, when it gits cooler, to make a picture of us."

"He looks like my boy Isr'el," said Farmer Owen, unexpectedly. "She's going to take him in to Dunster to git his trunk,—Doris is. Mis' Owen, she's calc'latin' to accommodate him for a spell." And one of the haymakers, who had been hungry enough the moment before, put down what would have been his next mouthful as if the bread were a stone. Jim Fales whistled at the sight, and the lover shot a fierce glance at him. What a fool he was making of himself, he thought piteously, the next minute, and tried to go on with his lunch. Mrs. Owen was a capital cook and provider, but Lester wondered how he could dispose of his share, while young Fales ventured to say satirically that he thought he had seen a snake; and being wouderingly answered by the proprietor that they were never common on the south marsh, held his peace.

Some of the men stretched themselves out for a nap, and Dan Lester feigned to copy their example; but when he left his hard couch, a little later, to join his employer, it was with sullen, tired eyes, and a determination to ask Doris's father a solemn question.

Farmer Owen had apparently taken no notice of Jim Fales's ostentatious discovery of the reptile, nor of the personal character of the talk, but Dan Lester looked dark, and muttered as if he were a strayed thunder-cloud. A light breeze had risen, and the stillness of the unusual heat was over with, but the young man grew flushed and warm, and stood holding his scythe as if it were an aggressive weapon, while he fanned himself with his frayed straw hat. He was a handsome fellow, dark and thin and straight, with a suggestion of French blood in his remote ancestry. A pair of honest blue eyes looked unrelated to his brown cheeks, and an inch or less above them there was a sharp dividing line between his singularly white forehead and the dusky tints below. The old farmer

glanced toward him once or twice compassionately, and at last came and laid a heavy hand kindly upon Dan's shoulder.

"Don't cry before ye're hurt, lad," he said. "Don't take no account of that youngster's nonsense, neither; 't ain't wuth your while, as I view it."

Lester flushed again, and looked angrier than before; his first impulse was to accuse his annoyers and defend himself, but luckily he became aware of the opportunity to plead his cause with Doris's father. He choked down his silly wrath, and a gentle, almost pleading expression came into his face; no words could be found for a minute, and the elder man stood waiting patiently. "Come," he said at last, "we must get to work."

"I've been wanting to speak with you," Lester whispered, as if they might be overheard even at that distance from their companions. "I do set everything by Doris. I feel as if I wanted to make certain I had a right to her."

"I can't say but I'm willin'," answered the farmer. "I should like to see it come about, far 's I'm concerned. Have ye spoke with her last night, may be?" and he looked hopefully at his would-be son-in-law's transparent countenance. "Your father and me, we was always the best of friends. I'd rather have you master of the old place than anybody about, so long 's poor Isr'el never 'll want it."

"I tried to screw me up to say something or 'nother, so she'd know, as we was ridin' along last evenin'," said Dan, grateful for the listener's confidence. "I don' know 's I'm chicken-hearted, but I could n't speak my mind. Seems if she must know, too. I wish the women was the ones that spoke first, they'd get over it a sight the easiest;" and Dan tried to laugh, but his mirth was not sincere. "She's too good for me by a long shot, but I never 'll let her want for nothin', specially lovin' kindness," he

burst out, with such excitement that the next moment a reaction followed his unwonted sentiment, and he felt afraid that his old friend would laugh at him.

"Yes, yes!" the elder man exclaimed somewhat impatiently. "I don't feel uneasy, Dan, an' 't will all come right in time. She ain't sure of her own mind p'rhaps, but 't is set that way. Women's a kind of game: you've got to hunt 'em their own track, an' when you've caught 'em they've got to be tamed some. Strange, ain't it?—they most all on 'em calc'late to git married; and yet it goes sort of against their natur', too, and seems hard to come to, for the most part:" and Mr. Owen shook his head solemnly over this difficult question, and walked away slowly to his work. Lester's mind felt not wholly unburdened, but this was at least a good beginning. "The old gentleman don't make so clean a cut this year as I've seen him," he thought. "I'll borrow some excuse to get him to quit work early;" and then Dan gave his own scythe a vigorous whetting, and mowed with surprising effect all the afternoon. Perhaps the stranger at the farmhouse was gone already. No, the farmer had said that his wife was going to take him to board for some days; and Dan felt an unusual sense of bitterness toward the good woman who seemed to be so unfriendly to his cause. Perhaps the painter was a married man. It was no use to be distressed, and Doris had been very good-humored the evening before, as they drove to the choir-meeting. Yet as the hours went by he grew more and more anxious to see her again.

As for Jim Fales and Mr. Jenks and Allen, they were filled with vain imaginings, and made themselves particularly merry over the lover's exasperation. "Land, how we 'll thorn Dan up tomorrow telling how him and her was keeping company in the best room, and walking up in the orchard after dark!" said Jim Fales. "There, now; see the

old sir a' clappin' him on the shoulder! He's going to say, Bless you, my child'n, sure 's you 're alive."

"He seemed mightily taken with the city chap, it struck me," said Mr. Jenks, who had worked in one of the Sussex shipyards all summer, and had lately been thrown out of employment by the dull season. "And look here, young man, you'd best keep out o' the range of Dan Lester's fist, if you've set your mind on baiting him." Mr. Jenks was a man of few words, and his junior looked disappointed and grave at this unexpected warning.

"I don't know 's we've got to settle everything for 'em this afternoon; but Dan's well stirred up and jealous as sin, ain't he?" inquired Jim, a few minutes afterward, in a serious tone. "I should n't wonder myself if it set him on to get matters fixed to his mind. He's been goin' with Doris Owen ever since I can remember. He was a big boy to school when I was a little one in the primer."

"He come from about here, did n't he?" asked Allen, who was a stranger in the neighborhood, though known to Mr. Jenks by means of the shipyards and other commercial interests.

"Right over beyond the cross-roads," answered Fales, "where the crick makes in. His father and grandfather was the best bo't-builders anywhere about; but Dan's father, he died young, and his mother married again to old Lawton, and a mighty poor business 't was," said the young philosopher sagely. "She'd done a sight better to stop where she was. Dan was always warrin' with the old man, and nobody blamed him. Dan had a good property from his father's folks, and his mother did n't know enough to hold on to it, and about all of it leaked away. You never see anybody step cheerfuller than Dan did to the burying-ground, when the old fellow was gathered. He was squiring his mother at the head o' the procession, sleevin' of

her handsome, as if he liked it. Dan 's well off: he 's been an awful lucky fellow, and some of his money that grand-sir Lawton did n't borrow turned out first-rate. I should n't be surprised if he was worth pretty near five thousand dollars to-day."

"That won't go 's fur as it used to, in maintainin' a wife," said Jenks. His generous lunch seemed to have put him in a talkative temper. "Five thousand dollars used to be called a smart property, but nowadays folks has to have so many notions; everybody must stick a couple o' bay winders out front of their houses, else they ain't considered Christian. Bill Simms had to do it, for all his place was stuck as full o' lights as a lantern a'ready. I guess he finds he 's got took in with his new companion. There was plenty warned him, but he

would n't hear to reason; he 'd been told she 'd got means."

"She 's a homely creatur' enough," spoke Allen eagerly. "I see her out loppin' over the fence middle o' the morning, day before yisterday. Where 'd she come from, any way? Where 'd Simms pick her up?"

"I b'lieve 't was over Seabrook way," drawled Mr. Jenks, stooping to take wider reaches at the grass. "I d' know whether she was drove ashore or whether he took her on a trawl, I'm sure, sir;" and this unusual turn of Mr. Jenks's conversation forced his comrades to laugh heartily. Indeed, the sound of their merriment beguiled Israel Owen from his thoughts of the past and Dan Lester from his hopes of the future, and they laughed back again with instinctive sympathy.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

WINTER BIRDS ABOUT BOSTON.

A WEED has been defined as a plant the use of which has not yet been discovered. If the definition is correct there are few weeds. For others beside men have made discoveries. What we are pleased to call the world below us is full of intelligence. Every animal has a lore of its own; not one of them but is — what the human scholar is more and more coming to be — a specialist. In these days the most eminent botanists are not ashamed to compare notes with the insects, who, it appears, long ago anticipated some of the latest improvements of our modern systematists.¹ We may see the red squirrel eating, with real epicurean zest, mush-

rooms, the white and tender flesh of which we have ourselves looked at longingly, but have never dared to taste. How amused he would be (I fear he would even be rude enough to snicker) were you to caution him against poison! As if *Sciurus Hudsonius* did not know what he were about! Why should a man be so provincial as to pronounce anything worthless merely because *he* can do nothing with it? The clover is not without value, although the robin and the oriole may agree to think so. We know better; and so do the rabbits and the humblebees. The wise respect wisdom wherever they see it, and are thankful for a good hint from no matter

¹ See a letter by Dr. Fritz Müller, *Butterflies as Botanists*: Nature, vol. xxx. p. 240. Of similar import is the case, cited by Dr. Asa Gray (in the American Journal of Science, November, 1884, p. 325), of two species of plantain found in this country, which students have only of late dis-

criminated, although it turns out that the cows have all along known them apart, eating one and declining the other, — the bovine taste being more exact, it would seem, or at any rate more prompt, than the botanist's lens.

what quarter. Here is a worthy neighbor of mine whom I hear every summer complaining of the succory plants which disfigure the roadside in front of her windows. She wishes they were exterminated, every one of them. The chicory is homely, it must be confessed, for all the beauty of its individual sky-blue flowers. No wonder a neat housewife finds it an eyesore. But I never pass the spot in August (I do not pass it at all after that) without seeing that hers is only one side of the story. My approach is sure to startle a few goldfinches (and they too are most estimable neighbors), to whom these scraggy herbs are quite as useful as my excellent lady's apple-trees and pear-trees are to her. ~~I watch them~~ as they circle about in musical undulations, and then drop down again to finish their repast; and I perceive that, in spite of its unsightliness, the succory is not a weed, — its use has been discovered.

In truth, the lover of birds soon ceases to feel the uncomeliness of plants of this sort; he even begins to have a peculiar and kindly interest in them. A piece of "waste ground," as it is called, an untidy garden, a wayside thicket of golden-rods and asters, pig-weed and evening primrose, — these come to be almost as attractive a sight to him as a thrifty field of wheat is to an agriculturalist. Taking his cue from the finches, he separates plants into two grand divisions, — those that shed their seeds in the fall, and those that hold them through the winter. The latter, especially if they are of a height to overtop a heavy snow-fall, are friends in need to his clients; and he is certain to have marked a few places within the range of his every-day walks where, thanks to somebody's shiftlessness, perhaps, they have been allowed to flourish.

It is not many years since there were several such winter gardens of the birds in Commonwealth Avenue, — vacant house-lots overgrown with tall weeds.

Hither came flocks of goldfinches, red-poll linnets, and snow-buntings; and thither I went to watch them. The last two species are not to be seen in this region every season, and therefore are all the more interesting whenever they do appear. It happened that they were unusually abundant during the first or second year of my ornithological enthusiasm, and I remember yet the delight with which I added them to the small but rapidly increasing list of my feathered acquaintances.

The red-polls and the goldfinches often travel together, or at least are often to be found feeding in company; and as they resemble each other a good deal in size, general appearance, and ways, the casual observer is very likely not to discriminate between them. Only the summer before the time of which I speak I had spent a vacation at Mount Wachusett; and a resident of Princeton, noticing my attention to the birds (a taste so peculiar is not easily concealed), had one day sought an interview with me to inquire whether the "yellow-bird" did not remain in Massachusetts through the winter. I explained that we had two birds which commonly went by that name, and asked whether he meant the one with a black forehead and black wings and tail. Yes, he said, that was the one. I assured him, of course, that this bird, the goldfinch, did stay with us all the year round, and that whoever had informed him to the contrary must have understood him to be speaking about the golden warbler. He expressed his gratification, but declared that he had really entertained no doubt of the fact himself; he had often seen the birds on the mountain when he had been cutting wood there in midwinter. At such times, he added, they were very tame, and would come about his feet to pick up crumbs while he was eating his dinner. Then he went on to tell me that at that season of the year their plumage took on more or less of a red-

dish tinge: he had seen in the same flock some with no trace of red, others that were slightly touched with it, and others still of a really bright color. At this I had nothing to say, save that his red birds, whatever else they were, could not have been goldfinches. But next winter, when I saw the "yellow-birds" and the red-poll linnets feeding together in Commonwealth Avenue, I thought at once of my Wachusett friend. Here was the very scene he had so faithfully described, — some of the flock with no red at all, some with red crowns, and a few with bright carmine crowns and breasts. They remained all winter, and no doubt thought the farmers of Boston a very good and wise set, to cultivate the evening primrose so extensively. This plant, like the succory, is of an ungraceful aspect; yet it has sweet and beautiful blossoms, and as an herb bearing seed is in the front rank. I doubt whether we have any that surpass it, the birds being judges.

Many stories are told of the red-polls' fearlessness and ready reconciliation to captivity, as well as of their constancy to each other. I have myself stood still in the midst of a flock, until they were feeding around my feet so closely that it looked easy enough to catch one or two of them with a butterfly net. Strange that creatures so gentle and seemingly so delicately organized should choose to live in the regions about the North Pole! Why should they prefer Labrador and Greenland, Iceland and Spitzbergen, to more southern countries? Why? Well, possibly for no worse a reason than this, that these are the lands of their fathers. Other birds, it may be, have grown discouraged, and one after another ceased to come back to their native shores as the rigors of the climate have increased; but these little patriots are still faithful. Spitzbergen is home, and every spring they make the long and dangerous passage to it. All praise to them!

If any be ready to call this an over-refinement, deeming it incredible that beings so small and lowly should come so near to human sentiment and virtue, let such not be too hasty with their dissent. Surely they may in reason wait till they can point to at least one country where the men are as universally faithful to their wives and children as the birds are to theirs.

The red-poll linnets, as I have said, are irregular visitors in this region; several years may pass, and not one be seen; but the goldfinch we have with us always. Easily recognized as he is, there are many well-educated New Englanders, I fear, who do not know him, even by sight; yet when that distinguished ornithologist, the Duke of Argyll, comes to publish his impressions of this country, he avers that he has been hardly more interested in the "glories of Niagara" than in this same little yellow-bird, which he saw for the first time while looking from his hotel window at the great cataract. "A golden finch, indeed!" he exclaims. Such a tribute as this from the pen of a British nobleman ought to give *Astragalinus tristis* immediate entrance into the very best of American society.

It is common to say that the goldfinches wander about the country during the winter. Undoubtedly this is true in a measure; but I have seen things which lead me to suspect that the statement has sometimes been made too sweeping. Last winter, for example, a flock took up their quarters in a certain neglected piece of ground on the side of Beacon Street, close upon the line between Boston and Brookline, and remained there nearly or quite the whole season. Week after week I saw them in the same place, accompanied always by half a dozen tree sparrows. They had found a spot to their mind, with plenty of succory and evening primrose, and were wise enough not to forsake it for any uncertainty.

The goldfinch loses his bright feathers and canary-like song as the cold season approaches, but not even a New England winter can rob him of his sweet call and his cheerful spirits; and for one, I think him never more winsome than when he hangs in graceful attitudes above a snowbank, on a bleak January morning.

Glad as we are of the society of the goldfinches and the red-polls at this time of the year, we cannot easily rid ourselves of a degree of solicitude for their comfort; especially if we chance to come upon them after sunset on some bitterly cold day, and mark with what a nervous haste they snatch here and there a seed, making the utmost of the few remaining minutes of twilight. They will go to bed hungry and cold, we think, and were surely better off in a milder clime. But, if I am to judge from my own experience, the snow-buntings awaken no such emotions. Arctic explorers by instinct, they come to us only with real arctic weather, and almost seem to be themselves a part of the snowstorm with which they arrive. No matter what they are doing: running along the street before an approaching sleigh; standing on a wayside fence; jumping up from the ground to snatch the stem of a weed, and then setting at work hurriedly to gather the seeds they have shaken down; or, best of all, skimming over the snow in close order, their white breasts catching the sun as they veer this way or that,—whatever they may be doing, they are the most picturesque of all our cold-weather birds. In point of suspiciousness their behavior is very different at different times, as, for that matter, is true of birds generally. Seeing the flock alight in a low roadside lot, you steal silently to the edge of the sidewalk to look over upon them. There they are, sure enough, walking and running about, only a few rods distant. What lovely creatures, and how prettily they walk! But just as you are wish-

ing, perhaps, that they were a little nearer, they commence to fly from right under your feet. You search the ground eagerly, right and left, but not a bird can you discover; and still they continue to start up, now here, now there, till you begin to wonder whether, indeed, “eyes were made for seeing.” The “snow-flakes” wear protective colors, and, like most other animals, are of opinion that, for such as lack the receipt of fern-seed, there is often nothing better than to sit still. The worse the weather, the less timorous they are, for with them, as with wiser heads, one thought drives out another; and it is nothing uncommon, when times are hard, to see them stay quietly upon the fence while a sleigh goes past, or suffer a foot passenger to come again and again within a few yards.

It gives a lively touch to the imagination to overtake these beautiful strangers in the middle of Beacon Street; particularly if one has lately been reading about them in some narrative of Siberian travel. Coming from so far, associating in flocks, with costumes so becoming and yet so unusual, they might be expected to attract universal notice, and possibly to get into the newspapers. But there is a fashion even about seeing; and of a thousand persons who may take a Sunday promenade over the Milldam, while these tourists from the North Pole are there, it is doubtful whether a dozen are aware of their presence. Birds feeding in the street? Yes, yes; English sparrows, of course; we haven’t any other birds in Boston nowadays, you know.

With the pine grosbeaks the case is different. When a man sees a company of rather large birds about the evergreens in his door-yard, most of them of a neutral ashy-gray tint, but one or two in suits of rose-color, he is pretty certain to feel at least a momentary curiosity about them. Their slight advantage in size counts for something; for, without

controversy, the bigger the bird the more worthy he is of notice. And then the bright color! The very best men are as yet but imperfectly civilized, and there must be comparatively few, even of Bostonians, in whom there is not some lingering susceptibility to the fascination of red feathers. Add to these things the fact that the grosbeaks are extremely confiding, and are much more likely than the buntings to be seen from the windows of the house, and you have, perhaps, a sufficient explanation of the more general interest which they excite. Like the snow-buntings and the red-polls, they roam over the higher latitudes of Europe, Asia, and America, and make only irregular visits to our corner of the world.¹

I cannot boast of any intimate acquaintance with them. I have never caught them in a net, or knocked them over with a club, as other persons have done, although I have seen them when their tameness promised success to any such experiment. Indeed, it was several years before my lookout for them was rewarded. Then, one day, I saw a flock of about ten fly across Beacon Street, — on the edge of Brookline, — and alight in an apple-tree; at which I forthwith clambered over the picket-fence after them, heedless alike of the deep snow and the surprise of any steady-going citizen who might chance to witness my high-handed proceeding. Some of the birds were feeding upon the rotten apples; picking them off the tree, and taking them to one of the large main branches or to the ground, and there tearing them to pieces, — for the sake of the seeds, I suppose. The rest sat still, doing nothing. I was most impressed with the exceeding mildness and placidity of their demeanor; as if they had time enough, plenty to eat, and nothing to fear. Their only notes were

in quality much like the goldfinch's, and hardly louder, but without his characteristic inflection. I left the whole company seated idly in a maple-tree, where, to all appearance, they proposed to observe the remainder of the day as a Sabbath.

Last winter the grosbeaks were uncommonly abundant. I found a number of them within a few rods of the place just mentioned; this time in evergreen trees, and so near the road that I had no call to commit trespass. Evergreens are their usual resort, — so, at least, I gather from books, — but I have seen them picking up provender from a bare-looking last year's garden. Natives of the inhospitable North, they have learned by long experience how to adapt themselves to circumstances. If one resource fails, there is always another to be tried. Let us hope that they even know how to show fight upon occasion.

The purple finch — a small copy of the pine grosbeak, as the indigo bird is of the blue grosbeak — is a summer rather than a winter bird with us; yet he sometimes passes the cold season in Eastern Massachusetts, and even in Northern New Hampshire. I have never heard him sing more gloriously than once when the ground was deep under the snow; a wonderfully sweet and protracted warble, poured out while the singer circled about in the air with a kind of half-hovering flight.

As I was walking briskly along a West End street, one cold morning in March, I heard a bird's note close at hand, and, looking down, discovered a pair of these finches in a front yard. The male, in bright plumage, was flitting about his mate, calling anxiously, while she, poor thing, sat motionless upon the snow, too sick or too badly exhausted to fly. I stroked her feathers gently while she perched on my finger, and then resumed my walk; first putting her into a little more sheltered position on the sill of a cellar window, and prom-

¹ Unlike the snow-bunting and the red-poll, however, the pine grosbeak is believed to breed sparingly in Northern New England.

ising to call on my way back, when, if she were no better, I would take her home with me, and give her a warm room and good nursing. When I returned, however, she was nowhere to be found. Her mate, I regret to say, both on his own account and for the sake of the story, had taken wing and disappeared the moment I entered the yard. Possibly he came back and encouraged her to fly off with him; or perhaps some cat made a Sunday breakfast of her. The truth will never be known; our vigilant city police take no cognizance of tragedies so humble.

For several years a few song sparrows — a pair or two, at least — have wintered in a piece of ground just beyond the junction of Beacon Street and Brookline Avenue. I have grown accustomed to listen for their *tseep* as I go by the spot, and occasionally I catch sight of one of them perched upon a weed, or diving under the plank sidewalk. It would be a pleasure to know the history of the colony: how it started; whether the birds are the same year after year, as I suppose to be the case; and why this particular site was selected. The lot is small, with no woods or bushy thicket near, while it has buildings in one corner, and is bounded on its three sides by the streets and the railway; but it is full of a rank growth of weeds, especially a sturdy species of aster and the evergreen golden-rod, and I suspect that the plank walk, which on one side is raised some distance from the ground, is found serviceable for shelter in severe weather, as it is certainly made to take the place of shrubbery for purposes of concealment.

Fortunately, birds, even those of the same species, are not all exactly alike in their tastes and manner of life. So, while by far the greater part of our song sparrows leave us in the fall, there are always some who prefer to stay. They have strong local attachments, perhaps; or they dread the fatigue and

peril of the journey; or they were once incapacitated for flight when their companions went away, and, having found a Northern winter not so unendurable as they had expected, have since done from choice what at first they did of necessity. Whatever their reasons, — and we cannot be presumed to have guessed half of them, — at all events a goodly number of song sparrows do winter in Massachusetts, where they open the musical season before the first of the migrants make their appearance. I doubt, however, whether many of them choose camping grounds so exposed and public as this in the rear of the "Half-Way House."

Our only cold-weather thrushes are the robins. They may be found any time in favorable situations; and even in so bleak a place as Boston Common I have seen them in every month of the year except February. This exception, moreover, is more apparent than real, — at the most a matter of only twenty-four hours, since I once saw four birds in a tree near the Frog Pond on the last day of January. The house sparrows were as much surprised as I was at the sight, and, with characteristic urbanity, gathered from far and near to sit in the same tree with the visitors, and stare at them.

We cannot help being grateful to the robins and the song sparrows, who give us their society at so great a cost; but their presence can scarcely be thought to enliven the season. At its best their bearing is only that of patient submission to the inevitable. They remind us of the summer gone and the summer coming, rather than brighten the winter that is now upon us; like friends who commiserate us in some affliction, but do not comfort us. How different the chickadee! In the worst weather his greeting is never of condolence, but of good cheer. He has no theory upon the subject, probably; he is no Shepherd of Salisbury Plain; but he knows bet-

ter than to waste the exhilarating air of this wild and frosty day in reminiscences of summer time. It is a pretty-sounding couplet, —

“Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year,” —

but rather incongruous, he would think. *Chickadee, dee*, he calls, — *chickadee, dee*; and though the words have no exact equivalent in English, their meaning is felt by all who are worthy to hear them.

Are the smallest birds really the most courageous, or does an unconscious sympathy on our part inevitably give them odds in the comparison? Probably the latter supposition comes nearest the truth. When a sparrow chases a butcher-bird we cheer the sparrow, and then when a humming-bird puts to flight a sparrow, we cheer the humming-bird; we side with the king-bird against the crow, and with the vireo against the king-bird. It is a noble trait of human nature — though we are somewhat too ready to boast of it — that we like, as we say, to see the little fellow at the top. These remarks are made, not with any reference to the chickadee, — I admit no possibility of exaggeration in his case, — but as leading to a mention of the golden-crested kinglet. He is the least of all our winter birds, and one of the most engaging. Emerson’s “atom in full breath” and “scrap of valor” would apply to him even better than to the titmouse. He says little, — *zee, zee, zee* is nearly the limit of his vocabulary; but his lively demeanor and the grace and agility of his movements are in themselves an excellent language, speaking infallibly a contented mind. (It is a fact, on which I forbear to moralize, that birds seldom look unhappy except when they are idle.) His diminutive size attracts attention even from those who rarely notice such things. About the first of December, a year ago, I was told of a man who had shot a humming-bird only a few days before in the vicinity of Boston. Of course I expressed a

polite surprise, and assured my informant that such a remarkable capture ought by all means to be put on record in *The Auk*, as every ornithologist in the land would be interested in it. On this he called upon the lucky sportsman’s brother, who happened to be standing by, to corroborate the story. Yes, the latter said, the fact was as had been stated. “But then,” he continued, “the bird did n’t have a *long bill*, like a humming-bird;” and when I suggested that perhaps its crown was yellow, bordered with black, he said, “Yes, yes; that’s the bird, exactly.” So easy are startling discoveries to an observer who has just the requisite amount of knowledge, — enough, and (especially) not too much!

The brown creeper is quite as industrious and good-humored as the kinglet, but he is less taking in his personal appearance and less romantic in his mode of life. The same may be said of our two black-and-white woodpeckers, the downy and the hairy; while their more showy but less hardy relative, the flicker, evidently feels the weather a burden. The creeper and these three woodpeckers are with us in limited numbers every winter; and in the season of 1881–82 we had an altogether unexpected visit from the red-headed woodpecker, — such a thing as had not been known for a long time, if ever. Where the birds came from, and what was the occasion of their journey, nobody could tell. They arrived early in the autumn, and went away, with the exception of a few stragglers, in the spring; and as far as I know have never been seen since. It is a great pity they did not like us well enough to come again; for they are wide-awake, entertaining creatures, and gorgeously attired. I used to watch them in the oak groves of some Longwood estates, but it was not till our second or third interview that I discovered them to be the authors of a mystery over which I had been exercising my wits in vain, a tree-frog’s note

in winter! One of their amusements was to drum on the tin girdles of the shade trees; and meanwhile they themselves afforded a pastime to the gray squirrels, who were often to be seen creeping stealthily after them, as if they imagined that *Melanerpes erythrocephalus* might possibly be caught, if only he were hunted long enough. I laughed at them; but, after all, their amusing hallucination was nothing but the sportsman's instinct; and life would soon lose its charm for most of us, sportsmen or not, if we could no longer pursue the unattainable.

Probably my experience is not singular, but there are certain birds, well known to be more or less abundant in this neighborhood, which for some reason or other I have seldom, if ever, met. For example, of the multitude of pine finches which now and then overrun Eastern Massachusetts in winter I have never seen one, while on the other hand I was once lucky enough to come upon a few of the very much smaller number which pass the summer in Northern New Hampshire. This was in the White Mountain Notch, first on Mount Willard and then near the Crawford House, at which latter place they were feeding on the lawn and along the railway track as familiarly as the goldfinches.

The shore larks, again, are no doubt common near Boston for a part of every year; yet I found half a dozen five or six years ago in the marsh beside a Back Bay street, and have seen none since. One of these stood upon a pile of earth, singing to himself in an undertone, while the rest were feeding in the grass. Whether the singer was playing sentinel, and sounded an alarm, I was not sure, but all at once the flock started off, as if on a single pair of wings.

Birds which elude the observer in this manner year after year only render themselves all the more interesting. They are like other species with which we consider ourselves well acquainted,

but which suddenly appear in some quite unlooked-for time or place. The long-expected and the unexpected have both an especial charm. I have elsewhere avowed my favoritism for the white-throated sparrow; but I was never more delighted to see him than on one Christmas afternoon. I was walking in a back road, not far from the city, when I descried a sparrow ahead of me, feeding in the path, and, coming nearer, recognized my friend the white-throat. He held his ground till the last moment (time was precious to him that short day), and then flew into a bush to let me pass, which I had no sooner done than he was back again; and on my return the same thing was repeated. Far and near the ground was white, but just at this place the snow-plough had scraped bare a few square feet of earth, and by great good fortune this solitary and hungry straggler had hit upon it. I wondered what he would do when the resources of this garden patch were exhausted, but consoled myself with thinking that by this time he must be well used to living by his wits, and would probably find a way to do so even in his present untoward circumstances.

The snow-birds (not to be confounded with the snow-buntings) should have at least a mention in such a paper as this. They are among the most familiar and constant of our winter guests, although very much less numerous at that time than they are in spring and autumn, when the fields and roadsides are fairly alive with them.

A good word ought to be spoken for the shrike, also, who during the three coldest months is to be seen on the Common oftener than any other of our native birds. *There*, at all events, he is doing a good work. May he live to finish it!

The blue jay stands by us, of course. You will not go far without hearing his scream, and catching at least a distant view of his splendid coat, which he is

too consistent a dandy to put off for one of a duller shade, let the season shift as it will. He is not always good-natured; but none the less he is generally in good spirits, and, all in all, is not to be lightly esteemed in a time when bright feathers are scarce.

As for the jay's sable relatives, they are the most conspicuous birds in the winter landscape. You may possibly walk to Brookline and back without hearing a chickadee, or a blue jay, or even a goldfinch; but you will never miss sight and sound of the crows. Black against white is a contrast hard to be concealed. Sometimes they are feeding in the street, sometimes stalking about the marshes; but oftenest they are on the ice in the river, near the water's edge. For they know the use of friends, although they have never heard of Lord Bacon's "last fruit of friendship," and would hardly understand what that provident philosopher meant by saying that "the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself." How aptly their case illustrates the not unusual coexistence of formal ignorance with real knowledge! Having their Southern brother's fondness for fish without his skill in catching it, they adopt a plan worthy of the great essayist himself, — they court the society of the gulls; and with a temper eminently

philosophical, not to say Baconian, they cheerfully sit at their patrons' second table. From the Common you may see them almost any day flying back and forth between the river and the harbor. One morning in early March I witnessed quite a procession, one small company after another, the largest numbering eleven birds, though it was nothing to compare with what seems to be a daily occurrence at some places further south. At another time, in the middle of January, I saw what appeared to be a flock of herring gulls sailing over the city, making progress in their own wonderfully beautiful manner, circle after circle. But I noticed that about a dozen of them were black! What were these? If they could have held their peace I might have gone home puzzled; but the crow is in one respect a very polite bird: he will seldom fly over your head without letting fall the compliments of the morning, and a vigorous *caw, caw* soon proclaimed my black gulls to be simply erratic specimens of *Corvus Americanus*. Why were they conducting thus strangely? Had they become so attached to their friends as to have taken to imitating them unconsciously? Or were they practicing upon the vanity of these useful allies of theirs, these master fishermen? Who can answer? The ways of shrewd people are hard to understand; and in all New England there is no shrewder Yankee than the crow.

Bradford Torrey.

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT.

DEAD? Not to thee, thou keen watcher, — not silent, not viewless, to thee,
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal! I, from the mortal set free,
Greet thee by many clear tokens thou smilest to hear and to see.

For I, when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am the entering morn;
And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the dew on the leaf and the thorn,
The tremulous glow of the noon, the twilight on harvests of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path, — thou bendest to look in my eyes;
The bird in its nest in the thicket, — thou heedest my love-laden cries;
The planet that leads the night legions, — thou liftest thy gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow with its fluttering swarms;
The summer-day cloud on the hilltops, that showeth thee manifold forms;
The wind from the south and the west, the voice that sings courage in storms!

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to thee now:
How hast thou room for tears, when all times marvelest thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming sward and the bough!

Once as a wall were the mountains, once darkened between us the sea;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my passage to thee:
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou art set free!

Edith M. Thomas.

MADAME MOHL, HER SALON AND HER FRIENDS.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE were two drawing-rooms at Mrs. Clarke's: one for conversation; the other for music, dancing, blind-man's-buff, or whatever the company liked. The music sometimes carried the day so completely that it silenced the conversation in the other room, and drew all to listen. Among the amateur artists who achieved this triumph were Madame Andryames, Silvio Pellico's companion in captivity, who many a time held old and young spellbound by her voice. The *Princesse de la Moskowa*, the *Marquise de Gabriac*, Madame de Sparre, and others made the evenings brilliant with their gift of song, cultivated as so many women of rank cultivated it then.

Another *dilettante* of talent was M. de Maupas, then quite a young man, making his *début* in society, and as yet "uncorrupted;" nothing tending to denote him as the future minister of Napoleon III.

Among the literary stars of the cir-

cle, the most prominent at this period was Fauriel. He was, *par excellence*, the *ami de la maison*, and therefore deserves a special mention in this record of Mary Clarke and her salon. Fauriel was born in 1772, and was consequently eighteen years older than Mary. He was already distinguished as a writer when he made her acquaintance. Jouffroy, the great critic, said of Fauriel's *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne*, "It is a book that men of letters and historians will quarrel for, because it presents to the former a poetic monument of the greatest originality, and to the latter authentic documents on an unknown people whom Europe has just conquered in the middle of the Mediterranean." Fauriel was a man of rare goodness and refinement, and so extremely conscientious that whenever a question arose which put, or threatened to put, his principles at variance in the smallest degree with the duties of his situation his first impulse was to escape

the difficulty by sending in his resignation. He had done this so often that it became a joke among his friends. One day, Fauriel was relating how he and some of his intimates had been distributing to one another imaginary political rôles; he was going to say what rôle had fallen to him, when Guizot interrupted him with "You need not tell us, my dear fellow; we know what it was." "And what was it?" asked Fauriel, in surprise. "Why, of course, you gave in your resignation."

In 1834, Fauriel published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a study on Dante and the origin of Italian literature, which brought him prominently forward as a student of deep research and erudition, and led to his being named to the chair of foreign literature at the Sorbonne. It also brought him into personal contact with the leading Italian writers of the day. Manzoni he already knew, but from this date they grew very intimate. The Clarkes soon afterward made a journey to Italy, and were accompanied by Fauriel, who introduced them to all his friends. They spent some time at Milan, where they saw a great deal of Manzoni. They owed the Italian element of their salon to this winter spent in the Italian cities.

Fauriel had a sincere attachment to Mary Clarke, which she reciprocated, and it was a matter of surprise to many that this mutual attraction did not end in marriage. It was strong enough on her side, at any rate, to prevent her marrying any one else while Fauriel lived.¹

Thiers had been intimate with the Clarkes from the prehistoric times of the Rue Bonaparte. When he came to Paris in 1821, a young man of five and twenty, he was introduced to Mrs. Clarke,

with a view to enlisting her influence in getting him employment. She made him known to Manuel, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, who at once discerned the value of the young aspirant to journalistic service, and put him on the staff of his newspaper. The Clarkes' society was, no doubt, a great resource to the lonely young provincial, and it seemed a matter of course that he should fall in love with Mary. He used to come every evening, and talk with her for hours; staying so late that the *concierge* lost patience, and said to her one morning, "Mademoiselle, if that little student does not take himself off before midnight, I will lock the gate, and he may sleep on the staircase!" After this, the little student was dismissed earlier. Though less assiduous in his attendance than in these young days, Thiers remained one of the *habitués* of the Rue du Bac.

Mérimée used to go there frequently to practice his English, at which he was working hard. Mrs. Clarke helped him by correcting his mistakes, and Mary by laughing at them.

M. de Tocqueville was another of their habitués, as well as Guizot, Cousin, Augustin Thierry, Benjamin Constant, Mignet, Boretty, etc.; in fact, the cleverest men of the day. But among all these brilliant personalities Julius Mohl calls for chief notice, not merely because of his merit and distinction, but because of the part he was to play in Mary's life.

His father, Herr von Mohl, was minister to the King of Würtemberg. He was of noble birth and very small fortune. He had four sons, who had all to make their way in the world. His wife was a cultivated, clever woman, an admirable manager as well as a devoted

¹ A letter of Mary Clarke's to Ampère, dated October 2, 1830, says, "Monsieur Fauriel walked in last night with an air of *vin de champagne* that astonished me. Instead of dragging himself to the sofa and letting himself drop on it, he walked about as brisk as possible; and instead of inquir-

ing after my toothache (to my great scandal), he said, 'Ampère is named to the École Normale! Cousin made them sign it as on a volcano!' I wanted to hear more about it, to get details, but I could get nothing out of him. He told me to write to you." . . .

mother. By dint of strict economy and self-denial, she saved out of their small means enough to give her sons a first-rate education, thus providing them with means of honorable livelihood. Her noble ambition was that no son of hers should ever be compelled to sell his opinions (*vendre sa pensée*). She secured to them this intellectual independence at cost of much patient courage and self-sacrifice, and they all repaid her abundantly, attaining distinction in their separate careers, and loving their mother with the most chivalrous affection.

Julius Mohl, from his earliest boyhood, showed rare taste for Oriental languages and lore; and so great was his proficiency in this line that, at the age of twenty, he was offered a professorship at the University of Tübingen, in Württemberg. He refused it, on the plea that he could not become a teacher while still a learner. "I must," he said, "feel myself master of Oriental languages before I attempt to profess them."

Soon after this he got the promise of a scholarship at the College of Benares, and went to London to make the final arrangements for his journey to India. From some unexplained cause the whole scheme fell through, and instead of going to Benares Julius crossed over to Paris. This was about 1822. In Paris he set to work at his chosen studies, following M. de Sacy's Cours of Persian and Arabic, Abel Rémusat's Cours of Chinese, and that of M. Burnouf, then secretary to the Société Asiatique.

Not long after coming to Paris he met Dr. Roulain, an able and learned man, with whom he formed a close friendship, which they tested by living together for many years in perfect harmony.

His meeting with Jean Jacques Ampère was another important event in his early Paris life. Ampère had just returned from one of his long journeys, and was the hero of the day. Everybody wanted to see him, to hear him

talk,—he was the most delightful of talkers. Julius Mohl met him for the first time at the house of Cuvier. He was extraordinarily brilliant that evening, and quite inebriated the company. They drew him out about his travels, made him tell stories, and received all he said with the warmest applause. Julius Mohl knew not what to think of it. It upset all his conventional ideas of what a learned and literary man ought to be; but when Ampère, yielding to the entreaties of the company, took his stand at the chimney-corner, and began to declaim verses of his own composition, exciting the feeling of the audience to enthusiasm, the amazement of the quiet, reverential German student reached its climax. "*Je n'en revenais pas*," he wrote to a friend, long after. "I had never seen anything of the kind; and though, since then, I have been present at many affairs of the sort, I have never grown used to them." To M. Mohl it was a totally new phase of literary character and deportment, as well as of social life.

From this first meeting, however, dated a close and warm friendship between him and Ampère. He took a room next to Ampère's, and they lived almost in common for many years. The partnership was broken by Ampère's periodical absences on long journeys; but when he was in Paris the two friends were "done for" by the *concierge* and his wife M. and Madame Félix. An entire dissemblance of character between these two friends of Mary Clarke's did not prove any impediment to perfect mutual understanding. Ampère was remarkable for his absence of mind, and a sort of mental untidiness which reproduced itself in the disorder of his external and pecuniary affairs. Mohl, though unconscious as a babe of externals, was the most orderly of men in his mind; he cared nothing for money, but he knew to a fraction how much he had and how far it must go. Ampère's incapacity for

taking care of himself kept his friends perpetually on the *qui vive*. Coming home from the Abbaye, one winter's night, shivering with cold, he stirred up the embers, and sat down to warm himself, piling up logs of wood till the chimney took fire, and blazed away so fiercely that it threatened the safety of the house. At this point Ampère noticed that something was amiss. He rushed in to Mohl, who was howling with toothache under the blankets, dragged him out of bed, and adjured him to put out the fire.

Mohl's unconsciousness was of the most harmless kind. He would, for instance, wear out the carpet of his room till the holes tripped one up by the heel, and made treading upon it unsafe; and when Madame Félix called his attention to the fact he would go out and buy a new one, and politely beg the tradesman who brought it home to spread it out over the old, it never occurring to him that it was necessary to remove the latter.

Ampère, starting on his never-ending expeditions, — "dancing over the world like a will-o'-the-wisp," as Mary Clarke said, — would stow away his money in his stockings; then he would forget this, and drop it about when pulling on the stockings; or he would lose the pair that held the chief deposit; or he would leave behind his portmanteau, and find himself stranded in some out-of-the-way place, and write home to Mohl to go and receive and transmit to him other moneys which were due to him. Mohl, though oblivious to an incredible degree of his own wants, was the most punctual and orderly of men in managing the affairs of his friends, and would execute these commissions with the utmost promptitude, attending to every detail with careful accuracy.

When the two friends were together they found a great bond in common pur-

suits. They both followed the Chinese class of M. Rémusat, and studied many other subjects together, making joint stock of their wealth of brains. In recalling those days, Mohl would say, "Ah, those were the good old times!"

Under a rough exterior and blunt manner Julius Mohl hid the kindest heart, — a combination that got him the sobriquet of *le bourru bienfaisant*. He was a centre of help, both moral and material, to his struggling fellow countrymen; assisting them not only with good counsel, but, poor as he was, by giving or obtaining for them pecuniary aid in many a critical strait. For he was very poor. These "good old times," that in later years he could look back upon through the beautifying haze of memory, were times of austere privation and self-denial. He had brought his little patrimony with him, and kept it, not, perhaps, in his stockings, but in some bank equally accessible and unremunerative. He had nothing but this patrimony to live on, and he must go on spending it until he had completed his studies, and was free to devote to earning money some of the time now wholly absorbed by them. When an old and comparatively rich man, he used to relate to M. Antoine d'Abbadie¹ how he had learned to spend exactly five sous a day on his breakfast. He invested in a sack of potatoes, which he kept in a closet off his room; every morning Madame Félix boiled him a dishful of these, which he ate *en salade* with a sausage and a hunch of bread. This was the only meal he took at home. He was in constant request among his friends, and he had a dress-coat which enabled him to accept their invitations to dinner every day. One day it occurred to him, What should he do if any accident should happen to his coat? "Many a time," he said, relating these reminiscences to Madame d'Abbadie,² — "many a time,

¹ The distinguished Orientalist and Ethiopian traveler.

² The wife of M. Antoine d'Abbadie.

when putting on that coat, I have shuddered at the mere thought of what must become of me if any mishap befell it. For years, that coat was an income to me."

But neither the coat nor his rigid economy could prevent his capital from melting away. It had dwindled to the sum of two thousand seven hundred francs (£108), when one morning a friend came to him in a state of despair, and asked him for the sum of twelve hundred francs. "If I don't get it at once, I am a ruined man," he said, "and there is nothing left for me but suicide." Julius Mohl was generous as the sunlight, and cared as little for money as any man in need of it could do; but this was asking him for a proof of generosity and disinterestedness little short of the heroic. He explained his position, and begged his friend to consider, before exacting the sacrifice, whether he did not know some one else who was better able to make it. No, the friend said, he knew no one. Julius gave the money; but when he reckoned up what remained to him his heart sank, and he asked himself in dismay what was to become of him when the diminished hoard was exhausted. Fortunately help was at hand. A friend¹ learned that he was in great straits, and went to M. Villemain, who was then member of the Conseil Royal de l'Université, and, describing Julius Mohl's character, his noble passion for learning, and his honorable poverty, claimed for him one of the pensions granted to students without fortune. Villemain was interested, and at once obtained for him a pension of three thousand francs. Julius had not been many months in possession of this affluence when he was named Professor of Persian at the Collège de France, with a salary of five thousand francs. The appointment was a distinction which was rarely conferred on a foreigner, and his

friends, Mary Clarke especially, were greatly elated by it. "Can you not," she writes to Ampère, "have inserted in two or three newspapers the bare fact that M. Mohl will make the twenty-seventh naturalized foreigner who has been named professor at the Collège de France? It was Rossi² who discovered that he would be the twenty-sixth, when they talked of appointing him before, and the statement is exact. I entreat you, do this, and say nothing about it to M. Mohl, for he has not common sense on the point."

He gave, indeed, on receiving this appointment, a singular proof of what many persons would probably consider a want of common sense. He went straight to M. Villemain, and after informing him of his nomination handed him back his pension. M. Villemain took up the paper, looked at Mohl, and said, "I do not understand."

"I have been appointed professor, with a salary of five thousand francs," explained Mohl.

"I know that, and I congratulate you; but what has that to do with this pension?"

"I have no longer any right to the pension; it belongs to some student as poor as I was when it was granted to me."

M. Villemain at last understood, and he expressed his admiration of Mohl's disinterestedness with a warmth which, in its turn, astonished the young student as much as he had amazed his patron.

Julius Mohl related this incident some forty years afterwards to M. d'Abbadie, to prove the corruption that must have existed among men of letters, which alone could explain Villemain's astonishment on meeting with an act of common honesty in one of them.

M. Villemain, from this date, conceived the most profound respect for Julius Mohl, and took a creditable pride in

¹ I have reason to believe, though I cannot certify it, that this friend was M. Guizot.

² Afterwards minister to Pius IX., and murdered by the Carbonari in Rome.

proclaiming it on all occasions. When he became minister he showed this regard by consulting him on all matters connected with Oriental lore, which was Julius Mohl's special line. If there was an appointment in his gift, any mission to the East, etc., and Mohl applied for it for any friend of his, "the thing was done" at once. Villemain would sign "with his eyes shut" any recommendation from Mohl. He considered his science and erudition inexhaustible. The explorations at Nineveh and Babylon were undertaken at Mohl's suggestion during Villemain's term of office, and carried out, as M. Botta repeatedly affirmed, on Mohl's indications.

In 1844, M. Mohl succeeded to M. Burnouf as secretary to the Société Asiatique, and was elected member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. He lived with Ampère till 1847; till his own marriage, in fact. Julius Mohl was endowed with that kind of charm which makes a man loved by those who come in contact with him. He had "a charm like a woman," people used to say of him. His goodness, his unselfishness, his truthfulness, his powerful intellect, his fine humor, his sparkling conversation, his innate gentleness under an almost rustic simplicity, made of him the most delightful of companions and the most valuable of friends. Sainte-Beuve describes him as "a man who was the very embodiment of learning and of inquiry; the Oriental *savant*, — more than a savant, a sage, — with a mind clear, loyal, and vast; a German mind passed through an English filter, — a cloudless, unruffled mirror, open and limpid; of pure and frank morality; early disenchanted with all things; with a grain of irony devoid of all bitterness, the laugh of a child under a bald head, a Goethe-like intelligence, but free from all prejudice."

A charming and *spirituelle* Frenchwoman said of Julius Mohl that Nature, in forming his character, had skimmed

the cream of the three nationalities to which he belonged by birth, by adoption, and by marriage; making him "deep as a German, *spirituel* as a Frenchman, and loyal as an Englishman."

The woman who was tenderly loved and patiently waited for by such a man for three terms of seven years could be no ordinary woman. Nor was she. Mary Clarke, if she lacked his high intellectual qualities, was in her way as original as Julius Mohl. Châteaubriand said of her, "La Jeune Anglaise is like no one else in the world."

Fauriel, Mohl's friend for twenty years, died in 1844. Mohl attended him in his illness, and received his last breath. Mary Clarke grieved passionately over the loss of this devoted friend, whom she had loved with a tenderness that was, perhaps, a unique thing in her life. He had left her his library and certain literary papers, with the subsequent publication of which she took great pains. Two years after Fauriel's death her mother died, and Mary felt herself absolutely alone in the world. Mrs. Frewen Turner's life had drifted so far away from her French sister's that the latter was practically as much alone as if she had no kith or kin; and the sea lay between them.

About a year after her mother's death she consented to marry Julius Mohl. She was fifty-seven years of age, and he forty-seven. They naturally shrank from any display on the occasion; indeed, they took as many precautions to keep the matter secret as if they had been a pair of young lovers plotting an elopement. On the eve of the great event Mohl sent a note to his friend Professor Mérimée, which ran thus: —

"MON CHER MÉRIMÉE, — J'ai un service à vous demander: faites-moi le plaisir de venir demain matin à dix heures me servir de témoin."¹

¹ "I have a service to ask of you: do me the pleasure to come to-morrow morning at ten to be my witness."

Témoin in French means second in a duel, as well as witness to a marriage, and Mérimée, never dreaming that so confirmed a Benedict as his friend could contemplate getting married, jumped at the still more improbable conclusion that he was going to fight a duel. At the hour named, the next morning, he walked into Mohl's room, exclaiming, "In Heaven's name, my dear Mohl, whom are you going to fight with?" Mohl reassured him, and received such congratulations as Mérimée was capable of giving under the circumstances.

Mary, on her side, had taken precautions not to be found out. She told her two maids that on a certain day she should go on a tour in Switzerland with a friend, and that she should be absent about a month. On the morning of the marriage, she dressed herself carefully in her best clothes, and drove to the church in a cab. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the témoins, and the newly married couple parted at the church door, and returned to their respective homes. Two days later they met again at a restaurant near the railway station, dined there with their witnesses, and set off on a wedding tour to Switzerland.

The event passed off without exciting the amount of gossip it might have done, owing partly to a great crime which was committed just then, and which absorbed public attention and drew private curiosity in another direction. Madame Mohl used to say, when relating the story of her marriage, "Luckily for me, the Duc de Preslin killed his wife, and this gave everybody so much to talk about that they forgot me and M. Mohl."

Julius Mohl had dropped the aristocratic *von* before his name on becoming a naturalized Frenchman,¹ and his wife always called him "Mr.," as if he had been an Englishman.

Her marriage did not change the ex-

ternal framework of Madame Mohl's life. She continued to reside in her old apartment, which was quite large enough, her mother's room being fitted up as a library for M. Mohl.

Not long after their marriage, Châteaubriand died. He had long occupied the lower story of the house where the Clarkes lived. This had given Mary an opportunity of continuing the intimacy begun at the Abbaye, and a day seldom passed without her spending an hour, or more, with the poet. Her sprightly presence retained to the last the power of amusing him, and smoothing from his wrinkled brow the frown of ennui long permanently settled there. There were few now who thought it worth while to come and amuse the great poet, who had been so plentifully fed on flattery. But Madame Récamier was faithful and devoted as ever. Châteaubriand's health had been failing for a long time, and when it was evident that the end was drawing near Madame Mohl asked Madame Récamier to come and stay with her, so that she might be within reach of her old friend at all hours. She came, and remained there three days. She used to sit for hours in his room, her blind but still beautiful eyes turned towards the dying man with a yearning gaze that was indescribably touching. The tone of his voice was her only guide to his state; by it she knew whether he was suffering or not. Never before had she felt the loss of sight so bitterly. "Tell me how he looks," she would say to Madame Mohl. "Does he look often at me? Does he seem glad when I come in? Does he seem in pain?" She was present at the end, and knelt beside him while he breathed his last.

Madame Récamier survived her friend only a year. During the interval between his death and hers the Abbaye was like some deserted place, sacred to memories of the past. The very furniture of the drawing-room had a sort of *in*

¹ Somewhere about 1830.

memoriam air about it. In that armchair by the mantelpiece Châteaubriand had sat and pontificated; no one ever sat in it now. That other, to the left, had been kindly old Ballanche's accustomed seat. They were all gone; and she, who had been their liege lady, their friend, sat looking at the empty places, and waiting for her turn. The message came to her in terrible guise. She had a morbid fear of cholera. When the epidemic broke out, her niece, Madame Lenormant, persuaded her to come and stay with her in the Rue Richelieu. She left the Abbaye with a certain reluctance, and scarcely had she done so when the spectre that she had fled from pursued and seized upon her. She died on the 11th of May, 1849.

If this event had occurred some years sooner, it would have made a sensation in the world; but politics and the recent revolution were absorbing everybody just then, and with the exception of a little circle of faithful friends no one noticed the setting of that sweet star that had shone so long and with such peerless lustre in the social heavens.

The revolution of '48 dated a new era for Madame Mohl's salon. From 1830 it had been a remarkable centre. The revolution of July had been fatal to salon life, as all revolutions are, and the political atmosphere had continued stormy long after the change of kings had taken place, and the new monarch was firmly established on his throne. Social life had suffered deeply from this disturbance. Young couples would quarrel in the middle of a quadrille, and a fair enthusiast for the exiled prince would break away angrily in the waltz from a partner who declared himself for the new *régime*. The few salons that remained, such as Madame de Boigne's and the Princess Lieven's, became simply political coteries, or clubs where the members "made opposition" on one side or the other.

Legitimists retreated to their fortress

in the Faubourg St. Germain, and railed from behind its gates at the "traitors" who had gone over to the *bourgeois* king. The traitors were attacked with pens dipped in vitriol by the daily press; old wounds were envenomed, new ones inflicted; the Chamber and the journals coalesced to abuse the government and its supporters, and it was *bien porté* in society to make chorus with this abuse.

This period of social dislocation was, nevertheless, a time of intense social vitality. The national life still drew its productive elements from those ranks that constitute society, and this draught maintained in society itself that vigor which it has lost since the system of reciprocal supply and demand has ceased. The great want of the moment was a legitimate ground on which all this latent activity could exercise itself. The question was, where to find a field of enterprise for those who were hindered on all sides by barriers of political antagonisms. There was only one open, — one where all might meet on neutral ground: this was finance. For want of nobler opportunities, society took to making money.

Money has been a power from the beginning of the world, and will be to the end. It was a power in the days of the patriarchs and in the times of the crusaders: but in those primitive and mediæval ages, and even long after them, it was not supreme; it was controlled and kept down by higher forces, as the vulgar *parvenu* was kept in his place by the gentleman. There were bulwarks that protected society against the encroachments of Pluto. Noble birth, for instance, was of more account than money-bags, — it held them under its feet; so did genius, so did military glory. These things had, virtually at least, survived the wreck of '93. But with the new reign came a change. The old chivalrous legend "Noblesse oblige" was furled in the White Flag, and disappeared with it. The golden calf was

set up on high, and many bowed down to it who had never done so before. France grew rapidly rich. The immense resources of the country took a sudden and extraordinary development; railways, finance, and commercial enterprise were stimulated under Louis-Philippe as they had never been under any preceding reign. This influx of wealth was undoubtedly a national and social gain, but it was also, in another sense, a social loss. If the shattered forces of society had rallied to the rescue, they might have made head against the invasion of plutocracy; but they were divided against themselves. The old noblesse sulked in dignified retirement, and those of the upper classes who had gone over to the constitutional monarch went with the stream, and the stream had set towards the practical. Gentlemen whose grandfathers would have scorned to handle money, except to give it away, now went into finance, and were glad to let their sons go shares with an *agent de change*. It was the beginning of a new revolution, a golden sequel to the bloody one of a quarter of a century before, which was, in our own day, to reach its climax in the Bontoux adventure.¹

This phase of discontent and irascible party feeling offered a grand opportunity to any one who wished to open a salon and provide a pleasant meeting-place, where people might breathe free from the pressure of politics. Mary Clarke turned the opportunity to account. She cared very little about politics or parties, though a staunch partisan of certain political representatives. Dr. Guineau de Mussy, who knew her well, says that she had an intense admiration and sympathy for the Duchess of Orleans, and a downright *culte* for the Comte de Paris, — a *culte* that she would explain on the ground of the fine qualities that she recognized in him.

She was always a sincere admirer of Louis-Philippe, and maintained, both

during his reign and ever after, that his government was the one best suited to the nation, and that the French had been fools to turn him out. To the last day of her life she was faithful to this conviction, and yet her friends remember how fiercely she rated Louis-Philippe and his government when there occurred that theft of books that has since become so famous. A man named Libri, who was librarian under the government, purloined a considerable number of costly books and manuscripts, old missals, and unique volumes of every sort, from the public libraries of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, etc., and carried on this systematic robbery for years. When, finally, he was found out, Madame Mohl's indignation against the government, that had allowed the larceny to go on so long undiscovered, was beyond description. She abused the king and his ministers and the whole administration with a vehemence that drove an old friend to exclaim impatiently, "And so, forsooth, because a man in the public service was a thief, you would upset the king and the cabinet!"

This headlong violence against the whole régime on account of an individual defalcation was extremely characteristic of Madame Mohl's general manner of judging men and things. She was so entirely under the influence of her feelings at the moment that she lost sight, for the time being, of everything else, and went far beyond the bounds of reasonableness, and said a great deal more than she meant. People who happened to come in contact with her during this crisis of rage about the Libri robbery, and left Paris before it cooled down, carried away the impression that she hated Louis-Philippe as she afterwards hated Napoleon III. It was merely a passing ebullition. When it was over, she returned as firmly as ever to her allegiance to the liberal king. He was her first love in politics, and her last.

¹ The affair of the Union Générale.

Nevertheless, with the downfall of Louis-Philippe began the most brilliant period of her salon. It was also the date of her first hatred. She used to declare that the only man she ever hated with her whole mind and her whole soul was Napoleon III. She certainly did hate him with a rancor that never diminished; and although, as I have said, she cared very little for politics, and never encouraged political discussions, her salon took a certain tone from this hatred of the Emperor and the empire.

A good grumble is a pleasure to most of us; but to a Frenchman a grumble against the government is the sweetest luxury, and the knowledge that this was to be enjoyed at Madame Mohl's raised her popularity to high-water mark. Clever, agreeable men, who hated the empire, either from principle or from disappointment, went to the Rue du Bac, and said witty things against "*Celui-ci*," as Madame Mohl called the Emperor (accompanying the pronoun with a contemptuous jerk of the thumb over her shoulder), and were sure their wit would be cordially appreciated. Men who would not have met in any other salon, or who, if they had met by chance, would have scowled at one another, came together here as on neutral ground, where they felt as if bound over to keep the peace. Such a field of truce would be impossible nowadays; it was a phenomenon even at that time; and since then "what a lot of water has run under the bridge!"

The eclectic character of Madame Mohl's salon (with the single exception of its anti-imperialist tone), together with her being a foreigner, made it easier for her to establish this kind of neutrality. It was essentially a *salon d'esprit*. No matter what principles you professed, or what party you belonged to, — always with the one exception, — if you had esprit, you were welcome at the Rue du Bac. This was the attraction; people went there simply for this.

There was no party interest to be served, — no personal interest, even; young men did not go to get pushed on in their career, to pay court to politicians or men in power; everybody, young and old, went to be amused and interested. This bright intellectual centre was considerably enriched from the time of Madame Mohl's marriage by a luminous contingent from the world of science that claimed Julius Mohl as one of its lights. All the distinguished men of letters, all the scientists of Germany, — Wolfgang Müller, Raumer, Ranke, Tischendorf, Helmholtz,¹ — in fact, the whole company of distinguished Germans, at once became, in the measure of their opportunities, habitués of the Rue du Bac; while the *confrères* of the great family of science all over Europe were proud to make acquaintance with Julius Mohl's wife, and swell the long roll of her visitors.

Madame Mohl's salon now became one of the social features of the period; and it speaks well for society that it was so. A great deal has been said of the money-making thirst that prevailed under Louis-Philippe, and of the passion for parade and luxury that was developed under the empire; and though these accusations may have been exaggerated, both were in the main true. The eagerness to get rich and the love of display were carried under both those reigns to a point without parallel in modern times. The simplicity which had survived in social and domestic life under Louis-Philippe, owing to the influence of the good and noble queen who presided over his court, quickly vanished under the empire, and gave place to an extravagance of expenditure which changed the whole tone of society, and left on the social life of the nation a mark that is perhaps indelible. The style of dress and entertainment rose so high that it was now not *convenable* for a lady to ap-

¹ The celebrated physiologist, afterwards married to M. Mohl's charming niece.

pear at an ordinary *soirée* in a dress that she might with perfect propriety have worn when paying her court to Queen Marie Amélie. The reign of crinoline was altogether a disastrous one for the women of France. It invaded their moral life, and lowered their character by lowering their standard. It shifted their field of action and narrowed the scope of their ambition. The ambition of the Frenchwoman, especially of that most accomplished type of the sisterhood, the *Parisienne*, had always been to shine, to rule her world, and to influence men's minds by her esprit, and in this she had, for centuries, succeeded. She had been a preponderance in politics, an inspiration in art, an incentive in religion, a moving force wherever man's head and heart were the instruments to be played upon and the agencies to be stimulated. She had been admired universally for her esprit and her charm; to sing her praises as "*une femme charmante*," "*une femme d'esprit*," was the sweetest flattery that could be offered her. But crinoline changed this ideal of feminine vanity. Her ambition, or at any rate her primary preoccupation, henceforward was her dress. The crinoline made this inevitable; it was a tyranny that imposed itself on the most sensible woman. She was not bold enough to discard it, so she had to submit to it.

Other things rose to the keynote of exaggeration struck by this ugliest fashion that ever caricatured the human form divine. Quiet "at homes," with a couple of lamps, glasses of *eau sucrée* in summer and weak tea in winter, were replaced by expensive buffets and lavish suppers and brilliantly lighted rooms. Such entertainments exacted a great deal of money, both from those who gave and those who accepted them: consequently, those only could see their friends who could afford to spend a great deal of money, or who chose to spend without being able to afford it. The result was, on one side, a sense of

gêne, irritation, and aching discontent; on the other, the unhealthy elation of vulgar vanity and purse-pride. French society, from being the bright and refined centre that irradiated the whole society of Europe, became an artificial nucleus that blinded it with a false glare. The tone went down in proportion as the standard of extravagance went up. When women had spent so much money on their dresses, they were naturally anxious about the effect the dresses were producing. They had been too much absorbed in preparing this effect to have any leisure for "preparing their conversations," as some of their pretentious predecessors of the last century were accused of doing; there had been no time for that process of thinking which is the necessary and inevitable preparation of all conversation worthy of the name. With the gentlemen, the fathers and husbands, who had their own share in these preoccupations, the same causes tended to similar results. When they conversed, they were naturally careful to choose the subjects that would be agreeable to their fair companions; but, as a rule, they did not converse with them; they kept at a respectful distance, grouping together in doorways, breaking away from all intercourse with the ladies, and leaving the crinolines in undisturbed possession of the floor.

It would obviously be both absurd and unjust to attribute the decay of conversation to the influence of crinoline alone. Crinoline itself was the outcome of lowered social conditions which all tended to that decay. Conversation perished for want of its natural wholesome food and stimulants; grist fell away from the mill in many directions. Owing to the strained diplomatic relations between other courts and the empire, the foreign element kept aloof: consequently, foreign affairs — literary, social, and political — ceased to furnish materials for talk in drawing-rooms. The aristocracy *boudéd* the new court as it had *boudéd*

the court of Louis-Philippe. Young men would not enter the public service; they began to be proud of "doing nothing;" having nothing to do, they had nothing to talk about. Public affairs, *la chose publique*, ceased to be a matter of private interest; impersonal subjects were no longer discussed. When all these reinforcements were withdrawn from conversation, there was so little left for it to feed upon that it naturally dwindled to small talk and gossip.

While society, generally, was being swamped in this slough of frivolity and ostentation, Madame Mohl's salon stood out in strong relief, with a character entirely its own. It was a permanent protest against the spirit and tendency of the day; against pretension, purse-pride, vulgarity in every form. While it was being loudly proclaimed by high and low that luxury had rendered quiet sociability impossible, that the pleasures of conversation were a thing of the past, that unless you could "entertain," in the modern sense of the word, no one would come to you, this old woman, without rank or fortune, living in high-perched, shabbily-furnished rooms, without either suppers or chandeliers, enjoyed a position unrivaled in its way, and contrived to attract to her house all that was best worth having in Paris. By the sole magnet of her esprit, she drew around her the most remarkable personalities, not only of France, but of the world. Celebrities from every capital in Europe gave one another rendezvous at Madame Mohl's Friday evenings and Wednesday afternoons. And yet, strangers, who hearing of this salon were at pains to get an introduction there, were sometimes taken by surprise when they entered it for the first time. They found a few quiet people, chiefly gentlemen, and most of them elderly, "making conversation" by the light of a couple of lamps, which modest illumination was dimmed by green shades out of consideration for M. Mohl's eyes.

The one luxury of the room was a great many very comfortable armchairs, of all shapes and sizes. It was a notion of Madame Mohl's that people could not talk their best unless they were comfortably seated. "I like my friends to be snug when they are talking," she would explain, if she noticed a curious glance wandering over the motley gathering of *fauteuils*,—a good enough theory in its way (Madame Mohl once quoted St. Theresa, rightly or wrongly, in support of it!), but not infallible. Her contemporary, Madame Swetchine, had some good talk in her drawing-room, and only discovered a few days before her death that she had made her friends "do penance," as she sweetly said in apologizing for it, on hard chairs for thirty years.

The refreshments on the Friday evenings were on the old-fashioned scale of simplicity and sobriety. On a table in a corner of the room there was a tea-tray and a plate of biscuits. Except when one of M. Mohl's charming and accomplished nieces was there, Madame Mohl managed the tea-making herself, even to the boiling of the water, which was done in the drawing-room. She built up a little hot-bed of embers, and set the kettle on it; and if she detected a smile in the eyes of any guest who watched these preparations, she would say, "French servants never know when the water boils; and if by chance they do, they don't believe it matters a pin to the tea." As a rule, she let no one help her in the operation, from first to last. There were, however, one or two privileged exceptions, notably Mr. Guy Lestrangé and another young Englishman. These gentlemen were allowed to carry the kettle for her; but this was the only aid she accepted.

The amount of dress expected of the guests was regulated by that of the hostess. This consisted of a black silk gown, that she had worn all day, and a short skirt, guiltless of the faintest

suspicion of crinoline, in an age when to look like a walking balloon was a law of decency to every woman. It was difficult to carry fine clothes, or pretension of any sort, into a salon where the lady of the house received you in this costume, and offered you an arm-chair that had seen service, showing it, perhaps, a little at the elbows. To *pose*, or aim at any effect but an intellectual one, in such an atmosphere was out of the question. Madame Mohl herself was too unobservant of externals to notice what any one wore, unless they were so fine as to strike her as "gorgeous," and consequently "vulgar and ridiculous, my dear."

An Englishman, passing through Paris, inquired of a friend who was taking him to the Rue du Bac whether he was expected to appear in a white cravat. "Madame Mohl would not notice if you appeared without any cravat," was the reply. "All she expects of you is to be agreeable."

In truth, to make themselves agreeable was all that she demanded of her guests; and if she was strict in exacting this, she certainly did all in her power to make compliance easy. She had a charming *accueil*, cordial, natural, and cheerful. She was glad to see you, — otherwise you would not have been asked, — and she showed it. The moment you entered the room you felt welcome. Madame Mohl took immense pains with the management of her salon, but it was done so cleverly that you never saw her pulling the wires. She ruled it with a strong hand, too. You were not permitted to be tiresome to yourself or to other people; you were expected to contribute to the general fund, either by talking or listening; you were at liberty to hold your tongue, but you must not be bored; you were not allowed to sit staring at the company through an eyeglass; any one who offended in this way was pounced upon at once.

Madame Mohl's was one of the very few drawing-rooms under the empire where the gentlemen did not form themselves into groups, standing in doorways, and keeping aloof from the ladies all the evening. She never tolerated this habit, which has now, like universal suffrage and other remnants of the empire, taken too deep root, apparently, to be eradicated from the soil of France. Every man who entered Madame Mohl's salon was expected that evening to do his duty, and his duty was to make himself agreeable.

Another unpardonable offense was making *tête-à-têtes* in corners, or chatting about the room in duets and trios, when conversation, real conversation, was going on. Madame Mohl had no objection to flirtation. She pleaded penitently to having been "a sad flirt" in her day, and was lenient toward those who wished to indulge in the pastime. They were at liberty to do so at their ease in an adjoining room, sacred to this entertainment, as formerly it had been to music or dancing, but the flirtation was not to interfere with the conversation.

Englishmen, and more especially Englishwomen, were a great trial to her in the matter of whispering and chatting. As a rule, English people do not understand the part that listening plays in conversation. They have the reputation of being much more taciturn than the lively French, and so they are; but they cannot hold their tongues in a drawing-room and listen, as the French do. This apparent inconsistency may, perhaps, be explained by saying that the English talk, while the French converse. Now, talk is best enjoyed by twos and threes, in snug privacy, without any outside listeners; whereas conversation is a kind of tournament, where two or three perform in presence of company. The English get a deal of genuine happiness out of these eye-to-eye, heart-to-heart, vital talks; the French find a great amount of

keen pleasure in *la conversation*. The distinction is characteristic of the two races: the former hungering most after that mutual helpful understanding of mind and heart that we call sympathy; the French delighting in the bright intellectual festival, where they can exercise their wits and other people's, going down into the lists and fencing and tilting, exhibiting grace and skill and prowess in the exercise, while the spectators "assist" in the game, controlling, protesting, cheering, now and then participating directly by throwing down a glove, challenging the combatants, and giving them breathing space.

Madame Mohl had witnessed this delightful game at the Abbaye in its perfection, and even before that, and ever since, had enjoyed practice with the best performers of the day. There were certain rules handed down by tradition, and she insisted on these being strictly observed in her salon. The conversation was conducted in this way: One good talker took possession of the chimney-corner, — that traditional tribune of the French salon, — and threw the ball to somebody; these two kept it going, occasionally tossing it to any of the company who liked to catch it. Madame Mohl, who never took the tribune in her own house, was very clever at catching the ball when it was thrown out, haphazard, in this way: she would seize it and toss it and worry it like a kitten, to the great delight of the principal performers. She knew neither timidity nor *mauvaise honte*, but would dart into the most learned discussion, like a child, with some comical remark, which perhaps betrayed entire ignorance of the subject, but never failed to enliven it.

The chimney-corner of the Rue du Bac was held habitually by the most brilliant talkers of the day. Ampère, Montalembert, Loménie, Cousin, Thiers, Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Mignet, etc., in turn glorified that well-worn hearth-rug. It required no common impudence or

stupidity to spoil such sport as this by breaking into tête-à-têtes. Outer barbarians, whose undeveloped instincts led them to prefer these, soon learned to retire into the adjoining room, where they might chatter without disturbing other people's enjoyment.

Madame Mohl's own powers of conversation were extraordinary, and quite unique in their way. It would be almost impossible to convey any true idea of the stream of wit, sense, and nonsense that flowed from her as spontaneously and with as little self-consciousness as the sparks fly up from the logs when you stir them. She loved talk, — not talking, — and she was quite willing to talk nonsense, if by doing so she could goad others into talking sense or wit. The mind of a clever man was to her what the soil that contains gems or archaeological remains is to the passionate amateur in these things. She dug away at it with her bright little pickaxe, exulting over every fragment or bit of glittering treasure that it turned up; never giving a thought to how she was performing the digging, or what effect she was producing on the bystanders. Her rôle was chiefly to draw other people out, stimulating them by contradiction, by approval, by criticism, by laughter, but always with inimitable tact. No one knew better than she how to provoke a clever man into shining at the chimney-corner, even if he were not in the mood for it. One evening, Loménie was there. He had been received into the Academy that day, and was consequently the hero of the evening. He was an incomparable talker; but perhaps the pleasurable excitement of the day had tired him, or for some other reason he was disinclined to talk. Madame Mohl, however, had no mind to lose so good an opportunity. Seeing that indirect tactics were of no effect, she said bluntly, "Allons, Loménie, racontez-nous quelquechose!" Loménie obediently began to *raconter*, and seldom did

the hearth-rug witness a more astonishing display of fireworks than he let off that evening.

Madame Mohl was sometimes accused of disliking Englishwomen. It was a most unjust accusation. She loved and admired her countrywomen above all others, and always declared there were no women friends like them; but she did not care for them at her Friday evenings. "My dear, they have no manners," she would say. "I can't abide them in my drawing-room! What with their *morgue* and their shyness and their inability to hold their tongues, they ain't fit for decent company."

Once, Mrs. Wynne Finch asked permission to bring a friend on Friday evening. "My dear," said Madame Mohl, "if your friend is a man, bring him without thinking twice about it; but if she is a woman, think well before you bring her, for of all the creatures God ever created none does spoil society like an English lady!"

Her favorite protest, delivered with characteristic vehemence, "I can't abide women!" applied only to silly women. She was just as ready to admire a clever, sympathetic woman as a clever, sympathetic man. She had an odd notion that women were only silly from their own fault; that it was an effect of ill-will in them. It was a source of genuine astonishment to her that women were so addicted to idle gossip. "Why don't they talk about interesting things? Why don't they use their brains?" she would ask angrily; and if it were objected that they might have no brains to use, she would retort still more angrily. "Nonsense! Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool. Why don't they exercise their brains as they do their fingers and their legs, sewing and playing and dancing? Why don't they read?"

To modest ignorance, especially in the young, she was very gentle and indulgent, and would be very kind in lending

books to young girls, and assisting them to make the most of their brains. She even forgave them when they injured or lost valuable books. This was a misdemeanor that M. Mohl dealt more severely with. He divided *les honnêtes gens* into two categories: those who returned borrowed books, and those who did not. Madame Mohl was very fond of young people, — though boys she professed not to admire. Introducing an English lad to some friends of hers, she writes, "He is much admired by his parents, and he looks a good boy (for a boy); but they are a set of animals I don't patronize, because they make railroad carriages of my chairs." Young girls she dearly loved, and entered into their pleasures and feelings with that quick and large sympathy that old people are often wanting in, but which she preserved to the very last. "These young folk do make me make a goose of myself!" she would say, when she was taking some special trouble to amuse or indulge them. The innocent unconsciousness and simplicity of a young girl was to her something exquisite; she enjoyed these sweet graces in the young as she enjoyed other lovely things. Her sister's grandchildren afforded her a great fund of this pleasure. "I have staying with me a niece of sixteen and a half," she wrote to her dear friend Madame Scherer,¹ many years ago. "Her father is a clergyman. She has scarcely lived in a town, is very innocent and very intelligent, and curious about everything except common gossip (a rare disposition in woman). I shall keep her now six or eight months, and probably bring her back next winter. I should like her to see a girl of her own age who would be safe, and I am *quite* sure you would approve of her. She is so innocent in worldly matters that she wonders I don't return the call of such and such a gentleman whom I

¹ Wife of the distinguished writer, whose literary articles in the *Temps* are so well known to amateurs and critics.

like, that he may come again soon! I hope you do me the justice to guess that I never express any astonishment at these speeches, but say quietly, 'It is not the custom.' I was so pleased with the word '*inconsciente*' that M. Scherer uses, and which is greatly wanted (it suits her particularly; she is most unconscious). I hope it will obtain right of citizenship."

Kathleen O'Meara.

A SHEAF OF SONNETS.

I.

Ellen Terry's Beatrice.

A WIND of spring that whirls the feignèd snows
 Of blossom-petals in the face, and flees;
 Elusive, made of mirthful mockeries,
 Yet tender with the prescience of the rose;
 A strain desired, that through the memory goes,
 Too subtle-slender for the voice to seize;
 A flame dissembled, only lit to tease,
 Whose touch were half a kiss, if one but knows.

She shows by Leonato's dove-like daughter
 A tercel, by a prince to be possessed,
 Gay-graced with bells that ever chiming are;
 In azure of the bright Sicilian water,
 A billow that has rapt into its breast
 The swayed reflection of a dancing star!

II.

The Resolve.

Thou intimate, malign, benumbing power
 I cannot name, since names that men have made
 For shapes of evil shine beside thy shade,
 Who from the seat of mine own soul dost lower, —
 Darkness itself, that doth the light devour, —
 I feel thine urgency upon me laid
 To voice despair! Thou shalt not be obeyed;
 Thou art my master only for thine hour!

As some sad-eyed, wan woman that is slave
 To the swart Moor, being bid her lute to bring,
 Since song of her strange land her lord doth crave,
 With lip a-tremble dares the scourge's sting,
 Refusing, — thy brute might so far I brave:
 I will not sing what thou wouldst have me sing!

III.

On First Reading Landor's Hellenics.

Two sauntering, hand in hand, one happy day,
 Along a pleasant path that neither knew,
 Came, glad and startled, on the sudden blue,
 With sails unclouded, of a sunny bay,
 And hollowing toward the wave a meadow, gray
 With honey-giving growths thick-spread as dew.
 There goatskin-girt, with limbs like bronze in hue,
 Free-bathed in sun and wind, a shepherd lay,

Asleep, his reed pipe fallen by his knee;
 And late, it seemed, a song had left his lips.
 We heard but lapping ripple, prattling bee
 Above the thyme's dim purple, downy tips;
 Beyond, once beat by oars of beakèd ships,
 Far outward swept the calm, the storied sea.

IV.

Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music.

Hark! on this wind eternal Voices ride.
 Oh, hark! out of the deep mysterious East
 The Voices of Disciple and High-Priest,
 Betrayer, and Denier, and Denied:
 Strong prayers at midnight by a streamlet-side,
 And broken sayings at a solemn feast;
 A sea-like sound: "Barabbas be released!"
 A fiercer wave: "Let Him be crucified!"

And now arise new voices blent with these,
 In sober chorals linkèd, like the beads
 Of some brown chaplet; breathing pieties
 Of faithful souls that sifted not the creeds.
 The names of those that sang the loiterer reads
 In God's green acre, spired with poplar-trees.

V.

The Passing of the Year.

O gentle Year, I'll not entreat thee stay,
 Since now thy face is set to some far land
 Not named of men, untrod, a shadow-strand!
 And those most powerful prayers that lips could pray
 Would not obtain thy tarrying for a day.
 Yet, gliding from us with the sliding sand,
 Thou shalt not pass till I have kissed the hand
 That gave me joys, and took but time away.

Can Love, that of the soul's delight is born,
 Being matched in stature to the soul, increase?
 Not so: but Memory, leaning at his side,
 Waxes with every rosy draught of morn,
 And gathers to her every moon's full peace,
 And, gazing on dark seas of summer, grows deep-eyed.

Helen Gray Cone.

THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

II.

THE summer days climbed slowly over the Great Smoky Mountains. Long the morning lingered among the crags, and chasms, and the dwindling shadows. The vertical noontide poised motionless on the great balds. The evening dawdled along the sunset slopes, and the waning crimson waited in the dusk for the golden moonrise.

So little speed they made that it seemed to Rick Tyler that weeks multiplied while they loitered.

It might have been deemed the ideal of a sylvan life, — those days while he lay hid out on the Big Smoky. The region is the Elysium of a hunter. His rifle brought him food with but the glance of the eye and a touch on the trigger. "Ekal ter the prophet's raven, ef the truth war knowed," he said sometimes, while he cooked the game over a fire of dead-wood gathered by the way-side. A handful of blackberries gave it a relish, and there were the ice-cold, never-failing springs of the range wherever he might turn.

But for the unquiet thoughts that followed him from the world, the characteristic sloth of the mountaineer might have spared him all sense of tedium, as he lay on the bank of a mountain stream, while the slow days waxed and waned. Often he would see a musk-rat — picturesque little body — swimming in a muddy dip. And again his listless gaze

was riveted upon the quivering diaphanous wings of a snake-doctor, hovering close at hand, until the grotesque, airy thing would flit away. The arrowy sunbeams shot into the dense umbrageous tangles, and fell spent to earth as the shadows swayed. Further down the stream two huge cliffs rose on either side of the channel, giving a narrow view of far-away blue mountains as through a gate. In and out stole the mist, uncertain whither. The wind came and went, paying no toll. Sometimes, when the sun was low, a shadow — an antlered shadow — slipped through like a fantasy.

But when the skies would begin to darken and the night come tardily on, the scanty incidents of the day lost their ephemeral interest. His human heart would assert itself, and he would yearn for the life from which he was banished, and writhe with an intolerable anguish under his sense of injury.

"An' the law holds me the same ez 'Bednego Tynes, who killed Joel Byers, jes' ter keep his hand in, — hevin' killed another man afore, — an' I never so much ez lifted a finger agin him!"

He pondered much on his past, and the future that he had lost. Sometimes he gave himself to adjusting, from the meagre circumstances of their common lot on Big Smoky, the future of those with whose lives his own had heretofore seemed an integrant part, from which it should forevermore be dis severed.

All the pangs of penance were in that sense of irrevocability. It was done, and here was his choice : to live the life of a skulking wolf, to prowl, to flee, to fight at bay, or to return and confront an outraged law. He experienced a wild frenzy of rage to realize how hardly his world would roll on without him. Big Smoky would not suffer ! The sun would shine, and the crops ripen, and the harvest come, and the snows sift down, and the seasons roll. The boys would shoot for beef, and there was to be a gander-pulling at the Settlement when the candidates should come, "stumpin' the Big Smoky" for the mid-summer elections. And when, periodically, "the mountings" would awake to a sense of sin, and a revival would be instituted, all the people would meet, and clap their hands, and sing, and pray, and that busy sinner, D'rindy, might find time to think upon grace, and perhaps upon the man whom she likened to the prophets of old.

Then Rick Tyler would start up from his bed of boughs, and stride wildly about among the bowlders, hardly pausing to listen if he heard a wolf howling on the lonely heights. An owl would hoot derisively from the tangled laurel. And oh, the melancholy moonlight in the melancholy pines, where the whip-poor-will moaned and moaned !

"I'd shoot that critter ef I could make out ter see him !" cried the harassed fugitive, his every nerve quivering.

It all began with Dorinda ; it all came back to her. He dreadingly foresaw that she would forget him ; and yet he could not know how the alienation was to commence, how it should progress, and the process of its completion. "All whilst I'm a-roamin' off with the painters an' sech !" he exclaimed bitterly.

And she, — her future was plain enough. There was a little log-cabin by the grist-mill : the mountains sheltered it ; the valley held it as in the

palm of a hand. Hardly a moment since, his jealous heart had been racked by the thought of the man she likened to the prophets of old, and now he saw her spinning in the door of Amos James's house, in the quiet depths of Eskaquia Cove.

This vision stilled his heart. He was numbed by his despair. Somehow, the burly young miller seemed a fitter choice than the religious enthusiast, whose leisure was spent in praying in the desert places. He wondered that he should ever have felt other jealousy, and was subacutely amazed to find this passion so elastic.

With wild and haggard eyes he saw the day break upon this vision. It came in at the great gate, — a pale flush, a fainting star, a burst of song, and the red and royal sun.

The morning gradually exerted its revivifying influence and brought a new impulse. He easily deceived himself, and disguised it as a reason.

"This hyar powder is a-gittin' mighty low," he said to himself, examining the contents of his powder-horn. "An' that thar rifle eats it up toler'ble fast sence I hev hed ter hunt varmints fur my vittles. Ef that war the sher'ff a-ridin' arter me the day I war at Cayce's, he's done gone whar he b'longs by this time, — 't war two weeks ago ; an' ef he ain't gone back he would n't be layin' fur me roun' the Settlement, nohow. An' I kin git some powder thar, an' hear 'em tell what the mounting air a-doin' of. An' mebbe I won't be so durned lonesome when I gits back hyar."

He mounted his horse, later in the day, and picked his way slowly down the banks of the stream and through the great gate.

The Settlement on the Big Smoky illustrated the sacrilege of civilization. A number of trees, girdled years ago, stretched above the fields their gigantic skeletons, suggesting their former

majesty of mien and splendid proportions. Their forlorn leafless branches rattled together with a dreary sound, as the breeze stirred among the gaunt and pallid assemblage. The little log-cabins, five or six in number, were so situated among the stumps which disfigured the clearing that if a sudden wind should bring down one of the monarchical spectres of the forest it would make havoc only in the crops. The wheat was thin and backward. A little patch of cotton in a mellow dip served to show the plant at its minimum. There was tobacco, too, placed like the cotton where it was hoped it would take a notion to grow. Sorghum flourished, and the tasseled Indian corn, waving down a slope, had aboriginal suggestions of plumed heads and glancing quivers. A clamor of Guinea fowls arose, and geese and turkeys roved about in the publicity of the clearing with the confident air of esteemed citizens. Sheep were feeding among the ledges.

It was hard to say what might be bought at the store except powder and coffee, and sugar perhaps, if "long-sweetenin'" might not suffice; for each of the half dozen small farms was a type of the region, producing within its own confines all its necessities. Hand-looms could be glimpsed through open doors, and as yet the dry-goods trade is unknown to the homespun-clad denizens of the Settlement. Beeswax, feathers, honey, dried fruit, are hartered here, and a night's rest has never been lost for the perplexities of the currency question on the Big Smoky Mountains.

The proprietor of the store, his operations thus limited, was content to grow rich slowly, if needs were to grow rich at all. In winter he sat before the great wood fire in the store and smoked his pipe, and his crony, the blacksmith, often came, hammer in hand and girded with his leather apron, and smoked with him. In the summer he sat all day, as now, in front of the door, looking meditatively

at the scene before him. The sunlight slanted upon the great dead trees; their forms were imposed with a wonderful distinctness upon the landscape that stretched so far below the precipice on which the little town was perched. They even touched, with those bereaved and denuded limbs, the far blue mountains encircling the horizon, and with their interlacing lines and curves they seemed some mysterious scripture engraven upon the world.

It was just six o'clock, and the shadow of a bough that still held a mass of woven sticks, once the nest of an eagle, had reached the verge of the cliff, when the sound of hoofs fell on the still air, and a man rode into the clearing from the encompassing woods.

The storekeeper glanced up to greet the new-comer, but did not risk the fatigue of rising. Women looked out of the windows, and a girl on a porch, reeling yarn, found a reason to stop her work. A man came out of a house close by, and sat on the fence, within range of any colloquy in which he might wish to participate. The whole town could join at will in a municipal conversation. The forge fire showed a dull red against the dusky brown shadows in the recesses of the shop. The blacksmith stood in front of the door, his eyes shielded with his broad blackened right hand, and looked critically at the animal. Horses were more in his line than men. He was a tall, powerfully built fellow of thirty, perhaps, with the sooty aspect peculiar to his calling, a swarthy complexion, and a remarkably well-knit, compact, and muscular frame. He often said in pride, "Ef I hed hed the forgin' o' myself, I would n't hev welded on a pound more, or hammered out a leader differ."

Suddenly detaching his attention from the horse, he called out, "Waal, sir! Ef thar ain't Rick Tyler!" This was addressed to the town at large. Then, "What ails ye, Rick? I hearn tell ez you-uns war on yer way ter Shaftesville

along o' the sher'ff." He had a keen and twinkling eye. He cast it significantly at the man on the fence. "Ye kem back, I reckon, ter git yer handcuffs mended at my shop. Gimme the bracelets." He held out his hand in affected anxiety.

"I ain't a-wearin' no bracelets now." The young man's hasty impulse had its impressiveness. He leveled his pistol. "Ef ye hawker ter do enny mendin', I'll gin ye repairs ter make in them cast-iron chit'lugs o' yourn," he said coolly.

Rick Tyler was received at the store with a distinct accession of respect. The blacksmith stood watching him, with an angry gleam in his eyes, and a furtive recollection of the reward offered by the governor for his apprehension.

The young fellow, with a sudden return of caution, did not at once venture to dismount; and Nathan Hoodendin, the storekeeper, rose for no customer. Respectively seated, for these diverse reasons, they transacted the negotiation.

"Hy're, Rick," drawled the storekeeper languidly. "I hopes ye keeps yer health," he added, politely.

The young man melted at the friendly tone. This was the welcome he had looked for at the Settlement. Loneliness had made his sensibilities tender, and "hiding out" affected his spirits more than dodging the officers in the haunts of men, or daring the cupidity roused, he knew, by the reward for his capture. The blacksmith's jeer touched him as cruelly as an attempt upon his liberty. "Jes' toler'ble," he admitted, with the usual rural reluctance to acknowledge full health. "I hopes ye an' yer fambly air thrivin'," he drawled, after a moment.

A whiff came from the storekeeper's pipe; the smoke wreathed before his face, and floated away.

"Waal, we air makin' out, — we air makin' out."

"I kem over hyar," said Rick Tyler, proceeding to business, "ter git some powder out'n yer store. I wants one pound."

Nathan Hoodendin smoked silently for a moment. Then, with a facial convulsion and a physical wrench, he lifted his voice.

"Jer'miah!" he shouted in a wild wheeze. And again, "Jer'miah!"

The invoked Jer'miah did not materialize at once. When a small tow-headed boy of ten came from a house among the stumps, with that peculiar deftness of tread characteristic of the habitually barefoot, he had an alert, startled expression, as if he had just jumped out of a bush. His hair stood up in front; he had wide pop-eyes, and long ears, and a rabbit-like aspect that was not diminished as he scudded round the heels of Rick Tyler's horse, at which he looked with apprehensive eyes.

"Jer'miah," said his father, with a pathetic cadence, "go into the store, bub, an' git Rick Tyler a pound o' powder."

As Jeremiah started in, the paternal sentiment stirred in Nathan Hoodendin's breast.

"Jer'miah," he wheezed, bringing the forelegs of the chair to the ground, and craning forward with unwonted alacrity to look into the dusky interior of the store, "don't ye be foolin' round that thar powder with no lighted tallow dip nor nuthin'. I'll whale the life out'n ye ef ye do. Jes' weigh it by the window."

Whether from fear of a whaling by his active parent, or of the conjunction of a lighted tallow dip and powder, Jeremiah dispensed with the candle. He brought the commodity out presently, and Rick stowed it away in his saddlebags.

"Can't ye 'light an' sot a while an' talk, Rick?" said the storekeeper. "We-uns hev done hed our supper, but I reckon they could fix ye a snack yander ter the house."

Rick said he wanted nothing to eat, but, although he hesitated, he could not finally resist the splint-bottomed chair tilted against the wall of the store, and a sociable pipe, and the countryside gossip.

"What 's goin' on 'round the mountin'?" he asked.

Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith, came and sat in another chair, and the man on the fence got off and took up his position on a stump hard by. The great red sun dropped slowly behind the purple mountains; and the full golden moon rose above the corn-field that lay on the eastern slope, and hung there between the dark woods on either hand; and the blades caught the light, and tossed with burnished flashes into the night; and the great ghastly trees assumed a ghostly whiteness; and the mystic writing laid on the landscape below had the aspect of an uninterpreted portent. The houses were mostly silent; now and then a guard-dog growled at some occult alarm; a woman somewhere was softly and fitfully singing a child to sleep, and the baby crooned too, and joined in the vague, drowsy ditty. And for aught else that could be seen, and for aught else that could be heard, this was the world.

"Waal, the Tempter air fairly stalkin' abroad on the Big Smoky, — leastwise sence the summer season hev opened," said Nathan Hoodendin. His habitual expression of heavy, joyless pondering had been so graven into his face that his raised grizzled eyebrows, surmounted by a multitude of perplexed wrinkles, his long, dismayed jaw, his thin, slightly parted lips, and the deep grooves on either side of his nose were not susceptible of many gradations of meaning. His shifting eyes, cast now at the stark trees, now at the splendid disk of the rising moon, betokened but little anxiety for the Principle of Evil a-loose in the Big Smoky. "Fust, — lemme see, — thar war Eph Lowry, ez got inter a

quar'l with his wife's half-brother's cousin, an' a-tusslin' 'roun' they cut one another right smart, an' some say ez Eph 'll never have his eyesight right good no more. Then thar war Baker Teal, what the folks in Eskaquia Cove 'low let down the bars o' the milk-sick pen, one day las' fall, an' druv Jacob White's red cow in; an' his folks never knowed she hed grazed thar till they hed milked an' churned fur butter, when she lay down an' died o' the milk-sick. Ef they hed drunk her milk same ez common, 't would hev sickened 'em, sure, an' meb-be killed 'em. An' they 've been quar-'lin' bout'n it ever since. Satau 's a-stirrin', — Satan 's a-stirrin' 'roun' the Big Smoky."

"Waal, I hearn ez some o' them folks in Eskaquia Cove 'low ez the red cow jes' hooked down the bars, bein' a terrible hooker," spoke up the man on the stump, unexpectedly.

"Waal, White an' his folks won't hear ter no sech word ez that," said the blacksmith; "an' arter jowin' an' jowin' back an' fo'th they went t'other day an' informed on Teal 'fore the jestice, an' the Squair fined him twenty-five dollars, 'cordin' ter the law o' Tennessee fur them ez m'liciously lets down the bars o' the milk-sick pen. An' Baker Teal hed ter pay, an' the county treasury an' the informers divided the money 'twixt 'em."

"What did I tell you-uns? Satan 's a-stirrin', — Satan 's a-stirrin' 'roun' the Big Smoky," said the storekeeper, with a certain morbid pride in the Enemy's activity.

"The constable o' this hyar destric'," recommenced Gid Fletcher, who seemed as well informed as Nathan Hoodendin, "he advised 'em ter lay it afore the jestice; he war mighty peart 'bout'n that thar job. They 'low ter me ez he air tuk up a crazy fit ez he kin beat Micajah Green fur sher'ff, an' he's a-skeetin' arter law-breakers same ez a rooster arter a Juny-bug. He 'lows it 'll show

the kentry what a peart sher'ff he'd make."

"Shucks!" said the man on the stump. "I'll vote fur 'Cajah Green fur sher'ff agin the old boy; he hev got a nose fur game."

"He hain't nosed you-uns out yit, hev he, Rick?" said the blacksmith, with feigned heartiness and a covert sneer.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Nathan Hoodendin. "What war I a-tellin' you-uns? Satan's a-stirrin', — Satan's surely a-stirrin' on the Big Smoky."

Rick sat silent in the moonlight, smoking his pipe, his brown wool hat far back, the light full on his yellow head. His face had grown a trifle less square, and his features were more distinctly defined than of yore; he did not look ill, but care had drawn a sharp line here and there.

"One sher'ff's same ter you-uns ez another, ain't he, Rick?" said the man on the stump. "Any of 'em'll do to run from."

"They tell it to me," said the storekeeper, with so sudden a vivacity that it seemed it must crack his graven wrinkles, "ez the whole Cayce gang air a-goin' ter vote agin 'Cajah Green, 'count o' the way he jawed at ole Mis' Cayce an' D'rindy, the day he run you-uns off from thar, Rick."

"I ain't hearn tell o' that yit," drawled Rick, desolately, "bein' hid out."

"Waal, he jawed at D'rindy, an' from what I hev hearn D'rindy jawed back; an' I dunno ez that's s'prisin', — the gal-folks gineraly do. Leastwise, I know ez he sent word arterward ter D'rindy, by his dep'ty, — ez war a-scoutin' 'roun' hyar, arter you-uns, I reckon, Rick, — ez he war a-kemin' up some day soon ter 'lectioneer, an' he war a-goin' ter stop ter thar house an' ax her pardin'. An' she sent him word, fur God's sake ter bide away from thar."

A long pause ensued; the stars shone faint and few; the iterative note of the katydid vibrated monotonously in the

dark woods; dew was falling; the wind stirred.

"What ailed D'rindy ter say that word?" asked Rick, mystified.

"Waal, I dunno," said Hoodendin, indifferently. "I hev never addled my brains tryin' ter make out what a woman means. Though," he qualified, "I *did* ax the dep'ty an' Amos Jeemes from down yander in Eskaquia Cove, — the dep'ty hed pertended ter hev summonsed him ez a posse, an' they war jes' rollickin' 'roun' the kentry like two chickens with thar heads off, — I axed 'em what D'rindy meant; an' they 'lowed they didn't know, nor war they takin' it ter heart. They 'lowed ez she never axed *them* ter bide away from thar fur God's sake. An' then they suickered an' laffed, like single men do. An' I up an' tole 'em ez the Book sot it down ez the laffter o' fools is like the cracklin' o' bresh under a pot."

Rick Tyler was eager, his eyes kindling, his breath quick. He looked with uncharacteristic alertness at the inexpressive face of the leisurely narrator.

"They capered like a dunno-what-all on the Big Smoky, them two, — the off'cer o' the law an' his posse! Thar goin's on war jes' scandalous: they played kyerds, an' they consorted with the moonshiners over yander," nodding his head at the wilderness, "an' got ez drunk ez two fraish biled owels; an' they sung an' they hollered. An' they went ter the meetin'-house over yander whilst they war in liquor, an' the preacher riz up an' put 'em out. He's toler'ble tough, that thar Pa'son Kelsey, an' kin hold right smart show in a fight. An' the dep'ty, he straightened hisself, an' 'lowed he war a off'cer o' the law. An' Pa'son Kelsey, he 'lowed *he* war a off'cer o' the law, an' he 'lowed ez his law war higher 'n the law o' Tennessee. An' with that he barred up the door. They hed a cornsid'ble disturbamint at the meetin'-house yander at the Notch, an' the saints war tried in thar temper."

"The dep'ty 'lows ez Pa'son Kelsey air crazy in his mind," said the man on the stump. "The dep'ty said the pa'son talked ter him like ez ef he war a onregenerate critter. An' he 'lowed he war baptized in Scolacutta River two year ago an' better. The dep'ty say these hyar mounting preachers hain't got no doctrine like the valley folks. He called Pa'son Kelsey a ignorant cuss!"

"Laws a massy!" exclaimed Nathan Hoodendin, scandalized.

"He say it fairly makes him laff ter hear Pa'son Kelsey performin' like he hed a cut-throat mortgage on a seat 'mongst the angels. He say ez he thinks Pa'son Kelsey speaks with more insurance 'n enny man he ever see."

"I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, the dep'ty ain't got no religion, an' never war in Scolacutta River, 'thout it war a-fishin'," said the blacksmith, meditatively.

The fugitive from justice, pining for the simple society of his world, listened like a starveling thing to these meagre details, so replete with interest to him, so full of life and spirit. The next moment he was sorry he had come.

"That thar Amos Jeemes air a comical critter," said the man on the stump, after an interval of cogitation, and with a gurgling reminiscent laugh. "He war a-cuttin' up his shines over thar ter Cayce's the t'other day; he war n't drunk *then*, ye onderstan'?" —

"I onderstan'. He war jes' fool, like he always air," said the blacksmith.

"Edzactly," assented the man on the stump. "An' he fairly made D'rindy laff ter see what the critter would say nex'. An' D'rindy always seemed ter me a powerful solemn sorter gal. Waal, she laffed at Amos. An' whilst him an' the dep'ty war a-goin' down the mounting — I went down ter Jeemes's mill ter leave some grist over night ter be ground — the dep'ty, he run Amos 'bout'n it. The dep'ty, he 'lowed ez no gal hed ever made so much fun o' him,

an' Amos 'lowed ez D'rindy *did n't* make game o' him. She thunk too much o' him fur that. An' that bold-faced dep'ty, he 'lowed he thought 't war *him* ez hed fund favior. An' Amos, — we war mighty nigh down in Eskaquia Cove then, — he turned suddint an' p'inted up the mounting. 'What kin you-uns view on the mounting?' he axed. The dep'ty, he stopped an' stared; an' thar, mighty nigh ez high ez the lower e-end o' the bald, war a light. 'That shines fur me ter see whilst I'm 'bleeged ter be in Eskaquia Cove,' sez Amos. An' the dep'ty said, 'I think it air a star!' An' Amos sez, sez he, 'Bless yer bones, I think so, too, — sometimes!' But 't war n't no star. 'T war jes' a light in the roof-room window o' Cayce's house; an' ye could see it, sure enough, plumb to the mill in Eskaquia Cove!"

Rick rose to go. Why should he linger, and wring his heart, and garner bitterness to feed upon in his lonely days? Why should he look into the outer darkness of his life, and dream of the star that shone so far for another man's sake into the sheltered depths of Eskaquia Cove? He had an impulse which he scorned, for his sight was blurred as he laid his hand on the pomel of his saddle. He did not see that one of the other men rose, too.

An approach, stealthy, swift, and the sinewy blacksmith flung himself upon his prisoner with the supple ferocity of a panther.

"Naw — naw!" he said, showing his strong teeth, closely set. "We can't part with ye yit, Rick Tyler! I'll arrest you-uns, ef the sher'ff can't! The peace o' Big Smoky an' the law o' the land air ez dear ter me ez ter enny other man."

The young fellow made a frantic effort to mount; then, as his horse sprang snorting away, he strove to draw one of his pistols. There was a turbulent struggle under the great silver moon and the dead trees. Again and again the sway-

ing figures and their interlocked shadows reeled to the verge of the cliff; one striving to fall and carry the other with him, the other straining every nerve to hold back his captive.

Even the storekeeper stood up and wheezed out a remonstrance.

"Look a hyar, boys" — he began; then, "Jer'miah," he broke off abruptly, as the hopeful scion peered shyly out of the store door, "clar out'n the way, sonny; they hev got shootin'-irons, an' some o' em mought go off."

He himself stepped prudently back. The man on the stump, however, forgot danger in his excitement. He sat and watched the scene with an eager relish which might suggest that a love of bull-fights is not a cultivated taste.

"Be them men a-wrastlin'?" called out a woman, appearing in the doorway of a neighboring house.

"'Pears like it ter me," he said dryly.

The strength of despair had served to make the younger man the blacksmith's equal, and the contest might have terminated differently had Rick Tyler not stumbled on a ledge. He was forced to his knees, then full upon the ground, his antagonist's grasp upon his throat. The blacksmith roared out for help; the man on the stump slowly responded, and the storekeeper languidly came and overlooked the operation, as the young fellow was disarmed and securely bound, hand and foot.

"Waal, now, Gid Fletcher, ye hev got him," said Nathan Hoodendin. "What d'ye want with him?"

The blacksmith had risen, panting, with wild eyes, his veins standing out in thick cords, perspiring from every pore, and in a bounding fury.

"What do I want with him? I want ter put his head on my anvil thar, an' beat the foolishness out'n it with my hammer. I want ter kick him off'n this hyar bluff down ter the forge fires o' hell. That air what *I* want. An'

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the State o' Tennessee ain't wantin' much differ."

"Gid Fletcher," said the man who had been sitting on the stump, — he spoke in an accusing voice, — "ye ain't keerin' nuthin' fur the law o' the land, nor the peace o' Big Smoky, nuther. It air jes' that two hunderd dollars blood money ye air cottonin' ter, an' ye knows it."

The love of money, the root of evil, is so rare in the mountains that the blacksmith stood as before a deep reproof. Then, with a moral hardihood that matched his physical prowess, he asked, "An' what ef I be?"

"What war I a-tellin' you-uns? Satan's a-stirrin', — Satan's a-stirrin' on the Big Smoky!" interpolated old Hoodendin.

"Waal, I'd never hev been hankerin' fur sech," drawled the moralist.

A number of other men had come out from the houses, and a discussion ensued as to the best plan to keep the prisoner until morning. It was suggested that the time-honored expedient in localities without the civilization of a jail — a wagon-body inverted, with a heavy rock upon it — would be as secure as the state prison.

"But who wants ter go ter heftin' rocks?" asked Nathan Hoodendin pertinently.

For the sake of convenience, therefore, they left the prisoner with the rope made fast around a stump, that he might not, in his desperation, roll himself from the crag, and deputing a number of the men to watch him by turns the Settlement retired to its slumbers.

The night wore on; the moon journeyed toward the mountains in the west; the mists rose to meet it, and glistened like a silver sea. Some lonely, undiscovered ocean, this; never a sail set, never a pennant flying; all the valley was submerged; the black summits in the distance were isolated and insular; the moonlight glanced on the sparkling

ripples, on the long reaches of illusive vapor.

At intervals cocks crew; a faint response, like furthest echoes, came from some neighboring cove; and then silence, save for the drone of the nocturnal insects and the far blast of a hunter's horn.

"Jer'miah," said Rick Tyler, suddenly looking at the boy as he crouched by one of the stumps and watched him with dilated, moonlit eyes, — when Nathan Hoodendin's vigil came the little factotum served in his stead, — "Jer'miah, git my knife out'n the store an' cut these hyar ropes. I'll gin ye my rifle ef ye will."

The boy sprang up, scudded off swiftly, then came back, and crouched by the stump again.

The moon slipped lower and lower; the silver sea had turned to molten gold; the stars that had journeyed westward with the moon were dying out of a dim blue sky. Over the corn-field in the east was one larger than the rest, burning in an amber haze, charged with an unspoken poetical emotion that set its heart of white fire aqiver.

"I'll gin ye my horse ef ye will."

"I dassent," said Jer'miah.

The morning star was burned out at last, and the prosaic day came over the corn-field.

III.

Twilight was slipping down on the Big Smoky. Definiteness was annihilated, and distance a suggestion. Mountain forms lay darkening along the horizon, still flushed with the sunset. The Cove had abysmal suggestions, and the ravines were vague glooms. Fireflies were afflicker in the woods. There might be a star, outpost of the night.

Dorinda, hunting for the vagrant "crumply cow," paused sometimes when the wandering path led to the mountain's brink, and looked down those gi-

gantic slopes and unmeasured depths. She carried her milk-piggin, and her head was uncovered. Now and then she called with long, vague vowels, "Soo — cow! Soo!" There was no response save the echoes and the vibrant iteration of the katydid. Once she heard an alien sound, and she paused to listen. From the projecting spur where she stood, looking across the Cove, she could see, above the forests on the slopes, the bare, uprising dome, towering in stupendous proportions against the sky. The sound came again and yet again, and she recognized the voice of the man who was wont to go and pray in the desert places of the bald, and whom she had likened to the prophets of old. There was something indescribably wild and weird in those appealing, tempestuous tones, now rising as in frenzy, and now falling as with exhaustion, — untiringly beseeching, adjuring, reproaching.

"He hev fairly beset the throne o' grace!" she said, with a sort of pity for this insistent piety. A shivering, filmy mist was slipping down over the great dome. It glittered in the last rays of the sunlight, already vanished from the world below, like an illuminated silver gauze. She was reminded of the veil of the temple, and she had a sense of intrusion.

"Prayer, though, air free for all," she remarked, as self-justification, since she had paused to hear.

She did not linger. His voice died in the distance, and the solemnity of the impression was gradually obliterated. As she went she presently began to sing, sometimes interpolating, without a sense of interruption, her mellow call of "Soo — cow! Soo!" until it took the semblance of a refrain, with an abrupt crescendo. The wild roses were flowering along the paths, and the pink and white azaleas, — what perfumed ways, what lavish grace and beauty! The blooms of the laurel in the darkling places were like a spangling of stars. Dew was fall-

ing, — it dashed into her face from the boughs that interlaced across the unfrequented path, — and still the light lingered, loath to leave. She heard the stir of some wild things in the hollow of a great tree, and then a faint, low growl. She fancied she saw a pair of bright eyes looking apprehensively at her.

"We-uns hev got a baby at our house, too, an' we don't want yourn, ma'am; much obleeged, all the same," she said, with a laugh. But she looked back with a sort of pity for that alert maternal fear, and she never mentioned to the youngest brother, a persistent trapper, the little family of raccoons in the woods.

She had forgotten the voice raised in importunate supplication on the bald, until, pursuing the path, she was led into the road, hard by a little bridge, or more properly culvert, which had rotted long ago; the vines came up through the cavities in the timbers, and a blackberry bush, with a wren's nest, flourished in their midst. The road was fain to wade through the stream; but the channel was dry now, — a narrow belt of yellow sand lying in a long curving vista in the midst of the dense woods. A yoke of oxen, hitched to a rude slide, stood at rest in the middle of the channel, and beside them was a man, of medium height, slender but sinewy, dressed in brown jeans, his trousers thrust into the legs of his boots, a rifle on his shoulder, and a broad-brimmed old wool hat surmounting his dark hair, that hung down to the collar of his coat. Her singing had prepared him for her advent, but he barely raised his eyes. That quick glance was incongruous with his dullard aspect; it held a spark of fire, inspiration, frenzy, — who can say?

He spoke suddenly, in a meek, drawling way, and with the air of submitting the proposition: —

"I hev gin the beastis' a toler'ble hard day's work. an' I'm a-favorin' 'em, goin' home."

A long pause ensued. The oxen hung down their weary heads, with the symbol of slavery upon them. The smell of ferns and damp mould was on the air. Rotting logs lay here and there, where the failing water had stranded them. The grape-vines, draping the giant oaks, swayed gently, and suggested an observation to break the silence.

"How air the moral vineyard a-thriving'?" she asked, solemnly.

He looked downcast. "Toler'ble, I reckon."

"I hearn tell ez thar war a right smart passel o' folks baptized over yander in Scolacutta River," she remarked, encouragingly.

"I baptized fourteen."

She turned the warm brightness of her eyes upon him. "They hed all fund grace!" she exclaimed.

"They 'lowed so. I hopes they 'll prove it by their works," he said, without enthusiasm.

"Ye war a-prayin' fur 'em on the bald?" she asked, apprehending that he accounted these converts peculiarly precarious.

"Naw," he replied, with moody sincerity; "I war a-prayin' for myself."

There was another pause, longer and more awkward than before.

"What work be you-uns a-doin' of?" asked Dorinda, meekly. She quailed a trifle before the uncomprehended light in his eyes. It was not of her world, she felt instinctively.

"I hev ploughed some, holpin' Jonas Trice, an' hev been a-haulin' wood. I tuk my rifle along," he added, "thinkin' I mought see suthin' ez would be tasty fur the old men's supper ez I kem home, but I forgot ter look around keen."

There was a sudden sound along the road, — a sound of quick hoof-beats. Because of the deep sand the rider was close at hand before his approach was discovered. He drew rein abruptly, and they saw that it was Gid Fletcher, the blacksmith of the Settlement.

"Hev you-uns hearn the news?" he cried, excitedly, as he threw himself from the saddle.

The man, leaning on the rifle, looked up, with no question in his eyes. There was an almost monastic indifference to the world suggested in his manner.

"Thar's a mighty disturbamint at the *Settlemint*. Las' night this hyar Rick Tyler, — what air under indictment fur a-killin' o' Joel Byers, — he kem a-nosin' 'roun' the *Settlemint* a-tryin' ter buy powder" —

Doriuda stretched out her hand; the trees were unsteady before her; the few faint stars, no longer pulsating points of light, described a circle of dazzling gleams. She caught at the yoke on the neck of the oxen; she leaned upon the impassive beast, and then it seemed that every faculty was merged in the sense of hearing. The horse had moved away from the blacksmith, holding his head down among the bowlders, and snuffing about for the water he remembered here with a disappointment almost pathetic.

"War he tuk?" demanded the preacher.

"Percisely so," drawled the blacksmith, with a sub-current of elation in his tone.

There was a sudden change in Kelsey's manner. He turned fiery eyes upon the blacksmith. Light and life were in every line of his face. He drew himself up tense and erect; he stretched forth his hand with an accusing gesture.

"'T war you-uns, Gid Fletcher, ez tuk the boy!"

"Lord, pa'son, how 'd you-uns know that?" exclaimed the blacksmith. His manner combined a deference, which in civilization we discriminate as respect for the cloth, with the easy familiarity, induced by the association since boyhood, of equals in age and station. "I hed n't let on a word, hed I, D'rindy?"

The idea of an abnormal foreknowledge, mysteriously possessed, had its

uncanny influences. The lonely woods were darkening about them. The stars seemed very far off. A rotting log in the midst of the *débris* of the stream, in a wild tangle of underbrush and shelving rocks, showed fox-fire and glowed in the glooms.

"I knowed," said Kelsey, contemptuously waiving the suggestion of miraculous forecast, "bekase the sher'ff hain't been in the Big Smoky for two weeks, an' that thar danglin' shadder o' his'n rid off las' Monday from Jeemes's Mill in Eskaqua Cove. An' the constable o' the deestric air sick abed. So I 'lowed 't war you-uns."

"An' why air it me more 'n enny other man at the *Settlemint*?" The blacksmith's blood was rising; his sensibilities descried a covert taunt which as yet his slower intelligence failed to comprehend.

"An' ye hev rid with speed fur the sher'ff — or mebbe ter overhaul the dep'ty — ter kem an' jail the prisoner afore he gits away."

"An' why me, more 'n the t'others?" demanded the blacksmith.

"Yer heart air ez hard ez yer anvil, Gid Fletcher," said the mind-reader. "Thar ain't another man on the Big Smoky ez would stir himself ter gin over ter the gallus or the pen'tiary the frien' ez trested him, who hev done no harm, but hev got tangled in a twist of a unjest law. Ef the law tuk him, that's a differ."

"'T ain't fur we-uns ter jedge o' the law!" exclaimed Gid Fletcher, his logic sharpened by the anxiety of his greed and his prideful self-esteem. "Let the law jedge o' his crime."

"Jes' so; let the law take him, an' let the law try him. The law is ekal ter it. Ef the sher'ff summons me with his posse, I'll hunt Rick Tyler through all the Big Smoky" —

"Look a hyar, Hi Kelsey, the Gov'nor o' Tennessee hev offered a reward o' two hunderd dollars" —

"Blood money," interpolated the parson.

"Ye kin call it so, ef so minded; but ef it war right fur the Gov'nor ter offer it, it air right fur me ter yearn it."

He had come very close. It was his nature and his habit to brook no resistance. He subdued the hard metals upon his anvil. His hammer disciplined the iron. The fire wrought his will. His instinct was to forge this mau's opinion into the likeness of his own. His conviction was the moral swage that must shape the belief of others.

"It air lawful fur me ter yearn it," he repeated.

"Lawful!" exclaimed the parson, with a tense, jeering laugh. "Judas war a law-abidin' citizen. He mos' lawfully betrayed *his* Frien' ter the law. Them thirty pieces o' silver! Sech currency ain't out o' circulation yit!"

Quick as a flash the blacksmith's heavy hand struck the prophet in the face. The next moment his sudden anger was merged in fear. He stood, unarmed, at the mercy of an assaulted and outraged man, with a loaded rifle in his hands, and all the lightnings of heaven quivering in his angry eyes.

Gid Fletcher had hardly time to draw the breath he thought his last, when the prophet slowly turned the other cheek.

"In the name of the Master," he said, with all the dignity of his calling.

As the blacksmith mounted his horse and rode away, he felt that the parson's rifle-ball would be preferable to the gross slur that he had incurred. His reputation, moral and spiritual, was annihilated; and he held this dear, for piety, or its simulacrum, on the primitive Big Smoky, is the point of honor. What a text! What an illustration of iniquity he would furnish for the sermons, foretelling wrath and vengeance, that sometimes shook the Big Smoky to its foundations! He was cast down, and indignant too.

"Fur Hi Kelsey ter be a-puttin' up

sech a pious mouth, an' a-turnin' the t'other-cheek, an' sech, ter me, ez hev seen him hold his own ez stiff in a many a free-handed fight, an' hev drawn his shootin'-irons on folks agin an' agin! An' he fairly tuk the dep'ty, at that thar disturbamint at the meet'n'-house, by the scruff o' the neck, an' shuck him ez ef he hed been a rat or suthin', an' drapped him out'n the door. An' now ter be a-turnin' the t'other cheek! An' thar's that thar D'rindy, a-seein' it all, an' a-lookin' at it ez wide-eyed ez a cat in the dark."

Doriuda went home planning a rescue. Against the law this was, probably, she thought. "Ef it air — it ought n't ter be," she concluded, arbitrarily. "It don't hurt nobody." How serious it was — a felony — she did not know, nor did she care. She went on sturdily, debating within herself how best to tell the news. With an intuitive knowledge of human nature, she reckoned on the prejudice aroused by the recital of the blacksmith's assault upon the preacher and the forbearance of the man of God. She began to count those who would be likely to attempt the enterprise when it should be suggested. There were the five men at home, all bold, reckless, antagonistic to the law. She paused, with a frightened face and a wild gesture as if to ward off an unforeseen danger. Never, never, would she lift her hand or raise her voice to aid in fulfilling that grimly prophesied death on the muzzle of the old rifle-barrel. She trembled at the thought of her precipitancy. His life was in her hand. With a constraining moral sense she felt that it was she who had placed it in jeopardy, and that she held it in trust.

She was cold, shivering. There was a change in the temperature; perhaps hail had fallen somewhere near, for the rare air had icy suggestions. She was seldom out so late, and was glad to see, high on the slope, the light that was wont to shine like a star into the dark

depths of Eskaquia Cove. The white mists gathered around it; a circle of pearly light encompassed it, like Saturn's ring. As she came nearer, the roof of the house defined itself, with its oblique ridge-pole against the sky, and its clay and stick chimney, also built in defiance of rectangles, and its little porch, and the hop-vines, dripping, dripping, with dew. In the corner of the rail fence was the "crumple cow," chewing her cud.

The radiance of firelight streamed out upon the porch through the open door, around which was grouped a number of shadows, of intent and wistful aspect. These were the hounds, and they crowded about her ecstatically as she came up on the porch.

She paused at the door, and looked in with melancholy eyes. The light fell on her face, still damp with the dew, giving its gentle curves a subdued glister, like marble; the dark blue of her dress heightened its fairness. A sudden smile broke upon it as she leaned forward. There were three men, Ab, Pete, and Ben, seated around the fire; but she was looking at none of them, and they silently followed her gaze. Only one pair of eyes met hers, — the eyes of a fat young person, wonderfully muscular for the tender age of three, who sat in the chimney-corner in a little wooden chair, and preserved the important and impassive air of a domestic magnate. This was hardly impaired by his ill-defined, infantile features, his large tow-head, his stolid blue eyes, his feminine garb of blue-checked cotton, short enough to disclose sturdy white calves and two feet with the usual complement of toes. He looked at her in grave recognition, but made no sign.

"Jacob," she softly drawled, "why n't ye go ter bed?"

But Jacob was indisposed for conversation on this theme; he said nothing.

"Why n't you-uns git him ter bed?" she asked of the assemblage at large.

"He'll git stunted, a-settin' up so late in the night."

"Waal," said one of the huge jeans-clad mountaineers, taking his pipe from his mouth, and scrutinizing the subject of conversation, "I 'low it takes more 'n three full-grown men ter git that thar servigrous buzzard ter bed when he don't want ter go thar, an' we war n't a-goin' ter resk it."

"I did ax him ter go ter bed, D'rindy," said another of the bearded giants, "but he 'lowed he *would n't*. I never see a critter so pompered ez Jacob; he ain't got no medjure o' respec' fur nobody."

The subject of these strictures gazed unconcernedly first at one speaker, then at the other. Dorinda still looked at him, her face transfigured by its tender smile. But she was fain to exert her authority. "Waal, Jacob," she said decisively, "ye mus' gin yer cornsent ter go ter bed, arter a while."

Jacob calmly nodded. He expected to go to bed some time that night.

The hounds had taken advantage of Dorinda's entrance to creep into the room and adjust themselves among the family group about the fire. One of them, near Jacob, lured by the tempting plumpness, put out a long red tongue, and gave a furtive lick to his fat white leg. The little mountaineer promptly doubled his plucky fist, and administered a sharp blow on the black nose of the offender, whose yelp of repentant pain attracted attention to the canine intruders. Ab Cayce rose to his feet with an oath. There was a shrill chorus of anguish as he actively kicked them out with his great cowhide boots.

"Git out'n hyar, ye dad-burned beastises! I hev druv ye out fifty times sence sundown; now *stay* druv!"

He emphasized the lesson with several gratuitous kicks after the room and the porch were fairly cleared. But before he was again seated the dogs were once more clustered about the door, with in-

tent bobbing heads and glistening eyes that peered in wistfully, with a longing for the society of their human friends, and a pathetic anxiety to be accounted of the family circle.

There was more stir than usual in the interval between supper and bedtime. During the three memorable days that Dorinda had sojourned in Tuckaleechee Cove Miranda Jane's ineffective administration had resulted in domestic chaos in several departments. The lantern by which the cow was to be milked was nowhere to be found. The filly-like Miranda Jane, with her tousled mane and black forelock hanging over her eyes, was greatly distraught in the effort to remember where it had been put and for what it had been last used, and was "plumb beat out and beset," she declared, as she cantered in and cantered out, and took much exercise in the search, to little purpose. One of the men rose presently, and addressed himself to the effort. He found it at last, and handed it to Dorinda without a word. He did not offer to milk the cow, as essentially a feminine task, in the mountains, as to sew or knit. When she came back she sat down among them in the chair usually occupied by her grandmother, — who had in her turn gone on a visit to "Aunt Jerushy" in Tuckaleechee Cove, — and as she busied herself in putting on her needles a sizable stocking for Jacob she did not join in the fragmentary conversation.

Ab Cayce, the eldest, talked fitfully as he smoked his pipe, — a lank, lantern-jawed man, with a small, gleaming eye and a ragged beard. The youngest of the brothers, Solomon, was like him, except that his long chin, of the style familiarly denominated jimber-jawed, was still smooth and boyish, and, big-boned as he was, he lacked in weight and somewhat in height the proportions of the senior. Peter was the contentious member of the family. He was wont to bicker in solitary disaffection, until he

seemed to disprove the adage that it takes two to make a quarrel. He was afflicted with a stammer, and at every obstruction his voice broke out with startling shrillness, on several keys higher than the tone with which the sentence commenced. He was loose-jointed and of a shambling gait; his hair seemed never to have outgrown the bleached, colorless tone so common among the children of the mountains, and it hung in long locks of a dreary drab about his sun-embrowned face. His teeth were irregular, and protruded slightly. "Ez hard-favored ez Pete Cayce," was a proverb on the Big Smoky. His wrangles about the amount of seed necessary to sow to the acre, and his objur-gation concerning the horse he had been ploughing with that day, filled the evening.

"Thar ain't a durned fool on the Big Smoky ez dunno that thar sayin' 'bout'n the beastises : —

'One white huff — buy him;
Two white huffs — try him;
Three white huffs — deny him;
Four white huffs an' a white nose —
Take off his hide an' feed him ter the crows.'"

Outside, the rising wind wandered fitfully through the Great Smoky, like a spirit of unrest. The surging trees in the wooded vastness on every side filled the air with the turbulent sound of their commotion. The fire smouldered on the hearth. The room was visible in the warm glow: the walls, rich and mellow with the alternate dark shade of the hewn logs and the dull yellow of the "daubin"; the great frame of the warping-bars, hung about with scarlet and blue and saffron yarn; the brilliant strings of red pepper, swinging from the rafters. The spinning-wheel, near the open door, revolved slightly, with a stealthy motion, when the wind touched it, as though some invisible woodland thing had half a mind for uncanny industrial experiments.

Dorinda told her news at last, in few

words and with what composure she could command. As the listeners broke into surprised ejaculations and comments, she sat gazing silently at the fire. Should she speak the thought nearest her heart? Should she suggest a rescue? She was torn by contending terrors, — fears for them, for the man in his primitive shackles at the Settlement, for the enemy whose life she felt she had jeopardized. She had a wild vision — half in hope, half in anguish — of her broth-

ers in the saddle, armed to the teeth and riding like the wind. They had not moved of their own accord. Should she urge them to go?

Oh, never had the long days on the Big Smoky, never had all the years that had visibly rolled from east to west with the changing seasons, brought her so much of life as the last few hours, — such intensity of emotion, such swiftness of thought, such baffling perplexity, such woe!

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE QUEST FOR THE GRAIL OF ANCIENT ART.

WHILE the literary revival of the fifteenth century was at its height, an enthusiast might have been seen rummaging about amid the ruins of ancient buildings; turning up fragments of architecture and of art; copying the inscriptions of friezes, walls, triumphal arches, and tombs; journeying from city to city and from villa to villa; traversing every part of Italy, then restlessly hurrying away to Greece to ransack each nook and corner of that delightful land; flitting from island to island of the archipelago; collecting coins, manuscripts, busts, bas-reliefs, and statues; and everywhere urged on by an impulse resistless as that which impelled the ill-fated poet in the *Alastor* of Shelley. This man was Ciriaco of Ancona. Educated for commerce, he had spent his years hitherto in the marts of trade; but, touched by the sacred fire of learning, he had abandoned ships and warehouses, and consecrated his life to the task of rescuing from destruction the precious relics of antiquity. A wise and enlightened scholar some called him; others, a hair-brained visionary, a lunatic, or a fool. Men could not understand how one who might have risen to wealth and ease by the handling of merchandise

could forsake its hallowed paths for the whimsical enjoyments of an investigator. The answer which he gave to those who demanded a reason for this strange choice shows a just comprehension of the mission of that age, and merits immortality: "I go to awake the dead."

These words fitly characterize the state into which the magnificent civilization of the past had fallen. It was not sleep or temporary lethargy; it was death, and to restore it once more to the domain of active life meant, not to arouse it from slumber, but to summon it from the grave. It is difficult for us, indeed, to realize how vast a distance lay between the time of Perikles, or even Cæsar, and that of Dante. The Greece and Rome of classic memory are immeasurably nearer to the England or America of the nineteenth century than they were to the Italy of the thirteenth. The chasm which separated the ancient from the modern era had not then been bridged. Across the stagnant sea of the Dark Ages the gaze of men wandered only to lose itself in mist. Little did they dream that along its shores were scattered the works of a peerless literature and the remnants of a plastic art more precious than all their scholastic

treaties or cherished pictures of saints. Immortal poems were there, buried beneath the sands of forgetfulness; songs, to which the deepest emotions of the human heart had responded; the wisdom of sages, whose precepts the race never can outgrow; the words of orators, who had thrilled assemblies and moulded the destinies of nations; the narratives of historians, in which were recorded the noblest deeds of heroic achievement; the matchless creations of sculpture,—forms that breathed the tenderness and grace of womanhood, limbs instinct with the pulsating life of youth, torsos whose swelling muscles spoke of the completest powers of manhood, faces in whose lineaments dwelt the eternal calmness and repose of divinity. Strange that no eye had ever caught sight of a mirage of lovely creations hovering above the waters, that no ear had heard sighs rippling along the waves, like those which in the first circle of the *Inferno* made the dim air tremulous forever; for truly these, no less than the spirits of that shadowy abode, had cause to grieve at so unmerited a fate.

During almost the whole of the mediæval period Italy had little to do with anything which really merits the name of art. In the third century after Christ sculpture showed unmistakable signs of decay, and before the close of the fourth it was evident that nothing could arrest its downward course. The bas-reliefs of the arch of Constantine indicate how rapid this decline had been, and the statues executed in his reign were in almost the same degraded style. From this time onward things continually grew worse, as society sank deeper and deeper in barbarism, until the rise of the Christian spirit of antagonism extinguished the last ray of sympathy between a degenerate intellect and the masterpieces of antiquity. A slight revival of interest occurred under the Gothic kings in the sixth century, but it was of short duration. It took no hold

upon the consciousness of the people, and the returning waves of ignorance obliterated all that had been gained. Henceforward for nearly seven hundred years Europe was a vast desert, in which only stunted shrubs remained where once flourished that magnificent tree of art whose fruit had enriched the nations. Even these sickly growths, too, are chiefly valuable as waymarks, by which the historian of culture may trace his progress through the dreariest of wildernesses. Such works as were produced were mostly rude figures of saints, emperors, and ecclesiastics, or insipid bas-reliefs, often in wood or common stone, sculptured for sarcophagi, reliquaries, ciboria, and doors of churches, or for public fountains and city gates. Of so-called statues but few survived, those ordered by popes up to the end of the ninth century having perished almost without exception. This is probably due to the fact that they were merely metal images, hammered out by goldsmiths, or first roughly cast, and afterwards retouched and finished with the chisel. Objects of this kind would of course be most exposed to plunder in mediæval wars, and would very easily be lost. Hence the chief means of determining the state of art for some three or four centuries is by an examination of the coins of different rulers. These show a constant deterioration. The finer instincts of the mind seemed dead, and sovereigns whose character and achievements might once have inspired an Apelles or a Lysippos awakened no response in the breasts of the unimaginative limners and stone-cutters of the age. For them there was no higher task than a slavish copying of the conventional and scarcely human representations of their predecessors,—figures devoid of proportion, faces empty and expressionless, members tacked on awry to bodies such as never were tenanted by a human soul, and draped in garments as stiff and awkward as they were ungainly and gro-

tesque. It seems not to have occurred to the makers of these nullities to look at one of their fellow-beings, and see if he were really put together and clothed in such a fashion; and it may be doubted whether, had they done so, they could have represented him as he actually appeared. Still, we should not forget that the artistic, or rather inartistic, ideal of the age operated no less than the lack of manual skill to produce these results. In the minds of all classes holiness was associated with sallow features and meagre, macerated forms. Beauty was incompatible with sanctity. It was of the earth, earthy. It deified the present existence, which the Christian was taught to despise and turn away from, in order to fix his thoughts upon the life to come. Ancient art was no doubt more perfect in a physical point of view, but it was the type of sleek, well-fed sinfulness, — the glorification of worldly pleasure, the apotheosis of the flesh involving the perdition of the soul. It was inevitable, therefore, that sculpture, employed almost exclusively in the service of the church, should conform to the ecclesiastical conceptions which prevailed.

Thus for a score of generations no attempt was made to throw off the nightmare which oppressed the world. Charlemagne, it is true, had, in the patronage of learning, showed a degree of enlightenment which has cast an enviable lustre upon his reign. That he was not wholly insensible to the influence of art is proved by the marbles which he transported from Ravenna and Rome to adorn his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle. The low state of sculpture at this time is indicated, however, by the bas-reliefs of his own sepulchre at Aix and that of his uncle, Carloman, in the church of St. Remy at Rheims. These are nothing more than rough copies of ancient sarcophagi, such as had long been a regular object of commerce in Italy. The fact that even royalty was forced to content itself with these wretched works, pur-

chased in the open market, instead of having others made expressly for its own use, testifies alike to the dearth of talent and the degraded taste existing in the most cultivated court of Europe. But the eclipse was not yet at its full. The black shadow continued to creep over the face of the sun until the eleventh and twelfth century, when the obscuration was well-nigh complete.

For seven hundred years antiquity had been receding ever farther from the thoughts of men, and in just that proportion the mind had lost its noblest powers and the hand its mastery over nature. The wings of the soul had been clipped, and it had been weighted with lead, by which it sank continually deeper and deeper in the abysses of a spiritual Inferno. But in the midst of this apparently hopeless darkness the east suddenly grew ruddy with the promise of dawn. Among the ancient relics which had escaped destruction were collected at Pisa a few sarcophagi and urns of Hellenic, Roman, and Etruscan origin, exhumed on the spot, or brought from Southern Italy and Greece in the victorious vessels of the republic. These objects, neglected and discarded by others, at length, in the early part of the thirteenth century, caught the eye of a lad who was accustomed to wander about the old cathedral and examine every fragment of sculpture to be found there. Like the Lynceus of Argonautic fable, whose gaze could penetrate the earth and behold the treasures which it contained, he discerned the priceless wealth which generations of ignorance had overlooked, and resolved to make it his own. This youth, afterwards known to fame, was Niccolò of Pisa. Refusing to conform to the conventionalities of mediæval schools, he insisted that his work should express himself, and not the mere traditions of his craft; that it should either portray life as seen in the world of reality, or be ennobled and elevated above it as in the masterpieces of

Athens and Rome. Though unable fully to embody in his own productions the principles which he recognized as comprising the essence of all true progress, — the ineptitude of centuries, so to speak, still lingering in his chisel, — he nevertheless struck out a new thought for his age, and inaugurated a better era in the plastic art of Europe. Any one who has compared his bas-reliefs with those of his immediate predecessors must have been impressed with their marvelous superiority, and must also have been filled with admiration for the man who could so liberate himself from the thralldom of his times, and leap at a single bound to that higher plane on which he was ultimately to be joined by the giants of the sixteenth century.

Of the antiquities that exerted so powerful an influence on the unfolding genius of Niccolò, the chief were a Greek vase and a sarcophagus ornamented with reliefs generally supposed to represent the story of Phædra and Hippolytos. Both of these may still be seen in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and must ever be regarded with peculiar interest as being the starting-point not only of modern sculpture, but of that movement which has restored to us so many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ancient statuary. His magnificent pulpit in the baptistery of Pisa, finished when he was between fifty and sixty, shows how unswervingly he adhered to the principles which had guided him in early life. The scenes represented upon this display unmistakable affinity with the antique. The reclining Virgin in the Nativity is apparently copied from a figure on an Etruscan tomb, while her attendant maidens are nymphs from a Roman vase. The Crucifixion evinces careful observation of the classic nude, the Christ in it being nearly as muscular as a Hercules. The Last Judgment is thoroughly Greek in style. The form of Moses is an exact reproduction of a bearded Bacchus on the vase already

mentioned. The Hercules with lions and the two torsi used as Caryatides might almost have been produced by some ancient master; and the Eve and Fortune are only the Venus and Abundantia of Roman consular coins. But it would be unjust to regard Niccolò solely or even mainly as an imitator. He had comprehended the truth that Hellenic sculpture was itself based upon nature, and that, to attain any lasting excellence, the study of the two must go hand in hand.

The influence of this remarkable man was felt not only in the places where he found employment, but, through his pupils, in all the chief cities of Italy. Still, he doubtless realized as little as any one the far-reaching consequences of his views. He builded better than he knew. He had, in fact, planted the seeds of the Renaissance; and though the chill of early springtime might prevent them from germinating at once, they were destined to yield an ample harvest in the end.

Circumstances in the political world now became more favorable to art. The freedom of the Italian towns, conceded by Frederick Barbarossa in the peace of Constance, but little over twenty years before Niccolò's birth, resulting in an immense expansion of commerce, had led to a state of prosperity unexampled since the days of Roman supremacy. The increase of wealth soon made itself observable in the intellectual and æsthetic life of the people. Sumptuous cathedrals, municipal buildings, and private palaces were constructed and decorated with the utmost care. This called into requisition the services of innumerable architects, painters, and sculptors, while the mysteries and similar spectacles then in vogue furnished an endless variety of subjects for frescoes and other pictures designed for scenic effect. Figures of new saints were carved; their sepulchres were ornamented with bas-reliefs exhibiting the principal events of

their lives; and the public squares were graced with fountains and statues commemorating important facts in the history of the different cities.

In spite of these facts, the age of Niccolò never really comprehended the truth to which his whole career had pointed. His pupils, and indeed the entire body of his followers, lacking the originality and independence of their master, were content to imitate his style, and maintain art at the point at which he had left it. Even they had not fully divined his secret, and none among them was sufficiently great to conduct the rest along the path that now seems so plain.

But this was natural, — we may say, inevitable. Anything like a wide study of principles was at that time impossible. The ransacking of the soil of Italy had not yet begun, and comparatively few treasures of the Greek and Roman period were known. Before these could become an object of common quest, some one must arise capable of inspiring mankind with such enthusiasm for antiquity that its slightest possessions should seem to them more precious than the gold for which they were so madly struggling. The prejudices of seven hundred years were not to be blown away by a breath. The horror with which all good Christians had been taught to look upon paganism had been like the blight of mildew on every product of the earlier civilizations. It could neither be wise nor safe to concern one's self with the history or pursuits of nations on whom the Almighty had set the seal of his displeasure by sweeping them, root and branch, into perdition. As a result, men strove to forget the past, or to remember it only as an awful admonition for the future. Its magnificent literature was replaced by the writings of the church, and its free, joyous life by a mournful and depressing gloom. Of Hellenic learning absolutely nothing remained, the mediæval grammarians being unable even to distinguish the titles of Greek

books from the names of the authors who wrote them. The Latin language, however, still survived; the deliberations of general councils, the intercourse between the sovereign pontiff and the church in various nations, and at a later age the rise of the universities, rendering some common medium of communication necessary. For purposes of instruction, therefore, the classics were still found to be serviceable. Among these the chief place in poetry was held by Virgil and Ovid, in prose by Cicero and Boethius, though the grammatical and rhetorical manuals of Donatus, Priscian, and Cassiodorus, with their wide range of quotations, were even more popular. In this way the great names of Latin literature, and of Greek through the medium of Latin translations, were kept before the minds of scholars, though for the most part they were vague, shadowy figures, hovering like phantoms on the borders of the unknown, yet possessing a certain august dignity which made them impressive even at the distance of centuries. The bard of Mantua himself was thought of more as a magician and conjurer than a poet, — a being of occult wisdom and mighty power, capable of piercing mountains and rearing huge blocks of stone into vaults and arches like those beheld among the Roman ruins. So strong was this feeling even in the fourteenth century that Petrarch was accused of familiarity with magic merely from his admiration for the *Bucolics* and *Æneid*. Still, those gentler and more lovely traits of character, which rendered Virgil so popular among his contemporaries, were not without their influence upon mediæval thought. The impression which he made on nobler minds is well seen in the *Divine Comedy*, where Dante's love, reverence, and loyalty for the master whom, above all others, he had chosen to be his exemplar in verse form one of the most beautiful and touching features of that immortal work. It is here, indeed, that we

discern the dawning of a genuinely modern appreciation of whatever was excellent in antiquity. The devotion of the Florentine scholar to the guide who conducted him on that weird, enchanting journey through "the blind world" does not diminish his homage to the other worthies who had once contributed to the intellectual and moral enlightenment of the race. They had, it is true, failed of the bliss of heaven, since that could be entered only through the portal of baptism; yet it was not in his heart to picture them as in the realms of endless torment, though popes and cardinals would have been their companions there. He assigns them a place in the limbo of departed spirits, where they may live over the scenes of their earthly life, subjected to no punishment except a hopeless but always dignified yearning for joys which cannot be attained. Homer is there, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan; Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Aristotle, and Euclid; Cicero, Livy, Seneca, and Caesar; Æneas, Hector, Electra, Camilla, Penthesilea, Brutus the foe of Tarquin, Lucretia, Julia, Marcia, Cornelia, and others like them, conspicuous in letters, philosophy, virtue, and heroic achievement. There, in the inclosure of their sevenfold wall, this goodly company, with voices sweet and solemn eyes and slow, wander along the green slopes, and bask in the calm, bright atmosphere, where the sighs that tremble on the air without are never heard, conversing on those high themes and glorious deeds whose memory has been the inspiration of mankind. Thus at length we behold the human mind bursting the fetters of centuries, and asserting its claim to its long-lost birthright. Well may we apply to the sad-faced Tuscan himself the words "onorate l'altissimo poeta," which he heard addressed to his immortal leader on approaching

"the fair school
Of that lord of the song preëminent,
Who o'er the others like an eagle soars."

But the genius that was to rouse and quicken Italian society was yet to come. Unlike Dante, he must be more than a poet, more than a schoolman, more than a reformer with overmastering convictions in regard to moral and religious truth. He must be a broad and comprehensive scholar, not only familiar with the thought and learning of the past, but keenly alive to the spirit of his own times, and, above all, capable of addressing men, and firing them with his own enthusiasm. This rare power his generation found in Petrarch. He was no stern, austere nature, hurt, persecuted, and driven from home, as Dante had been, but free, warm, generous, and open-hearted, responsive to the charms of life and love. Surrounded in the most susceptible years of youth, now by the influences of the great University of Bologna, now by the attractions of the gay city of Avignon, which, during the papal residence, was thronged with the learned and noble of every nation, he developed a taste not only for the classical studies which so powerfully moulded his mind, but also for the fascinations of that brilliant social life to which his talents and fine personal qualities secured him instant admission. Endowed with an intellect whose capacity and thirst for knowledge soon placed him far in advance of his age, he was flattered and sought for by kings, cardinals, popes, and emperors, and treated by them more as a superior than an equal. Honors fell thick upon him. Wherever he went, his coming was heralded as an event of no ordinary importance, and the hospitality of sovereigns was strained to assure him of a welcome. Robert of Anjou, King of Naples, chosen judge to decide on Petrarch's fitness for the laureate's crown, presented him with one of his own royal robes to wear at the coronation ceremony, and, receiving the poet in Naples, showed him every mark of respect, consulted him in regard to his various pursuits, personally acted as his guide

about the city, conducting him up the steep rock that overlooks the fair Vesuvian bay to the tomb of Virgil, and, as we may believe, standing by with reverent emotion and uncovered head while Petrarch planted there the laurel-tree which for more than four centuries continued to blossom as a token of remembrance and affection. Other princes and nobles were not less eager to testify their esteem for the foremost scholar of Italy, and the different cities considered it a day of happy omen that brought him within their walls.

To everything connected with antiquity Petrarch's nature was keenly alive from his earliest years. Even when a lad, thumbing the pages of his Latin grammar, he was accustomed to read aloud the magnificent prose of Cicero, listening with delight to the musical flow of its periods, although he could not comprehend its meaning. Young as he was, his instinctive sense of proportion and of the beauties of literary art responded to that consummate mastery of style which had once charmed the ears of cultured Rome, and has been the admiration of all succeeding ages. This feeling gained strength with each succeeding year, and when to the fascination of outward form he was at length able to add the majestic march of thoughts marshaled in such splendid array by that prince among orators and rhetoricians, the flame of enthusiasm which leaped up within him can be realized only by those who have felt something akin to it in their own experience. No wonder that, compared with works like these, the degraded vocabulary, the corrupt syntax, the droning style, and the dull monotony of mediæval authors seemed to him but "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." No wonder that the hymns of the church, and even the *Dies Iræ* itself, with whose solemn, organ-like music the awful tones of the judgment trumpet seemed blending, should have fallen with uncouth

rudeness upon an ear fresh from the stately lines of Virgil, the facile and melodious verse of Ovid, the polished and ever-varying metres of Horace. How was it possible that one in whose soul the strings of harmony had thus been swept by the most skillful masters of antiquity should not be drawn irresistibly toward that bright civilization by the hands which reached forth across the chasm of the dark ages to clasp his own? The nearer he came to it, the richer and more satisfying did that civilization appear. What mighty intellects! What glorious achievements! What sublime virtues! What heroic lives and deaths! How petty and puny appeared, in comparison, the selfishness, intrigue, and vain, low strife which he beheld about him! How immeasurably had man fallen from his former estate, while blatantly proclaiming to the centuries that he was scaling the heights of heaven! Here, in spite of the anathemas of more than a thousand years, was the Eden to which the world must return, or give up its birthright and feed forever on husks. As a result of this feeling he set himself in uncompromising antagonism to the so-called science of his age; declaring ceaseless war, not only against the frauds and impostures of physicians, lawyers, and astrologers, but even against theologians, whose trivial erudition yielded nothing satisfying to mind or heart, but on the contrary obstructed and dwarfed those powers which should have been consecrated to nobler uses. Thus the standard of progress was at length raised, and the immense influence which Petrarch had acquired over his generation enabled him to carry with him all the more enlightened thinkers of Italy.

At a little past the age of thirty the poet found himself in the Eternal City, occupying comfortable apartments on the Capitol. Beneath him, on every hand, was the Rome of his boyhood's dreams and his manhood's imaginings.

A thousand times he had pictured it in its feeble origin, its grandeur, and its decay ; a thousand times had wandered in thought amid those stupendous structures, whose weird and supernatural stories had been whispered under breath at night, while visions of sorcerers and evil spirits floated before the mind. Now, as guest of a senator, he had actually taken up his abode on that hill which Scipio, Cato, Pompey, and Cæsar had ascended in triumphal procession, to deposit their laurel wreaths in the lap of Jupiter. At his very feet lay the Forum, with all its sacred memories ; above and beyond it rose the arches of Titus and Constantine ; on his right were the wonderful ruins of the Palatine, on his left the huge vaults and massive piers of the basilica of Constantine ; while, dwarfing all else into insignificance, towered, close at hand, the mighty fabric of the Coliseum. As he gazed upon these miracles of human effort, all that he had read and heard, all that his fancy had conceived of, dwindled into nothingness, and he wrote to the Cardinal Colonna, " Truly, Rome was greater and her remains are vaster than I had ever believed. Now I wonder, not that she conquered the world, but that she conquered it so late." Turn whichever way he might, he saw indisputable evidence that in all the arts of peace and war the ancients were possessed of a genius finer, stronger, and grander than the world had since beheld.

Yet what a contrast between them and the Romans of his own day ! In place of that energetic and invincible people was a race sunk in spiritless sloth and ignorance, and unable even to read the inscriptions which told of the glory of their ancestors. Of the temples of the gods, for the most part only shattered masonry and isolated columns remained ; of the palaces of the emperors, nothing but heaps of *débris*, over which the ivy was creeping. The Forum was buried under accumulated rubbish, and

the peerless creations of ancient art slumbered, absolutely forgotten, beneath the soil. The baths were merely aggregations of crumbling walls, upon which the lover of antiquity might climb, and sit him down amid woodbine, convolvulus, and springing shrubs, to muse on the exemplification of the truth enunciated by the noblest of imperial philosophers, when he declared that life was but a warfare and a stranger's sojourn, and after-fame was oblivion. The wanton destruction of ancient works had already begun. The demolition of buildings by the senator Brancalone had taken place over three quarters of a century before ; the ruins were serving as quarries, and the rich marbles were disappearing in the lime-kiln to furnish mortar for mediæval masons. Large quantities of shafts, capitals, entablatures, and even statues from the sepulchres were, Petrarch lamented, carried off to Naples, and monuments which neither time nor the violence of Rome's bitterest foes had been able to destroy were now doomed to meet that fate at the hands of her most illustrious citizens. Against this desecration he raised his voice in earnest and repeated protest, seeking to awaken among his countrymen some sense of the injury they were inflicting upon themselves and posterity. To recall the greatness and grandeur which had departed became the ruling passion of his life. Like Ciriaco, he felt it his mission to awake the dead. With this aim, he gathered coins and inscriptions, urged measures for the protection of architecture and art, and ransacked every nook and corner which he thought might contain manuscripts of the classics. This latter quest, beginning with a desire to regain the books of Cicero, gradually grew into a purpose to recover, as far as possible, all the lost masterpieces of ancient authors. To attain this end, he not only undertook extensive journeys himself, but communicated whatever information he possessed to others who were

about to visit foreign lands, and urged them to make inquiries and institute search wherever there was the slightest hope that their labors would be rewarded. In this way he either sent or traveled to France, Spain, Germany, Greece, and even England. He induced Boccaccio to learn Greek in order to translate into Latin the works of Homer, who, he says, borrowing an expression of Cicero's, in allusion to his ignorance of the language, "is dumb to me, and I am deaf to him. Yet," he continues, speaking of a copy of the Iliad or Odyssey which had been sent him from Constantinople, "I rejoice even to look at him; and often embracing him, I exclaim with a sigh, 'O great man! how gladly would I listen to you! But death has closed one of my ears, and distance the other.'" Afterwards he set about the study himself, and when a little under forty began to read Plato under the monk Barlaam.

Thus did the scholar of Vaucluse devote himself to the task of bringing Rome and Athens back into the world from which they had departed so long before. Others lighted their torches at the Ætna of his enthusiasm. Robert of Anjou had been so moved as to declare that literature was dearer to him than his kingdom, and that, if he were compelled to surrender either, he would lay aside his diadem rather than give up the works which had been the food and consolation of his mind. Boccaccio, too, inspired by Petrarch's example, abandoned commerce for the nobler pursuits of a scholar and man of letters, and not only was able to persuade the republic of Florence to establish in its university the first professorship of Greek founded in the West, but by the influence of his writing contributed powerfully to banish the austerity and gloom that overhung the mediæval mind, and to assert the rightfulness of that free, joyous life which even at the present day forms so striking a contrast between the Italian people and the nations of Germanic

origin. In still another way Petrarch contributed unconsciously, and indeed unintentionally, to form the system which more than all else moulded the scholarship of the succeeding age, and inaugurated the Renaissance in its intensest activity. His amanuensis, Giovanni da Ravenna, endowed with an imaginative and passionate temperament, well calculated to make a strong impression upon those with whom he came in contact, having absorbed the poet's wonderful learning, quarreled with his master, and set out as a wandering professor, to impart to others the treasures of knowledge which he had received. After various vicissitudes, he found himself everywhere welcomed with eagerness and honor. His reputation increased from year to year; the most illustrious youth of Italy enrolled themselves as his pupils, and under his instruction were trained almost all the great scholars whose names leap spontaneously to our lips whenever the fifteenth century is mentioned. Others, encouraged by his success, soon followed in his footsteps, expounding the poets and rhetoricians from place to place, till one city after another was set aflame, and devoted itself to the study of Latin literature. Thus was gradually brought about that brilliant intellectual movement which culminated under the enlightened patronage of the Medici and their contemporaries.

Two sculptors, both men of original genius and eminent ability, now arose to turn the thoughts of their countrymen in the direction of Greek and Roman art. The first of these was Ghiberti. Like Niccolò of Pisa, he seems from childhood to have felt its superiority, as if by instinct. Educated by his stepfather to the trade of a goldsmith, he rapidly developed a taste for drawing, painting, and modeling, and commenced to make copies of such ancient coins and medals as came within his reach. The influence of these upon the growing mind of the boy it would

be difficult to exaggerate. They trained his eye and hand to higher and more subtle forms of beauty, and placed before him nobler ideals than he before possessed. Vasari declares him to have been the first who applied himself to the study of classic models, but the statement is to be considered as among the inaccuracies of that charming biographer. This praise is due to Niccolò alone, and can be shared by no other. Yet the great Pisano had been dead for more than a century, and on no one had his mantle fallen. Now a new genius had arisen, filled with the same spirit and endowed with similar insight and skill. The circumstances of the age, too, were more propitious. An era of culture had succeeded to that dim morning twilight in which Niccolò was compelled to grope about, amid a generation not yet sufficiently awake to comprehend his meaning. The value and significance of the past were at length recognized, and the mind had acquired the confidence which fitted it to walk boldly in the pathway of its choice. A group of fellow artists, also, were gathered around this consummate master of bronze, gifted with power to discern the tendency of the times, and ready to follow in the direction in which his successes pointed. This it was which enabled Ghiberti to do so much for the restoration of the antique. His early fondness for it never diminished. As his productions brought him fame and fortune, he began to purchase the rare and exquisite treasures which the spade was already turning up, or which were coming to light in gardens, tombs, and out-of-the-way corners of Italy, until he had collected in his house a considerable number of choice bronzes, marbles, and terra cottas. These included beautiful Greek vases, two or three Venuses, a Narcissus, a Satyr, a Mercury, and a winged Genius. The Satyr may still be seen in the Bargello at Florence, but the rest have been dispersed and lost sight of.

The second sculptor, whose influence acted so strongly in the same direction, was Donatello. In his early youth he had formed an intimate acquaintance with Brunelleschi, and when he was but seventeen years old the two set out together for the ancient capital, where alone they could be brought face to face with the imposing remains of the imperial age, and imbibe something of its greatness. Here, while Brunelleschi devoted himself to the investigation of Roman buildings, in his enthusiasm almost forgetting food and sleep, Donatello wandered about the city, pencil in hand, digging amid the ruins of temples, baths, palaces, and basilicas; excavating cornices, bas-reliefs, coins, and fragments of statuary; and making careful drawings of everything that could throw light upon the subject so dear to his heart. In this way he acquired that breadth of knowledge and insight into fundamental principles which placed him in advance of most of his contemporaries in the handling of costume, in ideal beauty of form, and in that profoundness of character and boldness of treatment which are among the chief excellences of his work.

An anecdote told by Vasari well illustrates the power of Donatello to awaken in others an interest in the things which had strongly impressed himself. One morning after his return to Florence, the young sculptor was standing in the piazza of the cathedral, conversing with a group of brother artists, among whom was Brunelleschi. He was relating that on his way home he had taken the road to Orvieto to see the façade of the Duomo, and that on passing through Cortona he had been surprised and delighted to find in the capitular church of that city a remarkable Greek or Roman vase adorned with sculptures in relief. As he enlarged upon the delicacy and perfection of its execution, Brunelleschi was so moved that when the party separated he immediately set out for Cortona, with-

out going home to change his mantle, hood, or wooden shoes, and, walking the entire distance, made a sketch of the vase, and was back in Florence before any one was aware of his departure.

The genius and intelligence of Donatello, combined with those qualities of character which made him a favorite with all who knew him, eminently fitted him to be the apostle of progress to his generation. His life at Rome had convinced him that inestimable service might be rendered to art if the treasures so little valued or understood could be gathered into a suitable museum. He accordingly suggested to Cosimo de' Medici the formation of such a collection in some place where it would be accessible to the rising talent of Italy. This was the beginning of that celebrated garden of San Marco, in which the foremost sculptors of the fifteenth century found examples for study and imitation, and in which the boy Michael Angelo first put chisel to marble, and won his youthful success in the grinning satyr face still to be seen in the gallery of the Uffizi. But discoveries of classic marbles in the age of Donatello were by no means so numerous as at a later date. Ghiberti, in one of his Commentaries, has described three which merit particular attention. Two of these — the fountain-figure at Siena and the statue which had been concealed in a tomb — have been mentioned in a previous article. The former bore the name of Lysippos, and appears to have possessed much merit. From the dolphin at its foot it may be conjectured to have been a Venus. The latter had been disinterred on the estate of the Brunelleschi family at Florence. "This statue," Ghiberti continues, "when the Christian faith triumphed, was hidden there by some gentle spirit, who, seeing it so perfect and fashioned with art and genius so marvelous, moved to pity, caused a sepulchre of brick to be constructed, and within inclosed the figure, covering it with a

slab of stone, that it might not be entirely destroyed. It had been found with head and arms broken, and had been placed here that the rest might not meet a similar fate. Thus secreted; it was preserved in our city for a very long period without farther injury. The statue is a marvel among sculptures. It rests upon the right foot, and is draped about the loins with great skill. It is carefully finished, and possesses very many sweet charms, which the eye comprehends not either by strong or tempered light. The hand alone finds them by the touch." The third, an hermaphrodite, which he saw in Rome in 1440, was entire, with the exception of the head, which was wanting. It had been exhumed at a depth of about eighteen feet, by some laborers engaged in clearing out a street near Santo Celso. The use to which it had been put strikingly illustrates that contempt for art that has already been dwelt upon. The flat socle on which the figure reclined had been employed as a coping-stone to roof over a common sewer, and the earth had been thrown in above it to the street level. It so happened that a sculptor, coming along, stopped to look at the excavations, and seeing the marble caused it to be taken out and carried to St. Cecilia in Trastevere, where he was engaged upon a tomb for a cardinal. The learning, mastery of details, and excellence of the work, Ghiberti declares, were beyond the power of tongue to describe. This statue has now been lost.

Thus by the combined action of many causes was gradually brought about that brilliant period of literary and artistic revival which must ever be regarded as the most memorable in the history of human development. The fervor which had previously been felt by individuals now permeated society. A sense of the importance of culture took complete possession of Italy. It had come slowly and uncertainly, as a morning beset with clouds, in which the contest between

light and darkness seems for a time doubtful. Yet men, peering across the sea on whose borders they had so long been wandering, saw the mists begin to lift, and at length descried the farther shore. Enchanted by the vision which, like some magnificent mirage, arose before their gaze, they stood for a moment spellbound; then reverently knelt to pay their adoration and offer their gifts at the cradle of this new-born redemption for the race. The conviction pervaded all classes that antiquity alone had power to rescue the world from the evils with which it had been so hopelessly struggling. "Like islands of safety in the midst of the universal deluge," says Grimm, "the ideas of the great minds of the past emerged; in the general confusion men fled to them for refuge." In city after city the flame of enthusiasm burst forth. Youths forsook the warehouse and the tavern to consecrate themselves to learning. Merchants stole away from their counting-rooms to converse with literary friends, or listen to the lectures of eminent professors. Captains of adventure read Virgil and Livy by the camp-fire, or in the pauses of the march. Noble ladies fled from the *ennui* of seclusion, and exchanged the trivial gossip of courts for the priceless treasures of knowledge. Princes spent fabulous sums in the patronage of humanists, artists, and authors. Peasants sought for their sons a place in the republic of letters, where genius was everywhere acknowledged as the peer of birth. The leaders of the *demi-monde* applied themselves to the poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy of Rome, in order to acquire that development and elegance of taste which should fit them, like Leontium and Glycera of Athens and Diotima of Mantinea, for companionship with the wits and thinkers of their time. Municipalities furnished employment to skillful Latinists as secretaries, chancellors, and ambassadors. Popes vied with sovereigns in encour-

aging and promoting the very things which their predecessors had denounced as damnable. The Medici and other great Florentines directed their correspondents to purchase relics of antiquity at any price, and their ships came home laden not only with costly merchandise, but with precious codices, busts, statues, reliefs, and other objects of vertu. Niccolò Niccoli sat at table with his friends, discussing the questions then uppermost in every mind, and eating from fair antique vases, while his house was literally packed with inscriptions, coins, marbles, and engraved gems, purchased without regard to cost, or sent him as gifts by those who knew his love of such things. The learned rejected their own names in the vulgar tongue, and assumed Latin titles instead. Pagan writers were quoted in the pulpit on an equality with the Fathers of the church, and at length, in the estimate even of high ecclesiastics, were set far above them. "Give up those trivialities," wrote Cardinal Bembo to Sadoleto, in allusion to the Epistles of St. Paul, "for such inelegancies are unworthy a man of dignity." — *Omitte has nugas, non enim decent gravem virum tales ineptiæ*. The coins of Mantua were marked with the head of Virgil. Pius II. granted amnesty to the inhabitants of Arpino because it was the birthplace of Cicero, and Alfonso the Magnanimous forbade his engineers to trespass on the site of the orator's villa at Gaeta. Pomponio Leto delighted in leading the life of a Roman sage: tilling his ground in the manner described by Varro and Columella; eating his frugal meals, like a veritable Stoic, beneath the branches of an oak-tree on the Campagna; and directing that after his death his body should be placed in a sarcophagus on the Appian Way, amid the tombs of the republican and imperial age. The class-rooms of professors were crowded to overflowing with pupils from every grade in life, eager to catch each word that fell from the teacher's lips. The

palaces of wealthy citizens were thrown open to the disciples of erudition, and in them assembled those brilliant coteries of scholars whose discussions of ancient authors gradually unlocked the secrets of the past, and made them accessible to all mankind. The scenes which were presented on occasions like these must ever possess an indescribable charm. As the modern traveler stands in the magnificent gardens of Careggi, overlooking Florence, with the Arno stealing silently away to lose itself in the purple Mediterranean, the prospect of beauty before him vanishes like some lovely dream, and in its place return those morning hours of newly awakened intellectual life, when Lorenzo, "the sure anchor of the storm-tossed muses," gathered the members of the Platonic academy about him, and spent the long hours of the afternoon in drinking deep from that pure fount of truth, whose waters have refreshed the thirst of great spirits in every age. Then, when their minds had become wearied by concentration, they seated themselves about the board of their munificent host; rising from it to wander forth among the acacias, rose-trees and laurels, while the air of evening, loaded with the perfume of countless flowers, fanned their temples back to coolness, and the calm stillness of the Italian twilight stole over the landscape, whispering to them each its message of peace. Strolling thus amid the garden-beds, and communing with each other's thoughts, while day slowly vanished from the sky and the silent stars came forth one by one above them, with the lights of Florence twinkling in the distance and the Apennines and the mountains of Carrara sleeping in the east and west, what emotions must have thrilled their souls, what visions have been caught sight of, what hopes, aspirations, and high resolves have been theirs, as this new consciousness of power was awakened within their breasts! What wonder is it that these men were able so to

impress themselves upon their generation; that Politian could tune his lyre to the language of three great nations; that Pico della Mirandola, at the early age of twenty-three, should have proposed his famous nine hundred theses at Rome, offering to dispute with all comers on any subject in the entire domain of knowledge; that Michael Angelo, even, should have produced the Moses and the Sistine Chapel, or have sculptured those wonderful figures which sleep the centuries away on the Medicean tombs!

There is an Eastern legend that the touch of a maiden's hand causes the trees to bloom. Thus had the virgin finger of ancient culture been laid upon the modern spirit, and a whole century had leaped into blossom. The infant Hercules was at length born. Ignorance had retarded its birth, and superstition was ready with persecutions, as of old; but the child had been laid at the Juno breasts of heavenly truth and beauty, and had drank therefrom the milk which nourishes only to confer immortality. Snatch it away now, if you will, — fling it to the remotest regions of the sky; yet the divine strength has been imbibed, and with it the capacity for godlike achievements and a promise of Olympus at the end. The feelings which Petrarch had experienced at the sight of Rome's desolation became universal among men of letters, and the Eternal City was made the Mecca of a new race of pilgrims, prompted not by religious fervor, but by interest in the remains of the classical age. Niccolò Niccoli and Ugo da Este undertook the journey in 1396 for the express purpose of examining its antiquities, and Lorenzo de' Medici, Leo Battista Alberti, Donato Acciajuoli, and Bernardo Rucellai set out together with the same aim in 1465. But by far the most diligent investigator was Poggio Bracciolini, whose brilliant talents and elegant Latinity won for him the post of Apostolic Letter

Writer under Boniface IX. at the early age of twenty-four. The ancient monuments were now for the first time subjected to a systematic and careful study. Poggio attempted to catalogue, and as far as possible to identify, existing relics, comparing them with the descriptions given by Livy, Vitruvius, and Frontinus. The interior of the Coliseum had for a long time been used as a quarry, but the external structure was uninjured, and the bronze of the Pantheon had not yet been carried off for the altar-canopy of St. Peter's, or for the cannon of the papal fortress. The theatres of Marcellus and Pompey were in great measure occupied by public and private buildings, suggestive of the shops of blacksmiths and other artisans, which to-day surprise the visitor to the former of these renowned edifices. The list of ruins known to him, and described in the opening section of his treatise *De Varietate Fortunæ*, need not be inserted here. A synopsis of it is given in the seventy-first chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, where it may be read by such as desire. For the present it suffices to say that during a long residence at the papal court Poggio continually occupied himself with every discoverable vestige of Roman civilization, and sought to awaken a similar interest in others. The learned everywhere regarded him as the leading authority in such matters, and on visiting the capital were accustomed to seek his services as a guide, for the sake of those explanations which no one else could give so well. "Though I have lived here for many years," he wrote to Bartolommeo Facio, "and indeed from my youth till now, yet, like one who has but just arrived, I am daily struck dumb with wonder at things so vast, and often seek recreation from my labors in contemplating those edifices which the masses, in their imbecility, declare to have been reared by demons."

But Poggio did not confine his attention to architecture. Wherever excava-

tions were in progress he was sure to be found, anxious to recover any objects of art which had escaped destruction. Extending his researches into the surrounding country, he exhumed a portion of Ferentinum, and ransacked the ruins of Tibur, Tusculum, Aletrium, Alba, Ostia, Grotta Ferrata, and Arpinum. He had purchased a small villa in the valley of the Arno, a few miles from Florence, to which he intended to retire from the strife and confusion of public life, and end his days in the peaceful seclusion of a scholar and author. For his library and garden he could conceive of no more fitting ornaments than the treasures which the spade was constantly turning up in different parts of Italy. Happening to pass through Monte Cassino, where some workmen were engaged in digging for the foundations of a house, "I fished out, uninjured," he wrote to Niccolò Niccoli, "a female bust in marble which greatly delights me. I took good care that it should be delivered to me and forwarded to my garden at Terra Nova, which I am adorning with articles of great beauty." Learning that a certain Francesco of Pistoia was about to sail for Greece on an embassy from the Pope, Poggio requested him to secure some statue, even if broken, or some fine head, and bring it with him on his return. A letter of Poggio to Niccolò presents so lively a picture of the times as to be worth quoting: "Yesterday I received word from him [Francesco] that he has bought me three marble heads by Polykleitos and Praxiteles, representing Juno, Bacchus, and Minerva. He bestows great praise upon them, and promises to deliver them at Gaeta. In regard to the names of the sculptors I know not what to think. The Greeks, as you are aware, are great talkers, and may have misrepresented them in order to command a higher price. I hope I am mistaken. He also writes that he obtained these heads from a man by the name of Ca-

loiros, who recently found about a hundred marble figures, of admirable and beautiful workmanship, uninjured, in a cave. He adds that a certain Andreolo Giustiniano will send something for you. I am sure that, when you read this, you will be filled with a desire to proceed thither at once, and will wish yourself possessed of wings; but neither wings nor the speed of winds would satisfy your haste. I wrote immediately to Messer Francesco, and likewise to Andreolo, — for our friend Renuccio informs me that he is a very learned man, — directing them to make diligent inquiry whether any of those statues could be obtained by money or entreaties, and to report to me without delay. I wish you to share the credit of this discovery. I think, judging from the busts already mentioned, that these works must be statues of divinities, and that they were hidden in some shrine. The head of Minerva, Francesco tells me, has a laurel crown, that of Bacchus two small horns. When they arrive, I shall send them to my villa. A Minerva among us will be a prosperous omen. I shall put her among my books. The Bacchus will be exceedingly appropriate; for if he deserves a shelter anywhere, it is in my native land, where he is held in special honor. We will also find a place for Juno; and as she once suffered from an unfaithful husband, she shall now avenge the wrong by becoming my mistress. I have also something here which I shall bring with me when I come. Donatello has seen it, and bestows upon it the highest praise.” In addition to the works thus mentioned, Francesco obtained a statue about three feet in height, which he was to deliver to Poggio with the rest. On his arrival, however, it could not be found. The wily Pistoian pretended that it had been stolen from the ship, but Poggio could never be persuaded that the thief was any other than Francesco himself. This suspicion seems to have been well founded, the

same unscrupulous agent having afterwards sold to Cosimo de’ Medici the antique busts which he had received from Andreolo with instructions to carry them to Poggio.

When Bracciolini first went to Rome, in 1403, the Temple of Concord in the Forum was almost entire, and the tomb of Cæcilia Metella stood unharmed beside the Appian Way, — a graceful and magnificent structure, overlooking the broad expanse of the Campagna. Before he left the city, he saw the former, with the exception of a portion of its portico, razed to the ground and burned into lime, and the latter stripped of its marble ornaments and in part demolished, for the same purpose. Fra Giocondo, the celebrated architect and antiquary, who was associated with Raphael and San Gallo in the construction of St. Peter’s, declared that Rome was becoming more and more ruined every day; that remains now seen in the Circus Flaminius would to-morrow be found upon the Tarpeian Rock, if not in some lime-kiln, or in the foundation of some rustic cottage; while even those things which diligent hands had rescued and erected in conspicuous places were often torn down by the ignorant or careless, to be reduced to dust beneath the feet of horses. To snatch some of these precious relics from destruction, he began the celebrated collection which he afterwards presented to Lorenzo de’ Medici. Pius II. affirmed that if the vandalism prevalent in his own time continued for three centuries more every vestige of the former dignity and greatness of the city would be obliterated.

At length, in the pontificate of Leo X., Raphael was appointed superintendent of antiquities at Rome by a brief bearing date of August, 1516. This document ordered that, in view of the constant finding of valuable marbles, the artist should have control of all excavations made within a circumference of ten miles; that persons of whatever

rank should report to him any discoveries which might come within their knowledge, under a penalty of from one hundred to three hundred gold crowns; while those who, without his express permission, sawed or cut any stone containing inscriptions were made liable to a similar fine. In the eight years of his residence there Raphael had seen enough to convince him of the need of such a law. During this time a portion of the Forum Transitorium, the Temple of Ceres in the Via Sacra, the arches at the entrance to the baths of Diocletian, the *meta* in the Via Alexandrina, and the larger part of the basilica of the Forum had been destroyed. Supported by his friends, the Count Castiglione and the antiquary Andrea Fulvio, he accordingly applied himself to the study of his subject. He directed his men to make drawings of all important structures throughout Italy, and even sent some of them as far as Greece and Germany for the same purpose. He prepared a map of Rome, divided into fourteen sections, and laid plans for a general restoration of all the ancient edifices. So careful was his mastery of details that his contemporary, Paulo Giovio, declared him able to rebuild the entire capital anew, and set it complete in its former glory before the world. In a memorable letter or report to Leo, written in 1518, Raphael explained his whole project, urging the Pope to undertake the task at once, and thus restore the Eternal City to the beauty and grandeur of earlier days. The hopes which this great scheme had everywhere awakened, however, were doomed to disappointment. Before it could be carried out the artist had passed to his rest, and the work was never attempted.

But the attention of scholars had been called to the importance of bestirring themselves, if they would save the art of their ancestors from utter loss. Experience had shown, too, that the sole means of recovering it was by the spade,

which, struck into the ground at almost any point, was liable to be stopped by torso of nymph or goddess, or to reveal limbs whose exquisite proportions had perhaps been chiseled by the hand of Praxiteles or Polykleitos. Men felt that beneath their feet were slumbering forms of unimagined beauty, which a single blow of the pick might restore to the light of day, and which, falling into the hands of the unenlightened, might be broken up for lime or cast into the stone-heap of the mason. They accordingly set to work to preserve as many as possible from such a fate. These precious objects were to be found in every conceivable place,—amid the ruins of ancient buildings, in the débris which had accumulated in public squares, under the road-beds of streets, in the chambers of ancient tombs, built into walls, imbedded in pavements, buried beneath the soil of old estates once owned by the Roman or mediæval nobility. The mattock exposed them in the vineyard; the plough turned them up in the corn-field; the rains of spring uncovered them by the wayside; the laborer disinterred them as he excavated for the foundations of shops and houses; the peasant came upon them as he dug his well, or made ditches for the drainage of his land. In the neglected corners of villas and gardens, too, there still existed many busts, statues, bas-reliefs, and sarcophagi, overgrown and hidden by weeds and bushes, or half covered up by the deposits of decaying vegetation. These were now drawn from their concealment, to be washed, scraped, freed from dirt and mould, and set up in the palaces and courtyards of nobles, rich citizens, and ecclesiastics. Lorenzo de' Medici and the Rucellai had agents ever on the watch to purchase and ship to Florence such choice pieces as could be secured. Celebrated collections were also made by Agostino Chigi, Leonardo Bruni, Ferrarini di Reggio, Marcanova, Ciriaco, Bolognini, Felici-

ano, Pomponio Leto, Flavio Biondo, Isabella d'Este, and others. So eager did this quest become that Lorenzo even broke the heads from the prisoners sculptured on the arch of Trajan, and Lorenzino similarly defaced the pulpit of Niccolò at Pisa to ornament his own study with the fragments. Rome, Venice, and Florence were filled with galleries; the churches, streets, and piazzas were adorned with the chefs-d'œuvre of classical times; and cities and individuals vied with each other in placing at the service of rising artists these consummate models of grace and skill.

The feelings awakened within discerning minds, as the masterpieces of art one by one came to light, are well illustrated in the case of the Laocoön. This was found in or near the baths of Titus, in the spring of 1506, by the owner of the property, a Roman citizen, named Felice de' Fredis. The news reached the ears of the Pope, Julius II., when the figure was but partly disinterred, and he immediately ordered the architect Giuliano San Gallo to go and ascertain what it was. Michael Angelo happening to be at San Gallo's when the message came, the two set out together early in the morning, accompanied by Francesco, Giuliano's son. On dismounting at the spot San Gallo at once exclaimed, "That is the Laocoön of which Pliny speaks!" Men were immediately set to work with shovels to enlarge the opening, and the statue was drawn out. After carefully examining it the party went home to breakfast.

The fortunate discoverer of this renowned work now offered it to a cardinal for five hundred gold crowns; but Julius interfered, bid six hundred, and secured it for himself. It was accordingly removed to the Vatican, where a sort of chapel was constructed for it in the Belvedere. To determine its genuineness, Michael Angelo and Cristoforo Romano were summoned to inspect it, and compare it with Pliny's description.

They reported that instead of being made from a single block, as the historian had asserted, it consisted of three pieces, — there are now said to be six, — but these had been so skillfully joined that the seams could be discovered only by careful observation. This fact, as well as the surpassing excellence of the execution, caused it to be regarded as genuine.

In all Rome the Laocoön was the chief topic of conversation. Poems were written in honor of it; the learned flocked to the Vatican to see it; artists and antiquaries discussed its merits; visitors to Rome wrote glowing descriptions of it to absent friends. De' Fredis was rewarded by a grant of the tolls and part of the customs duties received at the gate of St. John Lateran, — an emolument afterwards exchanged for the post of apostolic notary, — and on his death was entombed in the church of Araceli, on the Capitol, with an epitaph declaring that he merited immortality.

The statues which came to light at the period of the Renaissance, like those found at a later date, were as a rule sadly mutilated. It was but natural that, in an age when æsthetic considerations predominated over mere antiquarian interest, an effort should be made to restore them to something like completeness, in order to realize anew the impressions which they originally produced. The services of eminent artists were therefore obtained to supply missing parts, and thus call back to life the fair ideals of the ancient world. In general, however, as in the case of the Laocoön, the authorship of these modern additions is difficult to determine. The sculptor did not feel at liberty to put his name upon them, and for the most part nothing but questionable tradition remains. But this is not always so. The Apollo Belvedere was repaired by Montorsoli in 1532, the left hand and the fingers of the right alone being lost. The legs of the Farnese Herakles, which with the Farnese

Bull and Flora was found in the baths of Caracalla in the middle of the sixteenth century, were replaced by Guglielmo della Porta; his success pleasing Michael Angelo so much that, on the discovery of the antique limbs twenty years later, they were thrown aside as superfluous. This act Grimm attributes to the great respect which Angelo felt for Guglielmo, since he cannot have been insensible to the immense superiority of the original. Goethe, too, saw the figure when in Rome, and was well satisfied with it till the genuine feet were brought forward. Then he declared it inconceivable that the others had been thought good so long. This celebrated production was at length removed to Naples, and the ancient portions, having been presented to King Ferdinand by Prince Borghese, were reunited to it, and now sustain it in the National Museum. A large number of statues, busts, and bas-reliefs were restored by the sculptor Cavaceppi in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and described in three sumptuous folios then published. The right arm of the so-called Dying Gladiator is attributed to Michael Angelo, merely, as Grimm remarks, because its extraordinary excellence allows it to be assigned to no one else, — a kind of argument which has been relied upon far too often. When we remember that “none like him could animate bronze or cause marble to breathe,” we can realize that the temptation to connect his name with well-known works, in order to increase their value, must at times have been irresistible; the same may be said of other eminent masters of that age.

In the repairs thus made the greatest liberty was allowed. It was not demanded that the character and intention of a given fragment should be settled beyond doubt before the artist put chisel to marble. He was chosen to complete, often, indeed, to reconstruct it, in accordance with some conjecture already

formed, or was allowed to follow his own judgment in the matter. If no one could suggest a more probable theory, his guesses were carried into effect without hindrance from his employers, who rivaled each other in the possession of galleries without a defective piece. Such a course at any time could lead only to countless blunders and utter falsifying of the original conception. In that age, just emerging from the long night of ignorance and superstition, — an age when archæological science was as yet unknown, — these unfortunate possibilities were multiplied a thousand-fold. As a result, the crudest and most random surmises were accepted with unquestioning credulity. Legs, arms, heads, and drapery were placed upon statues with whose real meaning they were at variance, and whose pose and muscular action were flatly contradicted by them. Extremities that had become separated from the works to which they belonged were attached to trunks in want of such parts, and chiseled over, if need be, to reduce them to the right proportions. Limbs of later and more sensuous types were joined to torsos of archaic severity. Heads of Roman ladies were set on figures of deities, and *vice versa*; and in some cases even sex was disregarded, through the obtuseness of the workman, or his eagerness to join fragments which must otherwise have remained unused.

Of sculpture recovered during the Renaissance, the greater part was unearthed between 1450 and 1550. The torso of Herakles, the Fighting Gladiator, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Meleager came to light about the middle of this period; the Farnese Bull, Herakles, and Flora, at its close. Many of the most famous statues, however, were not discovered till much later, — the Medicean Venus in the seventeenth century, the Capitoline Venus and the Barberini Juno some time in the eighteenth, the Apollo Sauroktonos in 1727, the Discobolos in action in 1781, the

companion statue in repose not far from the same time, the Venus of Melos in 1820, the Apoxyomenos in 1840, the Augustus in armor in 1863, the Mastai Hercules in 1864, the Hermes of Olympia in 1877.

The private galleries, to which reference has been made, experienced many vicissitudes. When the Medici were expelled from Florence, in the autumn of 1494, their residences were stormed and plundered by the people. The garden of San Marco was laid waste; its works of art were sold to the highest bidder, and scattered over Europe. A few days later Charles VIII. of France entered the city, and appropriated to himself and suite all the valuables found in the chief palace of the family, which had been saved with difficulty when the others fell. On the capture of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, in 1527, worse scenes were enacted. The soldiers kindled their fires on the inlaid marble floor of the Vatican, the magnificent stained-glass windows were broken for their lead, the tapestries of Raphael were plundered, the eyes of renowned paintings on the walls were put out, horses were stabled in the Sistine Chapel, valuable documents were thrown to them for litter, the images of the Virgin in the churches were shattered, and statues in the streets were thrown down and broken to pieces. During the investment of Florence by these same adventurers, two years later, works of gold and silver were melted, and pictures and statues were sold by their possessors, and passed from the country. Francis I. kept an agent constantly on the lookout, who, taking advantage of the universal scarcity of money, raked together all that could be secured among the distressed citizens, and sent them to his master in Paris. Other collections met a similar fate in the calamities of war, or on the extinction of the families who had formed them.

Public museums, however, have been

more fortunate. The earliest of these, the Capitoline at Rome, was begun in 1471, when Paul II. bought up such statues as could be obtained in the vicinity, and placed them in his palace at the foot of the ancient citadel. Chief among these were the bronze Hercules from the Forum Boarium, the boy pulling a thorn from his foot, the urn of Agrippina, and the group which represents a lion attacking a horse. This number was greatly increased by subsequent popes, and was at length ceded to the municipal authorities.

The art treasures of the Vatican date from 1503, when the celebrated Apollo was placed there by Julius II. This statue had been found in the ruins of Antium a few years before, and had been acquired by Julius when he was the Cardinal della Rovere. On his election to the papacy it was erected in the gardens of the Belvedere, receiving from them the name by which it has become universally known. Around it, in that lovely inclosure, where the poets and artists of the Renaissance were accustomed to assemble, soon gathered a group of marble masterpieces, such as the Laocoön, the Ariadne, the Commodus of the Campo di Fiore, the Nile, the Tiber, the torso of Herakles, and the Antinous of the baths of Trajan. From this small beginning has arisen that bewildering array of antiquities which, filling eighteen or twenty great halls of the papal palace, is now the wonder and admiration of the world.

Various cities and nations followed the example of the church and state of Rome. The Medici of Florence, after their restoration in 1512, again began to purchase works of art to replace those which had been lost. The Uffizi is the result. The Farnese statues from Rome and Parma were united with the numerous relics excavated in Campanian towns to stock the noble Museum of Naples. At length the enthusiasm spread beyond the Alps, until at London, Paris,

Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Berlin were founded collections rivaling those of Italy. In the stillness and seclusion of these retreats the fair creations of the classic period have at length found shelter. Here the student, passing but the thickness of a wall, may find himself for the time being in another world. The hurry and noise of the century recede from his thoughts, and in their place return the ages of Hadrian, Augustus, Alexander, Scopas, and Perikles. The motionless forms around him seem like the gods and people of those far-off days, turned to stone by the spell of some mighty enchanter. The Herakles reposes in its almost divine perfection of human development; the Laocoön writhes in eternal pain; the Ariadne

sleeps her unbroken sleep of beauty; the lip of the Apollo curls forever in contempt of his haughty but impotent foe; the sad, tender features of Demeter plead with hopeless yearning for her long-lost daughter; the eyes of the Melian Venus look with the calmness of deity into the vistas of the hereafter. Wars may rage without; famine and pestilence do their work of destruction; generation after generation come into being, to fret and strut their little hour upon the stage, then lapse into silence and forgetfulness: but to these no change can come. As in some bright Olympus, they dwell forever apart from the joys and sorrows of human life and love, in the undisturbed serenity of their marble immortality.

William Shields Liscomb.

VERNON LEE.

It is so long now since the point was virtually conceded by the world, that women may learn what they like and do what they can, that it is quite time to begin to look for the fruit, in them and their doings, of multiplied opportunities and a broader and deeper culture. From fifteen to twenty years of the so-called higher education, and of the atmosphere of freedom which it implies (for the education open to girls during that period has undoubtedly been more liberal than the old, if still less "high" than many desire), means a period covering the exclusively studious years of many women now in the full vigor of early middle life, from some of whom we have a right to expect, if the new theories be sound, more virile and important performance in letters and in art than was possible to their less fortunate elder sisters. Leaving out of the question those very rare geniuses of the first order, the heaven-

appointed, who have always and everywhere made good their claim and received their meed, and of whom there seems, as yet, no good reason to believe that the generation of which we are speaking will furnish even one, there ought, by this time, to be a certain number, amounting to a class, of professional writers, for example, capable of the sustained production of valuable work,—of work which should rival in even excellence the regular contributions to the leading and long-established reviews. Let us take the great English periodicals as the best type of these, or at least the one best known to ourselves; for Blackwood, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, the Contemporary, the Fortnightly, and their fellows still guide the judgment of American readers in many lines, and furnish a standard for American magazine writers. We all know what admirable work even the dull numbers of these reviews usually contain, and what

brilliant work their best; what keen thought on contemporary things, and what patient research into those which are bygone; great resources unostentatiously used; great beauty of fitness, often, in the form into which they are thrown. We all know, too, that, up to the present time, so immense a proportion of this best periodical literature has been the work of men that the feminine writers would have counted for nothing in a general view of it; and we know, too, that a good deal of it has been merely the incidental, anonymous, and gratuitous work of men whose chief energies were absorbed by other and larger affairs.

What we would like to inquire is, how far the emancipated, encouraged, and enlightened women of the now rising literary generation are beginning to find places among this excellent stock company of writers, and of how many the actual quality of their published work seems to entitle them to such places.

The essays of certain Englishwomen occur at once to the memory, and from these we propose to select, for a somewhat careful consideration, those of the remarkably endowed and equipped being who writes under the masculine pseudonym of Vernon Lee. We like the instinct in her, old-fashioned though it be, which led her to desire, at first, wholly to hide her personality; and if there were still the shadow of a secret about it we would scrupulously respect the same.

As it is, there is no need to say more than that Vernon Lee is a young lady of English parentage, born, we believe, and certainly bred, in Italy, who has made such good use of uncommon powers and opportunities that she has been able, at an age when most girls have barely realized their emancipation from the school-room, to shed light on the annals of a comparatively neglected period, and to make a fresh and important contribution to the literature of that

vast but always interesting subject, the History of Italian Art.

Her first book,¹ *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, was published four years ago. The half dozen essays of which it is composed are preceded by an introductory chapter, in which the writer tells us clearly enough, albeit with a little harmless pomp of manner, the object of a work which she fears will strike its readers, at first sight, as "both heterogeneous and anomalous." It is to call attention to the fact that a hundred years ago, in Italy, long after the decline of the plastic and pictorial art of the Renaissance, there was another "spontaneous efflorescence" of national art on that favored soil, — of art, musical and dramatic; that fusion of arts, that dual art, which culminated in the complete Italian opera. In this way she gives herself great scope, and is able to embrace, in her extensive outlook over the last century, both literature and music; being, as she goes on to say, still with magnificent modesty, "neither a literary historian nor a musical critic, but an aesthete," and finding both literature and music within the "aesthete's" domain.

The truth is that she has qualifications of no mean order for both the offices which she disclaims. There is a deal of curious learning, not ungracefully employed, in the picturesque *résumé*, with which her volume opens, of the history of the Arcadian Academy at Rome; that musty and shadowy institution, whose annals are so obscure and its local habitation so problematical that it would puzzle some of its own honored members, we fancy, to give a clear account of it without the help of Vernon Lee. The great days of the Academy live again under this vivacious pen. The mouldering old villa on the Janiculum, hard by the Corsini Palace, where

¹ *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy.* By VERNON LEE. London: W. Satchell & Co. 1880.

its sessions used to be held, is searched and illuminated in every corner by the light of a vivid and irrepressible curiosity; the prone statues in the garden wilderness are freed from their entangling vines, and made to shine upright; the peasants, who have stored their fruit and vegetables in the classic halls, to decamp; the faded portraits, to come down from their crumbling frames, and move and speak once more "each in his own tongue." Queen Christina is re-animated, and Crescimbeni, and Gravina, the *père adoptif* of Metastasio; Carlo Maratta, and his beautiful daughter Faustina, and her husband, the clever and elegant Imolese poet, Zappi, beside a stately procession of Odescalchi, Ottoni, Albani, and Corsini, variously eminent in their day, and more or less respectable; the great *improvisatore* Perfetti, who was crowned, in good faith, upon the Capitol, and that Maria Morelli, surnamed Corilla, whose almost farcical coronation, fifty years later, was idealized by Madame de Staël into the triumph of Corinne. Of all these diverse characters the intellectual or artistic pedigree is unrivaled, the near relations are explained, and the remoter divined; the busy and buoyant imagination of the writer sees not merely the world of Italy around each successive figure, but the world of Europe around that; and she is incessantly trying, by means of episodes and excursions, to make her reader share the extent and the completeness of her own view. There is a sketch, in this essay on the Arcadian Academy, of the general social condition and life of Italy, in the last century, outside the four great cities of Rome, Florence, Naples, and Venice, visited by the ordinary traveler, which is a perfect marvel of lively realization and telling detail. It is a great deal too long to quote; and the fact that it is so points to one of the faults of Vernon Lee's style, — a sort of riotous verbiage and eager habit of iteration and

reiteration, of which we shall have occasion to speak later on. But here is an aside brief enough to be detached: —

"There remains yet another figure in the Rome of those days, which, although scarcely noticed, was a more important one than all the cardinals and pretenders: a German priest, — a hanger-on, first of Cardinal Archinto, and then of Cardinal Alessandro Albani; a sort of pedant, after the German fashion; a kind of humble companion, eating what the charity of his employer gave him, and wedging his way into the company of his employer's grand friends; a cynical, pleasure-loving, information-seeking man, hanging on to the rich and intelligent painter Raphael Mengs, and who yet gave himself strange airs toward Roman artists and antiquaries. There he was, continually poring over books, though no lover of literature; continually examining works of art, though no artist, clambering on to the pedestals of statues and into the holes of excavations. What was he about? What was he trying to do? The Romans got the answer, although they probably did not fully understand it, when there appeared the first volumes of *A History of Art* among the Ancients, and when it became known that, in the midst of the cockleshell and mirror art of the eighteenth century, Winckelmann had discovered the long-lost art of antiquity."

To catch so good a likeness of a mere passer-by, to dash in with so much of spirit a figure so merely incidental and subordinate, and a hundred others equally so, shows a discursive habit of mind, perhaps, but still a brain teeming with information, and of almost superabundant activity. Yet, clever as this initial article on the Arcadian Academy is, and exhaustive and crowded with queer lore, it is not even here that the young essayist shows herself at her very best. In the two which follow, *The Musical Life* and *Metastasio and the Opera*, she is more sober, more concentrated; sub-

duced into genuine reverence before the great musical composers of the last century through a patient study of their mighty works, and furthermore steadied by the sincere conviction that she has a neglected truth to bring to the attention of the world. What that truth is we will try to let her tell in her own lusty words. It is not easy, we repeat, to select such words, because it is so uncommonly difficult for her ever to put her living, rustling, bustling, growing, and blowing thought into a nutshell; for one reason, perhaps, that, in the natural order of things, the nut comes with the fall of the leaf and after the death of the flower. But by snatching a phrase here and a paragraph there, we shall be able to construct for ourselves her musical creed, and come at the gist of her purpose.

"A hundred years ago," she says, "musical amateurs were rarer than now, and to be one involved more responsibility. For, among the Italians of the eighteenth century, music was at once more common and more prized than among us; it was a necessity to the greater part of the nation, but it was an art, a profession rather than an amusement or an accomplishment. All young ladies were not taught music; not, as Baretto most falsely and preposterously pretended, because the morals of professional musicians were too slack, but because people had not yet conceived the modern notion of culture, *which often consists merely in giving slovenly cultivation to endowments which deserve no cultivation at all*. But where real musical talent existed it was usually made the most of; and it must be remembered that the study of music was, at that time, far more arduous than in these happy days of classes, piano arrangements, manuals of harmony, and other *royal roads to mediocrity*. The musical education of professionals; the seven or eight years spent in learning to sing by men who were to be composers; the two or

three years spent in learning composition by those who were to be mere performers; the inexorably complete system, according to which one branch of the art could not be mastered without a knowledge of the others,—all this reacted on the education of the non-professional musicians. The music which people heard was too good to permit them to enjoy music which was bad; the masters were too thoroughly trained to submit to slovenly pupils." There follows a very clever and amusing analysis of the capacities and the limitations of the harpsichord, after which the happy warrior comes down in the following forcible fashion upon its admired and omnipresent successor: "An instrument like our pianoforte, with a loud, thick, muffled tone, on which you could execute, with considerable disadvantage, the music written for other instruments, beside the *sentimental and thundering imbecility* written expressly for it; with sufficient power of expression to supersede other instruments, and with power of mechanical dexterity unlimited enough to ruin itself,—such an instrument, such a compromise, could not have existed in the eighteenth century, and could not, therefore, usurp all musical privileges, make people lose all notion of adaptation of sound and style, accustom them to unlimited noise and to dubious tone, and foster that wholesale ignorance of music in general which is inevitable where a performer need aim only at mechanical dexterity; arranged pieces, pedals, and tuners having relieved him from the necessity of learning harmony, of studying expression by means of the voice, and of obtaining a correct ear by tuning his own instrument; where, above all, everything having been done for him by others, he has been educated to a total want of musical endeavor." And again, in the final summing up of her case, "The younger musicians, yet children in the *conservatori*, were destined to activity about the year 1800,

exactly the moment when classic music melted into nothing, when Italy ceased to be spontaneously creative. . . . Some persons, nay many, nay perhaps most, from that moment date the real existence of music, — at least of the music which will last; and Hegel, we know, distinctly said that music was essentially a romantic art, which only means that it thrives best when not cultivated for its own sake, and that it is most valuable in the days when composers aim at scenic effects and philological distinctions; when they build up their works out of the fragments left by various preceding generations, to the accompaniment of a chorus of critics; when art is born spontaneously nowhere, but exists equally artificially everywhere; when, therefore, composers who are putting together forms originally created by Italians talk loudly of German music, and Italians who have learned all their newest tricks from Germans cry out that foreign music should be banished; when, in short, criticism and eclecticism are playing at the game of original creation."

It is plain that we have here an earnest student, who is both a skeptic with regard to the music of the present and an agnostic as to that of the "future;" and who would as soon think of turning from Raphael to Caravaggio as from Mozart to Wagner for authority and inspiration. Whether or no she is right in this position (our own untutored sympathies are entirely with her), she supports it with a torrent of eloquence and an amazing array of learning. Taking Dr. Burney's History of Music for her text, she follows him step by step through that interesting tour undertaken in 1770, "when Alpine roads were unknown as yet, and Alpine scenery unnoticed." Along with the enterprising doctor, she penetrates not only the great academies of Bologna and Venice, but all the lesser *circoli* and private musical cliques all over the peninsula, making

the acquaintance of the leading artists and composers in person; and of each, as she had done in the case of the Arcadian academicians, she sketches the biography and patiently analyzes the chief compositions. Where, as in the case of Metastasio, the great librettist, the details of personal adventure are authentic, abundant, and in themselves dramatic, she shows much of that felicity of choice and arrangement which constitutes the special skill of the biographer; and we are convinced that she might do far more excellent things in that high department of letters than she has done as yet. The whole tremendous task is executed *con amore*, with unstinted pains and unflagging enthusiasm, and such a bubble of wit and gush of epithets from beginning to end as suggest an inexhaustible spring.

The remaining essays in this first volume, namely on Goldoni, Gozzi, and the Realistic, and Fairy Comedy of Venice are only a trifle less elaborate than those which we have reviewed. They would seem, however, to have been subsequently prepared as supplementary to the earlier ones, and are somewhat less astonishing, for the reason that they cover ground more frequently traversed before. But they are marked by the same strong characteristics of thorough investigation, independent judgment, and fluent, not to say exuberant, diction. Taking the book as a whole, its matter and its workmanship, let us cordially admit that it is a great feat to have been performed by a girl in her earliest twenties. The critical faculty is lower than the creative, and usually, although not always, of later development, and there are hundreds of bright scholars and bright talkers for one born maker; but the thing which this young woman has accomplished would have been creditable to a mature man who had spent his life in the same line of research, and it is relatively as remarkable, in its lesser way, as the renowned precocities of pro-

duction of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Keats.

How can such promise be sustained, how has it been sustained, by Vernon Lee ; or is this sort of pre-maturity really promising at all ? We must confess that in our own case a sense, which we believe to be wholesome, of something very like relief blends with the disappointment with which we find her second volume of essays, bearing the fanciful title of *Belcaro*,¹ very much more youthful and less weighty than her first. It is more youthful, and it is much more feminine, intensely subjective, and at the same time gloriously lawless. It is all about herself and her emotions and her speculations, with something concerning those of the adored friend to whom she dedicates the book, whose idealized personality seems to hover behind her own as he whom we so desire to call Guido Cavalcanti hovers behind Dante in the Bargello at Florence, and with whose spirit she directly converses in a certain Dialogue on Poetic Morality, which attracted no little attention when it first appeared in an English magazine. *Belcaro*, like its predecessor, treats of things "æsthetical," but in a looser and more general way ; with painting and sculpture chiefly, in place of musical and dramatic art. The book does not assume to be technical, but it is full of artistic intelligence and a cultivated susceptibility to beauty. It is redolent of Italy, also, in a charming way, each paper having its separate framework of delicately wrought Italian scenery ; for the writer has learned, and learned well, from the illustrious art-critic whom she professes, in the essay on Ruskinism, to have so far outgrown, the art of landscape painting in words. There is a certain fervor and honesty of purpose, also, discernible amid its rather scatter-brained declamation, — a desire to

shake herself free of artistic affectations and conventionalisms, and to enter into the heart, and fathom for herself the sublime secret of those great antiques which she so truly loves to contemplate and to talk about. But still this book is not intrinsically important, like the first. It is all compact, as we have said, of imagination, emotion, and theory, with flashes of keen discernment here and there, and some few fresh and happy suggestions in the way of specific criticism (particularly in the chapter entitled *In Umbria*, which deals with the man Perugino and his work), but with much also that is tumid, and much that is, we fear, preposterous. The author indeed insists with vehemence, both in the Preface and in the Apology or Postscript to *Belcaro*, that she has had a fixed purpose, running straight amid all the anomalies of her book, and unifying all its vagaries ; and we are, in fact, enabled to conclude from the whole that just at present she believes in art for art's sake, its own "excuse for being" and its own exceeding great reward, while her friend and interlocutor ever maintains that art should be modified by moral considerations and exert a moral influence. "I have never pretended" (we quote from the Postscript to *Belcaro*) "that I am not as bad as my neighbors ; but the whole gist of these my theorizings is that people should try and take art more simply than they do ; that, if not called upon to try and persuade others to simpler courses, they should not theorize themselves. By theorizing, I mean, incorrectly perhaps, all manner of irrelevant fantasticating, whether it take the shape of seeking, in art, for hidden psychological meanings or moral values, or of using art merely as a suggestion of images and emotions, the perception of which infallibly interferes with, and sometimes entirely replaces, the perception of art itself." This is all right, although it might possibly be more simply

¹ *Belcaro*. Being Essays on Sundry Æsthetical Questions. By VERNON LEE. London : W. Satchell & Co.

put. But we are even better pleased with the *naïveté* of the confession at the very end of this same postscript, in which the author owns, in words of much tenderness and beauty, that the loveliness of the scenes amid which these thoughts "æsthetical" of hers were born, and the sweetness of the companionship which fostered them, have a lasting power over her own spirit, far greater than that of the theories and conclusions themselves.

Our private notion is that Vernon Lee took what may be called her intellectual "fling" in Belcaro, and that the preternatural weight and wisdom of her first publication not only entitled her to such a fling, but rendered it almost inevitable. Antics are ever a proof of strength, and it is a great deal easier to reduce an excess than to supply a lack. We remember an excellent old singing-master who used always to say, "Give me a big, rough voice to prune and polish, *never* a slender one to develop." The rampant verbiage of Vernon Lee's style, for example, implies at least a marvelously rich vocabulary; and what so natural as that she should be prone, coming so early into such a heritage, to fling her wealth about a little wildly and wastefully? Extravagance is so much more proper to well-endowed youth than parsimony, and so much the more engaging fault of the two, that it is hard to quarrel with it. If only the fortune be not all spent in that first "fling"! If only there be left what may be called the *principal* of mental riches, together with the will and the power to increase the same by diligent study, while practicing that wise economy of ornament which results in the utmost beauty of literary form!

We fancy that Vernon Lee is going to show herself capable of this, and if so there is hardly anything which may not be hoped from a writer with her beginnings. Since the appearance of Belcaro she has published a novelette en-

titled *Ottilia, a Life of the Countess of Albany*, and *Euphorion*. *Ottilia* is a simple story, simply told, careful and even subtle in its delineation of character, humorous and humane. It is not very strong, but it is very symmetrical, and free, even singularly free, from extravagance, whether of sentiment or style. The *Life of the Countess of Albany*¹ is a contribution to the Eminent Women Series, a flourishing list of biographies of women by women. In her preface the author tells us that she considers the present sketch a needful complement to her previous eighteenth-century studies; and certainly that thorough knowledge of the Italy of a hundred years ago, which we so heartily respect and admire, renders her fitter, perhaps, than any other living person to write the Countess of Albany's life, provided that life were worth writing once again.

This, however, is a point so obviously doubtful that one is half tempted to fancy that the book was compiled for the sake of the material on hand, — on the good old household principle of letting nothing be wasted. That Louise, Countess of Albany, *née* Von Stolberg, was also born a fine and clever creature; that it was a heartless and wicked arrangement by virtue of which she was married, in her tender youth, to the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, in his besotted middle age; that she was, upon the whole, in her checkered career, more sinned against than (even) sinning, we are quite prepared to believe. But after all, she owes her notoriety to the fact that she was first the wife of Charles Edward, and afterwards the mistress of Alfieri; and it does not seem to us that these accidents make her, in the strict sense of the term, an exemplary character. The subject of one of the earlier numbers of the Eminent Women biographies did also, unhappily, live for

¹ *The Countess of Albany*. By VERNON LEE. Eminent Women Series. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1884.

many years as the wife of an eminent man, without a previous marriage ceremony. But George Eliot was the author of work so powerful and so wholly unapproachable in its own line that it compels the attention of the world; and even the interesting and in some respects melancholy features of her private history sink into insignificance by comparison with it.

Here, however, is Vernon Lee's *Countess of Albany*, learned and analytical, lively and pictorial also, and still too heavily charged with words, — a vigorous epitome of all the author's literary virtues and vices. She does not formally constitute herself the apologist of the Countess of Albany; she is much too proud and independent, too modern in her spirit and enamored of a grand impartiality, to do that. But she is able to feel for her subject that degree of sympathy which renders her image a warm and breathing one, and a passage like the following suggests the fancy that her sympathy is not wholly perfunctory, either, but is founded in a certain intellectual kinship: "She could read the books of four nations, — a very rare accomplishment in her day; and she was, moreover, one of those women, rarer even in the eighteenth century than nowadays, whose nature, while unproductive in any particular line, is intensely and almost exclusively intellectual, and in the intellectual domain even more intensely and almost exclusively literary, — women who are born readers, to whom a new poem is as great an excitement as a new toilette, a treatise of philosophy (we shall see the countess devouring Kant long before he had been heard of out of Germany) more exquisitely delightful than a symphony. And this woman, thus educated, with this immense fund of intellectual energy, was living, not a normal life, with the normal distracting influences of an *endurable husband*, of children and society, but a life of frightful mental and

moral isolation by the side, or rather in the loathsome shadow, of a degraded, sordid, violent, and jealous brute, from the reality of whose beastly excesses and bestial fury, of whose vomitings and oaths and outrages and blows, she could take refuge only in the world of books."

If, on the contrary, the power of morbid analysis displayed in tracing the degrading effects of sensual vice on both the heroes of the story is such that we forget sometimes the age and sex of the writer, and are a little startled by anything which recalls it, the proof is abundant that her own moral perceptions have been in no degree blunted by the inevitably revolting character of some of her investigations. Take one more passage as an illustration of this: "Social misarrangements which are crimes toward the individual are invariably partially righted — made endurable — by individual arrangements which are crimes toward society. The woman was not consulted by her parents before her marriage, she was not restrained by her conscience afterwards: she was given, for ambition, to a man whose tenure of her received legal and religious sanction; she gave herself, for love, to a man whose possession of her was against society and against religion; but society received her to its parties, and the church gave her its communion. And thus, in Italy and in the eighteenth century, where no one had found any fault at a girl of nineteen being married by proxy to a man who turned out to be a disgusting and brutal sot, no one also could find any fault at a young man of twenty-eight seeking and obtaining the love of a married woman of twenty-five. The immoral law had produced the immoral lawlessness." This is a good summing up of the case, and here, by the way, the expression is as terse as could be desired.

Perhaps, after all, this is to be a notable part of woman's new mission, — the power to touch pitch with no speck of

defilement, to explore loathsome places with a degree of delicacy and detachment impossible to the average man, and to extract with unexampled neatness whatever is to be learned therein. Again, and always, let us hope.

At all events, there are aspects, in no way dubious, in which Vernon Lee seems to us fit to be held up as an example to all ambitious and inexperienced writers, and particularly to certain beginners in letters among ourselves in America. The impression is rather too prevalent at home, just now, that a large literary business may be done on a very small literary capital.

The fashion of the day is for Chinese carving, — an indefinite number of ivory balls, one inside the other. No matter how trivial the subject, or tiny the tools, or meagre the preparation, the result, it is thought, will be artistic, provided the workmanship be sufficiently fine. Now there is no doubt that pretty and ingenious toys may be thus made, but toys only; nothing fit for lasting use, or even for the purposes of robust play. All critical and historical work of positive worth presupposes a long apprenticeship at severe and in itself often distasteful labor. The eighteenth-century studies reveal on every page the results of such an apprenticeship, — of a rare power of attention and acquisition, submissively applied and resolutely concentrated. We have said that Vernon Lee's verbiage is of the sort that implies a rich vocabulary; and that vocabulary, in its turn, implies a knowledge of many books in many tongues and an enormously retentive memory. It implies, also, hard work at the technicalities of more than one great art. These are parts of the indispensable drill of any didactic writer, man or woman, old or

young, who would really deserve the name. There is no royal road to the levels from which a comprehensive outlook may be gained over any province of human affairs, and even the most daring and agile imagination has to be supplied with facts before it can transmute them into shapes of real significance and power. The little story of *Ottilia*, already briefly mentioned, simple as it is, and so much less dramatic than the real life of the Countess of Albany, derives, no less than the latter, a wonderful charm from its author's perfect acquaintance with the period in which the scene is laid. All the dry research which had to precede the essays on the *Musical Life* and the *Venetian Comedy* helps to enrich the background of this quiet tale, giving depth to its landscape, body to its color, and reality to its quaint figures. One might smile at the ambitious nature of Vernon Lee's initial enterprise, if one were not constrained thoroughly to respect in her the serious and patient courage which, earlier yet, had attacked and gone triumphantly through such a world of preliminary toil. The charge of self-conceit cannot lie heavily against one who is even more eager to learn than she is impatient to teach; and however bold in announcing her own conclusions, she is keenly attentive to the conclusions of others. On the whole, therefore, we decline to believe that she has exhausted her possibilities at twenty-five. Instead, we look forward with confidence to seeing her take a permanent place among those most helpful and indeed indispensable of modern writers, whose personality is of less moment to us than their message, with whom as much may be learned as enjoyed, and who increase our possessions while they consume our time.

Harriet Waters Preston.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

IV.

It will be divined from what has been said that there was one element in the life at the Warren which has not yet been entered into, and that was Mrs. Warrender. The family were dull, respectable, and proper to their fingers' ends. But she was not dull. She had been Mr. Warrender's wife for six and twenty years, — the wife of a dull, good man, who never wanted any variety in his life, who needed no change, no outbursts of laughter or tears, nothing to carry away the superabundance of the waters of life. With him there had been no superabundance, there had never been any floods; consequently, there was no outlet necessary to carry them away. But she was a woman of another sort: she was born to hunger for variety, to want change, to desire everything that was sweet and pleasant. And lo! fate bound her to the dullest life, — to marry Mr. Warrender, to live in the Warren. She had not felt it so much in the earlier part of her life, for then she had to some extent what her spirit craved. She had children: and every such event in a woman's life is like what going into battle is to a man, — a thing for which all his spirits collect themselves, which she may come out of or may not, an enormous risk, a great crisis. And when their children were young, before they had as yet betrayed themselves what manner of spirits they were, she had her share of the laughter and the tears; playing with her babies, living for them, singing to them, filling her life with them, and expecting as they grew up that all would be well. Many women live upon this hope. They have not had the completion of life in marriage which some have; they have failed in the great lottery, either by their own fault or the

fault of others: but the children, they say to themselves, will make all right. The *désillusionment* which takes this form is the most bitter of all. The woman who has not found in her husband that dearest friend, whose companionship can alone make life happy, when she discovers after a while that the children in whom she has placed her last hope are his children, and not hers, — what is to become of her? She is thrown back upon her own individuality with a shock which is often more than flesh and blood can bear. In Mrs. Warrender's case this was not, as in some cases, a tragical discovery, but it had an exasperating and oppressive character which was almost more terrible. She had been able to breathe while they were children; but when they grew up they stifled her, each with the same "host of petty maxims" which had darkened the still air from her husband's lips. How, in face of the fact that she had been their teacher and guide far more than their father ever was, they should have learned these, and put aside everything that was like her or expressed her sentiments, was a mystery which she never could solve; but so it was. Mr. Warrender was what is called a very good father. He did not spoil them; bouillons of any kind, physical or spiritual, never came to them from his hands. He could not be troubled with them much as babies, but when they grew old enough to walk and ride with him he liked their company; and they resembled him, which is always flattering. But he had taken very little notice of them during the first twelve years or so of their life. During that time they had been entirely in their mother's hands, hearing her opinions, regulated outwardly by her will: and yet they grew up their father's children, and

not hers! How strange it was, with a touch of the comic which made her laugh! — that laugh of exasperation and impatience which marks the intolerable almost more than tears do. How was it? Can any one explain this mystery? She was of a much more vivacious, robust, and vigorous race than he was, for the level of health among the Warrenders, like the level of being generally, was low; but this lively, warm-blooded, energetic creature was swallowed up in the dull current of the family life, and did not affect it at all. She nursed them, ruled them, breathed her life into them, in vain: they were their father's children, — they were Warrenders born.

This was not precisely the case with Theo, her only son. To him she had transmitted something; not her energy and love of life, but rather something of that exasperated impatience which was so often the temper of her mind in later years, though suppressed by all the powers of self-control she possessed, and modified, happily, by the versatility of her nature, which could not brood and mope over one subject, however deeply that might enter into her life. This impatience took in him the form of a fastidious intolerance, a disposition to start aside at a touch, to put up with nothing, to hear no reason, even, when he was offended or crossed. He was like a restive horse, whom the mere movement of a shadow, much more the touch of a rein or the faintest vibration of a whip, sets off in the wildest gallop of nervous self-will or self-assertion. The horse, it is to be supposed, desires his own way as much as the man does when he bolts or starts. Theo was in this respect wonderfully unlike the strain of the Warrenders, but he was not on that account more like his mother; and he had so much of the calm of the paternal blood in his veins along with this unmanageableness that he was as contented as the rest with the quiet of the home life, and so long as he was permitted to shut him-

self up with his book wished for no distraction, — nay, disliked it, and thought society and amusements an intolerable bore.

Thus it was the mother alone to whom the thought of change was pleasant. A woman of forty-five in widow's weeds, who had just nursed her husband through a long illness and lost him, and whose life since she was nineteen had been spent in this quiet house among all these still surroundings, amid the unchangeable traditions of rural life, — who could have ventured to imagine the devouring impatience that was within her, the desire to flee, to shake the dust off her feet, to leave her home and all her associations, to get out into the world and breathe a larger air and be free? Sons and daughters may entertain such sentiments; even the girls, whose life, no doubt, had been a dull one, might be supposed willing enough, with a faint pretense of natural and traditionary reluctance, and those few natural tears which are wiped so soon, to leave home and see the world. But the mother! In ordinary circumstances it would have been the duty of the historian to set forth the hardness of Mrs. Warrender's case, deprived at once, by her husband's death, not only of her companion and protector, but of her home and position as head of an important house. Such a case is no doubt often a hard one. It adds a hundred little humiliations to grief, and makes bereavement downfall, the overthrow of a woman's importance in the world, and her exile from the sphere in which she has spent her life. We should be far more sure of the reader's sympathy if we pictured her visiting for the last time all the familiar haunts of past years, tearing herself away from the beloved rooms, feeling the world a blank before her as she turned away.

On the contrary, it is scarcely possible to describe the chill of disappointment in her mind when Theo put an abrupt

stop to all speculations, and offered her his arm to lead her upstairs. She ought, perhaps, to have wanted his support to go upstairs, after all, as her maid said, that she had "gone through:" but she did not feel the necessity. She would have preferred much to know what was going to be done, to talk over everything, to be able to express without further sense that they were premature and inappropriate as much as it would be expedient to express of her own wishes. The absolute repression of those five dark days, during which she had said nothing, had been almost more intolerable to her than years of the repression which was past. When you know that nothing you can do or say is of any use, and that whatsoever struggle you may make will be wholly ineffectual to change your lot, it is comparatively easy, in the composure of impossibility, to keep yourself down; but when all at once you become again master of your own fate, even a temporary curb becomes intolerable. Mrs. Warrender went into her room by the compulsion of her son and conventional propriety, and was supposed to lie down on the sofa and rest for an hour or two. Her maid arranged the cushions for her, threw a shawl over her feet, and left her on tip-toe, shutting the door with elaborate precautions. Mrs. Warrender remained still for nearly half an hour. She wept, with a strange mixture of feelings; partly out of a poignant sense of the fictitiousness of all these observances by which people were supposed to show "respect" to the dead, and partly out of a real aching of the heart and miserable sense that even now, that certainly by and by, the man who had been so all-important a little while ago would be as if he had not been. She wept for him, and yet at the same time wept because she could not weep more for him, because the place which knew him had already begun to know him no more, and because of the sham affliction with which they were all

supplementing the true. It was she who shed the truest tears, but it was she also who rebelled most at the make-believe which convention forced upon her; and the usual sense of hopeless exasperation was strong in her mind. After a while she threw off the shawl from her feet and the cushions that supported her shoulders, and got up and walked about the room, looking out upon the afternoon sunshine and the trees that were turning their shadows to the east. How she longed, with a fervor scarcely explainable, not at all comprehensible to most people, to leave the place, to open her wings in a large atmosphere, to get free!

At half past four o'clock Minnie and Chatty went down to tea. They were to the minute, and their mother heard them with a half smile. It was always time enough for her to smooth her hair and her collar, and take a new handkerchief from her drawer, when she heard the sisters close their door. She went downstairs after them, in her gown covered with crape, with her snowy cap, which gave dignity to her appearance. Her widow's dress was very becoming to her, as it is to so many people. She had a pretty complexion, pure red and white, though the color was perhaps a little broken, and not so smooth as a girl's; and her eyes were brown and bright. Notwithstanding the weeks of watching she had gone through, the strain of everything that had passed, she made little show of her trouble. Her eye was not dim, nor her natural force abated. The girls were dull in complexion and aspect, but their mother was not so. As she came into the room there came with her a brightness, a sense of living, which was inappropriate to the hour and the place.

"Where is Theo?" she asked.

"He is coming in presently; at least, I called to him as he went out, and told him tea was ready, and he said he would be in presently," Chatty replied.

"I wish he would have stayed, if it had even been in the grounds, to-day," said Minnie. "It will look so strange to see him walking about as if nothing had happened."

"He has been very good; he has conformed to all our little rules," said the mother, with a sigh.

"Little rules, mamma? Don't you think it of importance, then, that every respect" —

"My dear," said Mrs. Warrender, "I am tired of hearing of every respect. Theo was always respectful and affectionate. I would not misconstrue him even if it should prove that he has taken a walk."

"On the day of dear papa's funeral!" cried Minnie, with a voice unmoved.

Mrs. Warrender turned away without any reply; partly because the tears sprang into her eyes at the matter-of-fact statement, and partly because her patience was exhausted.

"Have you settled, mamma, what he is going to do?" said Chatty.

"It is not for me to decide. He is twenty-one; he is his own master. You have not," Mrs. Warrender said, "taken time to think yet of the change in our circumstances. Theo is now master here. Everything is his to do as he pleases."

"Everything!" said the girls in chorus, opening their eyes.

"I mean, of course, everything but what is yours and what is mine. You know your father's will. He has been very just, very kind, as he always was." She paused a little, and then went on: "But your brother, as you know, is now the master here. We must understand what his wishes are before we can settle on anything."

"Why should n't we go on as we always have done?" said Minnie. "Theo is too young to marry; besides, it would not be decent for a time, even if he wanted to, which I am sure he does not. I don't see why we should make any

change. There is nowhere we can be so well as at home."

"Oh, nowhere!" said Chatty.

Their mother sat and looked at them, with a dull throb in her heart. They had sentiment and right on their side, and nature, too. Everybody would agree that for a bereaved family there was no place so good as home, — the house in which they were born and where they had lived all their life. She looked at them blankly, feeling how unnatural, how almost wicked, was the longing in her own mind to get away, to escape into some place where she could take large breaths and feel a wide sky over her. But how was she to say it, how even to conclude what she had been saying, feeling how inharmonious it was with everything around?

"Still," she said meekly, "I am of Mr. Longstaffe's opinion that everything should be fully understood between us from the first. If we all went on just the same, it might be very painful to Theo, when the time came for him to marry (not now; of course there is no question of that now), to feel that he could not do so without turning his mother and sisters out-of-doors."

"Why should he marry, so long as he has us? It is not as if he had nobody, and wanted some one to make him a home. What would he do with the house if we were to leave it? Would he let it? I don't believe he could let it. It would set everybody talking. Why should he turn his mother and sisters out-of-doors? Oh, I never thought of anything so dreadful!" cried Minnie and Chatty, one uttering one exclamation, and another the other. They were very literal, and in the minds of both the grievance was at once taken for granted. "Oh, I never could have thought such a thing of Theo, — our own brother, and younger than we are!"

The mother had made two or three ineffectual attempts to stem the tide of indignation. "Theo is thinking of noth-

ing of the kind," she said at last, when they were out of breath. "I only say that he must not feel he has but that alternative when the time comes, when he may wish — when it may be expedient — No, no, he has never thought of such a thing. I only say it for the sake of the future, to forestall after-complications."

"Oh, I wish you would n't frighten one, mamma! I thought you had heard about some girl he had picked up at Oxford, or something. I thought we should have to turn out, to leave the Warren — which would break my heart."

"And mine too, — and mine too!" cried Chatty.

"Where we have always been so happy, with nothing to disturb us!"

"Oh, so happy! always the same, one day after another! It will be different," said the younger sister, crying a little, "now that dear papa — But still no place ever can be like home."

And there was the guilty woman sitting by, listening to everything they said; feeling how good, how natural, it was, — and still more natural, still more seemly, for her, at her age, than for them at theirs, — yet conscious that this house was a prison to her, and that of all things in the world that which she wanted most was to be turned out and driven away!

"My dears," she said, not daring to betray this feeling, "if I have frightened you, I did not mean to do it. The house in Highcombe, you know, is mine. It will be our home if — if anything should happen. I thought it might be wise to have that ready, to make it our headquarters, in case — in case Theo should carry out the improvements."

"Improvements!" they cried with one voice. "What improvements? How could the Warren be improved?"

"You must not speak to me in such a tone. There has always been a question of cutting down some of the trees."

"But papa would never agree to it; papa said he would never consent to it."

"I think," said Mrs. Warrender, with a guilty blush, "that he — had begun to change his mind."

"Only when he was growing weak, then, — only when you over-persuaded him."

"Minnie! I see that your brother was right, and that this is not a time for any discussion," Mrs. Warrender said.

There was again a silence: and they all came back to the original state of mind from which they started, and remembered that quiet and subdued tones and an incapacity for the consideration of secular subjects were the proper mental attitude for all that remained of this day.

It was not, however, long that this becoming condition lasted. Sounds were heard as of voices in the distance, and then some one running at full speed across the gravel drive in front of the door, and through the hall. Minnie had risen up in horror to stop this interruption, when the door burst open, and Theo, pale and excited, rushed in. "Mother," he cried, "there has been a dreadful accident. Markland has been thrown by those wild brutes of his, and I don't know what has happened to him. It was just at the gates, and they are bringing him here. There is no help for it. Where can they take him to?"

Mrs. Warrender rose to her feet at once; her heart rising too almost with pleasure to the thrill of a new event. She hurried out to open the door of a large vacant room on the ground floor. "What was Lord Markland doing here?" she said. "He ought to have reached home long ago."

"He has been in *that* house in the village, mother. They seemed to think everybody would understand. I don't know what he has to do there."

"He has nothing to do there. Oh, Theo, that poor young wife of his! And had he the heart to go from — from — us, in our trouble — there!"

"He seems to have paid for it, what-

ever was wrong in it. Go back to the drawing-room, for here they are coming."

"Theo, they are carrying him as if he were!" —

"Go back to the drawing-room, mother. Whatever it is, it cannot be helped," Theodore said. He did not mean it, but there was something in his tone which reminded everybody — the servants, who naturally came rushing to see what was the matter, and Mrs. Warrender, who withdrew at his bidding — that he was now the master of the house.

V.

Markland was a much more important place than the Warren. It was one of the chief places in the county, in which the family had for many generations held so great a position. It was a large building, with all that irregularity of architecture which is dear to the English mind, — a record of the generations who had passed through it and added to it, in itself a noble historical monument, full of indications of the past. But it lost much of its effect upon the mind from the fact that it was in much less good order than is usual with houses of similar pretensions; and above all because the wood around it had been wantonly and wastefully cut, and it stood almost unsheltered upon its little eminence, with only a few seedling trees, weedy and long, like boys who had outgrown their strength, straggling about the heights. The house itself was thus left bare to all the winds. An old cedar, very large but very feeble, in the tottering condition of old age to which some trees, like men, come, with two or three of its longest branches torn off by storm and decay, interposed its dark foliage over the lower roof of the lowest wing, and gave a little appearance of shelter, and a few Lombardy poplars and light-leaved young birches made a thin and inter-

rupted screen to the east; but the house stood clear of these light and frivolous young attendants in a nakedness which made the spectator shiver. The wood in the long avenue had been thinned in almost the same ruthless way, but here and there were shady corners, where old trees, not worth much in the market, but very valuable to the landscape, laid their heads together like ancient retainers, and rustled and nodded their disapproval of the devastation around.

Young Lady Markland, with her boy, on the afternoon of the July day on which Mr. Warrender was buried, walked up and down for some time in front of the house, casting many anxious looks down the avenue, by which, in its present denuded state, every approaching visitor was so easily visible. She was still very young, though her child was about eight; she having been married, so to speak, out of the nursery, a young creature of sixteen, a motherless girl, with no one to investigate too closely into the character of the young lover, who was not much more than a boy himself, and between whom and his girlish bride a hot, foolish young love had sprung up like a mushroom, in a week or two of acquaintance. She was twenty-five, but did not look her age. She was small in stature, — one of those exquisitely neat little women, whose perfection of costume and appearance no external accident disturbs. Her dress had the look of being moulded on her light little figure; her hair was like brown satin, smooth as a mirror and reflecting the light. She did not possess the large grace of abstract beauty. There was nothing statuesque, nothing majestic, about her, but a kind of mild perfection, a fitness and harmony which called forth the approval of the more serious-minded portion of humanity as well as the admiration of the younger and more frivolous.

It was generally known in the county that this young lady had far from a happy life. She had been married in

haste and over-confidence by guardians who, if not glad to be rid of her, were at least pleased to feel that their responsibility was over, and the orphan safe in her husband's care, without taking too much pains to prove that the husband was worthy of that charge, or that there was much reasonable prospect of his devotion to it. Young Markland, it was understood, had sown his wild oats somewhat plentifully at Oxford and elsewhere; and it was therefore supposed, with very little logic, that there were no more to sow. But this had not proved to be the case, and almost before his young wife had reached the age of understanding, and was able to put two and two together, he had run through the fortune she brought him, — not a very large one, — and made her heart ache, which was worse, as hearts under twenty ought never to learn how to ache. She was not a happy wife. The country all about, the servants, and every villager near knew it, but not from Lady Markland. She was very loyal, which is a noble quality, and very proud, which in some cases does duty as a noble quality, and is accepted as such. What were the secrets of her married life no one ever heard from her; and fortunately those griefs which were open to all the world were unknown to her. She did not know, save vaguely, in what society her husband spent the frequent absences which separated him from her. She did not know what kind of friends he made, what houses he frequented, even in his own neighborhood; and she was still under the impression that many of her wrongs were known by herself alone, and that his character had suffered but little in the eyes of the world.

There was one person, however, from whom she had not been able to hide these wrongs, and that was her child, — her only child. There had been two other babies, dead at their birth or immediately after, but Geoff was the only one who had lived, her constant compan-

ion, counselor, and aid. At eight years old! Those who had never known what a child can be at that age, when thus intrusted with the perilous deposit of the family secrets, and elevated to the post which his father ought but did not care to fill, were apt to think little Geoff's development unnatural; and others thought, with reason, that it was bad for the little fellow to be so constantly with his mother, and it was said among the Markland relations that as he was now growing a great boy he ought to be sent to school. Poor little Geoff! He was not a great boy, nor ever would be. He was small, *chétif*, unbeautiful; a little sandy-haired, sandy-complexioned, insignificant boy, with no features to speak of and no stamina, short for his age and of uncertain health, which had indeed been the first reason of that constant association with his mother which was supposed to be so bad for him. During the first years of his life, which had been broken by continual illness, it was only her perpetual care that kept him alive at all. She had never left him, never given up the charge of him to any one; watched him by night and lived with him by day. His careless father would sometimes say, in one of those brags which show a heart of shame even in the breast of the vicious, that if he had not left her so much to herself, if he had dragged her about into society, as so many men did their wives, she never would have kept her boy; and perhaps there was some truth in it. While he pursued his pleasures in regions where no wife could accompany him, she was free to devote all her life, and to find out every new expedient that skill or science had thought of to lengthen out the feeble days, and to gain time to make a cure possible. He would never be very strong was the verdict now, but with care he would live: and it was she who had over again breathed life into him. This made the tie a double one; not out of

gratitude, for the child knew of no such secondary sentiment, but out of the redoubled love which their constant association called forth. They did not talk together of any family sorrows. It was never intimated between them that anything wrong happened when papa was late and mamma anxious, or when there were people at Markland who were not nice, — oh, not a word; but the child was anxious as well as mamma. He too got the habit of watching, listening for the hurried step, the wild rattle of the phaeton with those two wild horses, which Lord Markland insisted on driving up the avenue. He knew everything, partly by observation, partly by instinct. He walked with his mother now, clinging with both hands to her arm, his head nearly on a level with her shoulder, and close, close to it, almost touching, his little person confused in the outline of her dress. The sunshine lay full along the line of the avenue, just broken in two or three places by the shadow of those old and useless trees, but without a speck upon it or a sound.

"I don't think papa can be coming, Geoff, and it is time you had your tea."

"Never mind me. I'll go and take it by myself, if you want me to, and you can wait here."

"Why?" she said. "It will not bring him home a moment sooner, as you and I know."

"No, but it feels as if it made him come; and you can see from the very gate. It takes a long time to drive up the avenue. Oh, yes, stop here; you will like that best."

"I am so silly," she said, which was her constant excuse. "When you are grown up, Geoff, I shall always be watching for you."

"That you sha'n't," said the boy. "I'll never leave you. You have had enough of that."

"Oh, yes, my darling, you will leave me. I shall want you to leave me. A

boy cannot be always with his mother. Come, now, I am going to be strong-minded. Let us go in. I am a little tired, I think."

"Perhaps the funeral was later than he thought," said the boy.

"Perhaps. It was very kind of papa to go. He does not like things of that kind; and he was not over-fond of Mr. Warrender, who, though he was very good, was a little dull. Papa does n't like dull people."

"No. Do you like Theo Warrender, mamma?"

"Well enough," said Lady Markland. "I don't know him very much."

"I like him," said the child. "He knows a lot: he told me how to do that Latin. He is the sort of man I should like for my tutor."

"But he is a gentleman, Geoff. I mean, he would never be a tutor. He is as well off as we are, — perhaps better."

"Are men tutors only when they are not well off?"

"Well, dear, generally when they require the money. You could not expect young Mr. Warrender to come here and take a great deal of trouble, merely for the pleasure of teaching you."

"Why not?" said Geoff. "Is n't it a fine thing to teach children? It was you that said so, mamma."

"For me, dear, that am your mother; but not for a gentleman who is not even a relation."

"Gentlemen, to be sure, are different," said Geoff, with an air of deliberation. "There's papa, for instance" —

His mother threw up her hand suddenly. "Hark, Geoff! Do you hear anything?"

They had come in-doors while this talk was going on, and were now seated in a large but rather shabby sitting-room, which was full of Geoff's toys and books. The windows were wide open, but the sounds from without came in subdued; for this room was at the back of the house, and at some distance from the

avenue. They were both silent for some minutes, listening, and then Lady Markland said, with an air of relief, "Papa is coming. I hear the sound of the phaeton."

"That is not the phaeton, mamma; that is only one horse," said Geoff, whose senses were very keen. When Lady Markland had listened a little longer, she acquiesced in this opinion.

"It will be some one coming to call," she said, with an air of resignation; and then they went on with their talk.

"Gentlemen are different; they are not given the charge of the children like you."

"However, in books," said Geoff, "the fathers very often are a great deal of good; they tell you all sorts of things. But books are not very like real life; do you think they are? Even Frank, in *Miss Edgeworth*, though you say he is so good, does n't do things like me. I mean, I should never think of doing things like him; and no little girl would ever be so silly. Now, mamma, say true, what do you think? Would any little girl ever be so silly as to want the big bottle out of a physic shop? Girls may be silly, but not so bad as that."

"Perhaps, let us hope, she did n't know so much about physic shops, as you call them, as you do, my poor boy. I wonder who can be calling to-day, Geoff! I should have thought that everybody near would be thinking of the Warrens, and — It is coming very fast, don't you think? But it does not sound like the phaeton."

"Oh, no, it is not the phaeton. I'll go and look," said Geoff. He came back in a moment, crying, "I told you — it's a brougham! Coming at such a pace!"

"I wonder who it can be!" Lady Markland said.

And when the boy resumed his talk she listened with inattention, trying in vain to keep her interest fixed on what he was saying, making vague replies, turning over a hundred possibilities in

her mind, but by some strange dullness, such as is usual enough in similar circumstances, never thinking of the real cause. What danger could there be to Markland in a drive of half a dozen miles, in the daylight; what risk in Mr. Warrender's funeral? The sense that something which was not an ordinary visit was coming grew stronger and stronger upon her, but of the news which was about to reach her she never thought at all.

At last the door opened. She rose hastily, unable to control herself, to meet it, whatever it was. It was not a ceremonious servant announcing a visit, but Theo Warrender, pale as death itself, with a whole tragic volume in his face, but speechless, not knowing, now that he stood before her, what to say, who appeared in the doorway. He had hurried off, bringing his mother's little brougham to carry the young wife to her husband's bedside; but it was not until he looked into her face and heard the low cry that burst from her that he realized what he had to tell. He had forgotten that a man requires all his skill and no small preparation to enable him to tell a young woman that her husband, who left her in perfect health a few hours ago, was now on the brink of death. He stopped short on the threshold, awed by this thought, and only stared at her, not knowing what to say.

"Mr. Warrender!" she said, with the utmost surprise; then, with growing wonder and alarm, "You — Something has happened!"

"Lady Markland — yes, there has been an accident. My mother — sent me with the brougham. I came off at once. Will you go back with me? The horse is very fast, and you can be there in half an hour."

This was all he could find to say. She went up to him, holding out her hands in an almost speechless appeal. "Why for me? Why for me? What has it got to do with me?"

He did not know how to answer her question. "Lady Markland!" he cried, "your husband" — and said no more.

She was at the door of the brougham in a moment. She had not taken off her garden hat, and she wanted no preparation. The child sprang to her side, caught her arm, and went with her without a word or question, as if that were undeniably his place. Everybody knew and remarked upon the singular union between the neglected young wife and her only child, but Warrender felt, he could scarcely tell why, that it annoyed and irritated him at this moment. When he put her into the carriage, and the boy clambered after her, he was unaccountably vexed by it, — so much vexed that his profound sympathy for the poor lady seemed somehow checked. Instead of following them into the carriage, which was not a very roomy one, he shut the door upon them sharply. "I will walk," he said. "I am not needed. Right, Jarvis, as fast as you can go;" he stood by to see them dash off, Lady Markland giving him a surprised yet half-relieved look, in the paleness of her anxiety and misery. Then it suddenly became apparent to him that he had done what was best and most delicate, though without meaning it, out of the sudden annoyance which had risen within him. It was the best thing he could have done, but to walk six miles at the end of a fatiguing and trying day was not agreeable, and the sense of irritation was strong in him. "If ever I have anything to do with that boy" — he said involuntarily within himself. But what could he ever have to do with the boy, who probably by this time, little puny thing that he was, was Lord Markland, and the owner of all this great, bare, unhappy-looking place, eaten up by the locusts of waste and ruin.

The butler, an old servant, had been anxiously trying all this time to catch his eye. He came up now, as Warrender turned to follow on foot the car-

riage, which was already almost out of sight. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with the servant's usual formula, "but I've sent round for the dogcart, if you'll be so kind as to wait a few minutes. None of us, sir, but feels your kindness, coming yourself for my lady, and leaving her alone in her trouble, poor dear. Mr. Warrender, sir, if I may make so bold, what is the fact about my lord? Yes, sir, I heard what you told my lady; but I thought you would nat'rally say the best, not to frighten her. Is there any hope?"

"Not much, I fear. He was thrown out violently, and struck against a tree; they are afraid that his spine is injured."

"Oh, sir, so young! and oh, so careless. God help us, Mr. Warrender, we never know a step before us, do we, sir? If it's the spine, it will be no pain; and him so joky, more than his usual, going off them very steps this morning, though he was going to a funeral. Oh, Mr. Warrender, that I should speak so light, forgetting — God bless us, what an awful thing, sir, after what has happened already, to happen in your house!"

Warrender answered with a nod, — he had no heart to speak; and refusing the dogcart he set out on his walk home. An exquisite spring night: everything harsh stilled out of the atmosphere; the sounds of labor ceasing; a calm as of profoundest peace stealing over everything. The soft and subdued pain of his natural grief, hushed by that fatigue and exhaustion of both body and mind which a long strain produces, was not out of accord with the calm of nature. But very different was the harsh note of the new calamity, which had struck not the house in which the tragedy was being enacted, but this one, which lay bare and naked in the last light of the sinking sun. So young and so careless! So young, so wasteful of life and all that life had to give, and now parted from it, taken from it at a blow!

VI.

Lord Markland died at the Warren that night. He never recovered consciousness, nor knew that his wife was by his side through all the dreadful darkening of the spring evening, which seemed to image forth in every new tone of gathering gloom the going out of life. They told her as much as was necessary of the circumstances, — how, the distance between the Warren and the churchyard being so short, and the whole cortège on foot, Lord Markland's carriage had been left in the village; how he had stayed there to luncheon (presumably with the rector, for no particulars were given, nor did the bewildered young woman ask for any), which was the reason of his delay. The rest was very easily explained: everybody had said to him that "some accident" would happen one day or other with the horses he insisted on driving, and the prophecy had been fulfilled. Such prophecies are always fulfilled. Lady Markland was very quiet, accepting that extraordinary revolution in her life with a look of marble, and words that betrayed nothing. Was she broken-hearted; was she only stunned by the suddenness, the awe, of such a catastrophe? The boy clinging to her, yet without a tear, pale and silent, but never, even when the words were said that all was over, breaking forth into any childish outburst. He sat on the floor in her shadow, even when she was watching by the deathbed, never left her, keeping always a hold upon her arm, her hand, or her dress. Mrs. Warrender would have taken him away, and put him to bed, — it was so bad for him; but the boy opposed a steady resistance, and Lady Markland put down her hand to him, not seeing how wrong it was to indulge him, all the ladies said. After this, of course nothing could be done, and he remained with her through all that followed. What

followed was strange enough to have afforded a scene for a tragedy. Lady Markland asked to speak to Warrender, who had retired, leaving his mother, as was natural, to manage everything. He came to her at the door of the room which had so suddenly, with its bare, unused look, in the darkness of a few flickering candles, become a sort of presence chamber filled with the solemnity of dying. Her little figure, so neat and orderly, an embodiment of the settled peace and calm of life having nothing to do with tragedies, with the child close pressed against her side, his pale face looking as hers did, pale too and stony, never altogether passed from the memory of the man who came, reluctant, almost afraid, to hear what she had to say to him. It was like a picture against the darkness of the room, — a darkness both physical and moral, which centred in the curtained gloom behind, about which two shadowy figures were busy. Often and with very different sentiments he saw this group again, but never wholly forgot it, or had it effaced from the depths of his memory.

"Mr. Warrender," she said, in a voice which was very low, yet he thought might have been heard all over the house, "I want you to help me."

"Whatever I can do," he began, with some fervor, for he was young, and his heart was touched.

"I want," she continued, "to carry him home at once. I know it will not be easy, but it is night, and all is quiet. You are a man; you will know better how it can be done. Manage it for me."

Warrender was entirely unprepared for such a commission. "There will be great difficulties, dear Lady Markland," he said. "It is a long way. I am sure my mother would not wish you to think of her. This is a house of death. Let him stay."

She gave him a sort of smile, a softening of her stony face, and put out her

hand to him. "Do it for me," she said. She was not at all moved by his objections, — perhaps she did not even hear them; but when she had thus repeated her command, as a queen might have done, she turned back into the room, and sat down, to wait it seemed, until that command was accomplished. Warrender went away with a most perplexed and troubled mind. He was half pleased, underneath all, that she should have sent for him and charged him with this office, but bewildered with the extraordinary commission, and not knowing what to do.

"What is it, Theo? What did she want with you?" his sisters cried, in subdued voices, but eager to know everything about Lady Markland, who had been as the stars in the sky to them a little while before.

He told them in a few words, and they filled the air with whispered exclamations. "How odd, how strange; oh, how unusual, Theo! People will say it is our doing. They will say, How dreadful of the Warrenders! Oh, tell her you can't do it! How could you do it, in the middle of the night!"

"That is just what I don't know," Warrender rejoined.

"Mr. Theo," said the old man, who was not dignified with the name of butler, "the lady is quite right. I can't tell you how it's to be done, but gardener, he is a very handy man, and he will know. The middle of the night, — that's just what makes it easy, young ladies; and instead o' watching and waiting, the 'holl of us 'ull get to bed."

"That is all you're thinking of, Joseph."

"Well, it's a deal, sir, after all that's been going on in this house," Joseph said, with an aggrieved air. He had to provide supper, which was a thing unknown at the Warren, after all the trouble that every one had been put to. He was himself of opinion that to be kept up beyond your usual hours,

and subjected to unexpected fatigues, made "a bit of supper" needful even for the uncomfortable and incomprehensible people whom he called the quality. They were a poorish lot, and he had a mild contempt for them, and to get them supper was a hardship; still, it was his own suggestion, and he was bound to carry it out.

It is unnecessary to enter into all Warrender's perplexities and all the expedients that were suggested. At last the handy gardener and himself hit upon a plan by which Lady Markland's wishes could be carried out. She sat still in the gloomy room where her husband lay dead, waiting till they should be ready; doubting nothing, as little disturbed by any difficulty as if it had been the simplest commission in the world which she had given the young man. Geoff sat at her feet, leaning against her, holding her hand. It is to be supposed that he slept now and then, as the slow moments went on, but whenever any one spoke to his mother his eyes would be seen gleaming against the darkness of her dress. They sat there waiting, perfectly still, with the candles flickering faintly about the room in the night air that breathed in through the open windows. The dark curtains had been drawn round the bed. It was like a catafalque looming darkly behind. Mrs. Warrender had used every persuasion to induce her guest to come into another room, to take something, to rest, to remember all that remained for her to do, and not waste her strength, — all those formulas which come naturally to the lips at such a moment. Lady Markland only answered with that movement of her face which was intended for a smile and a shake of her head.

At last the preparations were all complete. The night was even more exquisite than the evening had been; it was more still, every sound having died out of the earth except those which make up silence, — the rustling among the

branches, the whirr of unseen insects, the falling of a leaf or a twig. The moon threw an unbroken light over the broad fields; the sky spread out all its stars, in myriads and myriads, faintly radiant, softened by the larger light; the air breathed a delicate, scarcely perceptible fragrance of growing grass, moist earth, and falling dew. How sweet, how calm, how full of natural happiness! Through this soft atmosphere and ethereal radiance a carriage made its way that was improvised with all the reverence and tenderness possible, in which lay the young man, dead, cut off in the very blossom and glory of his days, followed by another, in which sat the young woman who had been his wife. What she was thinking of who could tell? Of their half-childish love and wooing, of the awaking of her own young soul to trouble and disappointment, of her many dreary days and years; or of the sudden severance, without a moment's warning, without a leave-taking, a word, or a look? Perhaps all these things, now for a moment distinct, now mingling confusedly together, formed the current of her thoughts. The child, clasped in her arms, slept upon her shoulder; nature being too strong at last for that which was beyond nature, the identification of his childish soul with that of his mother. She was glad that he slept, and glad to be silent, alone, the soft air blowing in her face, the darkness encircling her like a veil.

Warrender went with this melancholy cortège, making its way slowly across the sleeping country. He saw everything done that could be done: the dead man laid on his own bed; the living woman, in whom he felt so much more interest, returned to the shelter of her home and the tendance of her own servants. His part in the whole matter was over when he stepped back into the brougham which she had left. The Warrenders had seen but little of the Marklands, though they were so near. The habits

of the young lord had naturally been little approved by Theo Warrender's careful parents; and his manners, when the young intellectualist from Oxford met him, were revolting at once to his good taste and good breeding. On the other hand, the Warrenders were but small people in comparison, and any intimacy with Lord and Lady Markland was almost impossible. It was considered by all the neighbors "a great compliment" when Lord Markland came to the funeral. Ah, poor Markland, had he not come to the funeral! Yet how vain to say so, for his fate had been long prophesied, and what did it matter in what special circumstances it came to pass! But Warrender felt, as he left the house, that there could be no longer distance and partial acquaintance between the two families. Their lines of life — or was it of death? — had crossed and been woven together. He felt a faint thrill go through him, — a thrill of consciousness, of anticipation, he could not tell what. Certainly it was not possible that the old blank of non-connection could ever exist again. *She*, to whom he had scarcely spoken before, who had been so entirely out of his sphere, had now come into it so strangely, so closely, that she could never be separated from his thoughts. She might break violently the visionary tie between them, — she might break it, angry to have been drawn into so close a relation to any strangers, — but it never could be shaken off.

He drove quickly down the long bare avenue, where all was so naked and clear, and put his head out of the carriage window to look back at the house, standing out bare and defenseless in the full moonlight, showing faintly, through the white glory which blazed all around, a little pitiful glimmer of human lights in the closed windows, the watch-lights of the dead. It seemed a long time to the young man since in his own house these watch-lights had been extin-

guished. The previous event seemed to have become dim to him, though he was so much more closely connected with it, in the presence of this, which was more awful, more terrible. He tried to return to the thoughts of the morning, when his father was naturally in all things his first occupation, but it was impossible to do it. Instead of the thoughts which became him, as now in his father's place, with so much power, the fortunes of his family, so much depending upon him, all that his mind would follow were the events of this afternoon, so full of fate. He saw Lady Markland stand, with the child clinging to her, in the dim room, the shrouded bed and indistinct attendant figures behind, the dimly flickering lights. Why had she so claimed his aid, asked for his service, with that certainty of being obeyed? Her every word trembled in his ear still, — they were very few; they seemed to be laid up there in some hidden repository, and came out and said themselves over again when he willed, moving him as he never had been moved before. He made many efforts to throw off this involuntary preoccupation as the carriage rolled quickly along; the tired horse quickening its pace as it felt the attraction of home, the tired coachman letting it go almost at its own pleasure, the broad moonlight fields, with their dark fringes of hedge, spinning past. Then the village went past him, with all its sleeping houses, the church standing up like a protecting shadow. He looked out again at this, straining his eyes to see the dark spot where his father was lying, the first night in the bosom of the earth: and this thought brought him back for a moment to himself. But the next, as the carriage glided on into the shadow of the trees, and the overgrown corpses of the Warren received him into their shadow, this other intrusive tragedy, this story which was not his, returned and took possession of him once more. To see her standing there, speak-

ing so calmly, with the soft tones that perhaps would have been imperious in other circumstances: "Do it for me." No question whether it could be done, or if he could do it. One thing only there was that jarred throughout all, — the child that was always there, forming part of her. "If ever I have anything to do with that boy" — Warrender said to himself; and then there was a moment of dazzle and giddiness, and the carriage stopped, and a door opened, and he found himself standing out in the fresh, soft night with his mother, on the threshold of his own home. There was a light in the hall behind her, where she stood, with the whiteness of the widow's cap, which was still a novelty and strange feature in her, waiting till he should return. It was far on in the night, and except herself the household was asleep. She came out to him, wistfully looking in his face by the light of the moon.

"You did everything for her, Theo?"

"All that I could. I saw him laid upon his bed. There was nothing more for me to do."

"Are you very tired, my boy? You have done so much."

"Not tired at all. Come out with me a little. I can't go in yet. It is a lovely night."

"Oh, Theo, lovely and full of light! — the trees, and the bushes, and every blade of grass sheltering something that is living; and yet death, death reigning in the midst."

She leaned her head upon his arm and cried a little, but he did not make any response. It was true, no doubt, but other thoughts were in his mind.

"She will have great trouble with that child, when he grows up," he said, as if he had been carrying on some previous argument. "It is ridiculous to have him always hanging about her, as if he could understand."

Mrs. Warrender started, and the movement made his arm which she held tremble, but he did not think what this

meant. He thought she was tired, and this recalled his thoughts momentarily to her. "Poor mother!" he said; "you sat up for me, not thinking of your own fatigue and trouble, and you are overtired. Am I a trouble to you, *too*?" His mind was still occupied with the other train of thinking, even when he turned to subjects more his own.

"Do you know," she said, not caring to reply, "it is the middle of the night?"

"Yes, and you should be in bed. But I could n't sleep. I have never had anything of the kind to do before, and it takes all desire to rest out of one. It will soon be daylight. I think I shall take my bath, and then get to work."

"Oh, no, Theo. You would not work, — you would think; and there are some circumstances in which thinking is not desirable. Come out into the moonlight. We will take ten minutes, and then, my dear boy, good-night."

"Good-morning, you mean, mother, and everything new, — a new life. It has never been as it will be to-morrow. Have you thought of that?" She gave a sudden pressure to his arm, and he perceived his folly. "That I should speak so to you, to whom the greatest change of all has come!"

"Yes," she said, with a little tremor. "It is to me that it will make the most difference. And that poor young creature, so much younger than I, who might be my child!"

"Do you think, when she gets over all this, that it will be much to her? People say" —

"That is a strange question to ask," she said, with agitation, — "a very strange question to ask. When we get over all this, — that is, the shock, and the change, and the awe of the going away, — what will it be then, to all of us? We shall just settle down once more into our ordinary life, as if nothing had happened. That is what will come of it. That is what always comes of it.

There is nothing but the common routine, which goes on and on forever."

She was excited, and shed tears, at which he wondered a little, yet was compassionate of, remembering that she was a woman and worn out. He put his hand upon hers, which lay on his arm. "Poor mother!" he murmured, caressing her hand with his, and feeling all manner of tender cares for her awake in him. Then he added softly, returning in spite of himself to other thoughts, "The force of habit and of the common routine, as you say, cannot be so strong when one is young."

"No," she said; and then, after a pause, "If it is poor Lady Markland you are thinking of, she has her child."

This gave him a certain shock, in the softening of his heart. "The child is the thing I don't like!" he exclaimed, almost sharply. Then he added, "I think the dawn must be near; I feel very chilly. Mother, come in; as you say, it is the best thing not to think, but to go to bed."

VII.

The morning rose, as they had said to each other, upon a new life.

How strange it is to realize, after the first blow has fallen, that this changed life is still the same! When it brings with it external changes, family convulsions, the alteration of external circumstances, although these secondary things increase the calamity, they give it also a certain natural atmosphere; they are in painful harmony with it. But when the shock, the dreadful business of the moment, is all over, when the funeral has gone away from the doors and the dead has been buried, and everything goes on as before, this commonplace renewal is, perhaps, the most terrible of all to the visionary soul. Minnie and Chatty got out their work, — the colored work, which they had thought out of place during the first

week. They went in the afternoon for a walk, and gathered fresh flowers, as they returned, for the vases in the drawing-room. When evening came they asked Theo if he would not read to them. It was not a novel they were reading; it was a biography, of a semi-religious character, in which there were a great many edifying letters. They would not, of course, have thought of reading a novel at such a time. Warrender had been wandering about all day, restless, not knowing what to do with himself. He was not given to games of any kind, but he thought to-day that he would have felt something of the sort a relief, though he knew it would have shocked the household. In the afternoon, on a chance suggestion of his mother's, he saw that it was a sort of duty to walk over to Markland and ask how Lady Markland was. Twelve miles — six there and six back again — is a long walk for a student. He sent up his name, and asked whether he could be of any use, but he did not receive encouragement. Lady Markland sent her thanks, and was quite well ("she says," the old butler explained, with a shake of the head, so that no one might believe he agreed in anything so unbecoming). The Honorable John had been telegraphed for, her husband's uncle, and everything was being done; so that there was no need to trouble Mr. Warrender. He went back, scarcely solaced by his walk. He wanted to be doing something. Not Plato; in the circumstances Plato did not answer at all. When he opened his book his thoughts escaped from him, and went off with a bound to matters entirely different. How was it possible that he could give that undivided attention which divine philosophy requires, the day after his father's funeral, the first day of his independent life, the day after — That extraordinary postscript to the agitations of yesterday told, perhaps, most of all. When the girls asked him to read to them, opening the book

at the page where they had left off, and preparing to tell him all that had gone before, so that he might understand the story ("although there is very little story," Minnie said, with satisfaction; "chiefly thoughts upon serious subjects"), he jumped up from his chair in almost fierce rebellion against that sway of the ordinary of which his mother had spoken. "You were right," he said to her; "the common routine is the thing that outlasts everything. I never thought of it before, but it is true."

Mrs. Warrender, though she had herself been quivering with the long-concentrated impatience for which it seemed even now there could be no outlet, was troubled by her son's outburst, and, afraid of what it might come to, felt herself moved to take the other side. "It is very true," she said, faltering a little, "but the common routine is often best for everything, Theo. It is a kind of leading-string, which keeps us going."

The girls looked up at Theo with alarm and wonder, but still they were not shocked at what *he* said. He was a man; he had come to the Warren from those wild excitements of Oxford life, of which they had heard with awe; they gazed at him, trying to understand him.

"I have always heard," said Minnie, "that reading aloud was the most tranquilizing thing people could do. If we had each a book it would be unsociable; but when a book is read aloud, then we are all thinking about the same thing, and it draws us together;" which was really the most sensible judgment that could have been delivered, had the two fantastic ones been in the mood to understand what was said.

Chatty did not say anything, but after she had threaded her needle looked up with great attention to see how the fate of the evening was to be decided. It was a great pleasure when some one would read aloud, especially Theo, who thus became one of them, in a way which was not at all usual; but perhaps she

was less earnest about it this evening than on ordinary occasions, for the biographical book was a little dull, and the letters on serious subjects were dreadfully serious. No doubt, just after papa's death, this was appropriate; but still it is well known there are stories which are also serious, and could not do any one harm, even at the gravest moments.

"There are times when leading-strings are insupportable," Theo said; "at any time I don't know that I put much faith in them. We have much to arrange and settle, mother, if you feel able for it."

"Mamma can't feel able yet," returned Minnie. "Oh, why should we make any change? We are so happy as we are."

"I am quite able," said Mrs. Warrender. She had been schooling herself to the endurance which still seemed to be expected of her, but the moment an outlet seemed possible the light kindled in her eye. "I think with Theo that it is far better to decide whatever has to be done at once." Then she cried out suddenly, carried away by the unexpected, un hoped-for opportunity, "Oh, children, we must get away from here! I cannot bear it any longer. As though all our own trouble and sorrow were not enough, this other — this other tragedy!" She put up her hands to her eyes, as though to shut out the sight that pressed upon them. "I cannot get it out of my mind. I suppose my nerves and everything are wrong; all night long it seemed to be before me, — the blood on his forehead, the ghastly white face, the laboring breath. Oh, not like your father, who was good and old and peaceful, — who was just taken away gently, led away, — but so young and so unprepared! Oh, so unprepared! What could God do with him, cut off in the midst of" —

Minnie got up hastily, with her smelling-salts, which always lay on the table. "Go and get her a glass of water, Theo," she said authoritatively.

Mrs. Warrender laughed. It was a little nervous, but it was a laugh. It seemed to peal through the house, which still was a house of mourning, and filled the girls with a horror beyond words. She put out her hands to put their ministrations away. "I do not want water," she said, "nor salts either. I am not going into hysterics. Sit down and listen to me. I cannot remain here. It is your birthplace, but not mine. I am dying for fresh air and the sight of the sun. If you are shocked, I cannot help it. Theo, when you go back to Oxford I will go to — I don't know where; to some place where there is more air; but here I cannot stay."

This statement was as a thunderbolt falling in the midst of them, and the poor woman perceived this on speaking. Her son's impatience had been the spark which set the smouldering fire in her alight, but even he was astounded by the quick and sudden blaze which lit up the dull wonder in his sisters' faces. And then he no longer thought of going to Oxford. He wanted to remain to see if he could do anything, — perhaps to be of use. A husband's uncle does not commend himself to one's mind as a very devoted or useful ministrant. He would go away, of course, and then a man who was nearer, who was a neighbor, who had already been so mixed up with the tragedy, — this was what he had been thinking of; not of Oxford, or his work.

"It is not worth while going back to Oxford," he said; "the term is nearly over. You know I was there only for convenience, to read. One can read anywhere, at home as well as — I shall not go back at present." He was not accustomed yet to so abrupt a declaration of his sentiments, and for the moment he avoided his mother's eye.

Minnie went back to her seat, and put down the bottle of salts on the table, with an indignant jar. "I am so glad that you feel so, Theo, *too*."

Mrs. Warrender looked round upon her children with despairing eyes. They were all *his* children, — all Warrenders born; knowing as little about her and her ways of thinking as if she had been a stranger to them. She was indeed a stranger to them in the intimate sense. The exasperation that had been in her mind for years could be repressed no longer. "If it is so," she said, "I don't wish to interfere with your plans, Theo; but I will go for — for a little change. I must have it. I am worn out."

"Oh, mamma, you will not surely go by yourself, without us! How could you get on without us!" cried Chatty. She had perhaps, being the youngest, a faint stir of a feeling in her mind that a little change might be pleasant enough. But she took her mother at her word with this mild protest, which made Mrs. Warrender's impatient cry into a statement of fixed resolution: and the others said nothing. Warrender was silent, because he was absorbed in the new thoughts that filled his mind; Minnie, because, like Chatty, she felt quite apart from any such extraordinary wishes, having nothing to do with it, and she had nothing to say.

"It will be very strange, certainly, for me to be alone. — very strange," Mrs. Warrender said, with a quiver in her voice. "It is so long since I have done anything by myself; not since before you were all born. But if it must be," she added, "I must just take courage as well as I can, and — go by myself, as you say."

Once more there was no response. The girls did not know what to say. Duty, they thought, meant staying at home and doing their crewel-work; they were not capable of any other identification of it all at once. It was very strange, but if mamma thought so, what could they do? She got up with nervous haste, feeling now, since she had once broken bounds, as though the flood of long-restrained feeling was beyond her

control altogether. The natural thing would have been to rush upstairs and pack her things, and go off to the railway at once. That, perhaps, might not be practicable; but neither was it practicable to sit quietly amid the silence and surprise, and see her wild, sudden resolution accepted dully, as if a woman could contemplate such a severance calmly. And yet it was true that she must get fresh air or die. Life so long intolerable could be borne no longer.

"I think in the mean time," she said, with a forced smile, "I shall go upstairs."

"You were up very late last night," returned Theo, though rather by way of giving a sort of sanction to her abrupt withdrawal than for any other reason, as he rose to open the door.

"Yes, it was very late. I think I am out of sorts altogether. And if I am to make my plans without any reference to the rest of the family" —

"Oh, that is absurd," he said. "Of course the girls must go with you, if you are really going. But you must not be in a hurry, mother. There is plenty of time; there is no hurry." He was thinking of the time that must elapse before the doors of Markland would be open even to her who had received Lord Markland into her house. Till then he did not want her to go away. When she had left the room he turned upon his sisters and slew them.

"What do you mean, you two? I wonder if you have got hearts of stone, to hear the poor mother talk of going away for a little change, and to sit there like wooden images, and never open your mouths!"

The girls opened their mouths wide at this unexpected reproach. "What could we say? Mamma tells us all in a moment she wants to go away from home! We have always been taught that a girl's place is at home."

"What do you call home?" he asked. It was a brutal speech, he was aware.

Brothers and sisters are permitted to be brutal to each other without much harm done. Minnie had begun calmly, with the usual, "Oh, Theo!" before the meaning of the question struck her. She stopped suddenly, looked up at him, with eyes and lips open, with an astonished stare of inquiry. Then, dull though she was, growing red, repeated in a startled, awakened, interrogative tone, "Oh, Theo?" with a little gasp as for breath.

"I don't mean to be disagreeable," he said. "I never should have been, had not you begun. The mother has tried to make you understand half a dozen times, but I suppose you did not want to understand. Don't you know everything is changed since — since I was last at the Warren? Your home is with my mother now, wherever she chooses to settle down."

It must be said for Warrender that he meant no harm whatever by this. He meant, perhaps, to punish them a little for their heartlessness. He meant them to see that their position was changed, — that they were not as of old, in assured possession; and he reckoned upon that slowness of apprehension which probably would altogether preserve them from any painful consciousness. But it is astonishing how the mind and the senses are quickened when it is ourselves who are in question. Minnie was the leader of the two. She was the first to understand; and then it communicated itself partly by magnetism to Chatty, who woke up much more slowly, having caught as it were only an echo of what her brother said.

"You mean — that this is not our home any more," said Minnie. Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and her face was flushed with the shock. She had seldom looked so well, so thoroughly awakened and mistress of her faculties. When she was roused she had more in her than was apparent on the surface. "I did not think you would be the one

to tell us that. Of course we know that it is quite true. Chatty and I are older than you are, but we are only daughters, and you are the boy. You have the power to turn us out, — we all know that."

"Minnie!" cried Chatty, struck with terror, putting out a hand to stop these terrible words, — words such as had never been said in her hearing before.

"But we did not think you would have used it," the elder sister said simply, and then was silent. He expected that she would end the scene by rushing from the room in tears and wrath. But what she did was much more embarrassing. She dried her tears hastily, took up her crewel-work, sat still, and said no more. Chatty threw an indignant but yet at the same time an inquiring glance at him. She had not heard or observed the beginning of the fray, and did not feel quite sure what it was all about.

"I am sure Theo would never do anything that was unkind," she remarked mildly; then after a little pause, "Would n't it have been much better to have had the reading? I have noticed that before: when one reads and the others work, there is, as the rector says, a common interest, and we have a nice evening; but when we begin talking instead — well, we think differently, and we disagree, and one says more than one means to say, and then — one is sorry afterwards," Chatty said, after another pause.

On the whole, it was the girls who had the best of it in this encounter. It is impossible to say how much Theo was ashamed of himself when, after Chatty's quite unaccustomed address, which surprised herself as much as her brother and sister, and after an hour of silence, broken by an occasional observation, the girls put aside their crewels again, and remarked that it was time to go to bed. A sense of opposition and that pride which prevents a man from

being the first to retire from a battle-field, even when the battle is a failure and the main armies have never engaged, had kept him there during the evening, in spite of himself. But when they left him master of the ground, there can be no doubt that he felt much more like a defeated than a triumphant general. This first consequence of the new *régime* was not a beautiful or desirable one. There were thus three parties in the house on the evening of the first day of their changed existence: the mother, who was so anxious to leave the scene of her past existence behind her; the girls, who clung to their home; the brother, the master, who, half to show that he took his mother's side, half out of instinctive assertion of himself, had let them know roundly that their home was theirs no longer. He was not proud of himself at all as he thought of what he had said; but yet when he recalled it he was not perhaps so sorry for having said it as he had been the minute after the words left his lips. It was better, possibly, as the lawyer, as the mother, as everybody, had said, that the true state of affairs should be fully understood from the first. The house was theirs no longer. The old reign and all its traditions had passed away; a new reign had begun. What that new reign might turn to, who might share it, what wonderful developments it might take, who could tell?

His imagination here went away with a leap into realms of sheer romance. He seemed to see the old house transformed, the free air, the sweet sunshine pouring in, the homely rooms made beautiful, the inhabitants — What was he thinking of? Did ever imagination go so fast or so far? He stopped himself, with vague smiles stealing to his lips. All that enchanted ground was so new to him that he had no control over his fancy, but went to the utmost length with a leap of bewildering pleasure and daring almost like a child. Yet mingled with this were various elements which

were not lovely. He was not, so far as had been previously apparent, selfish beyond the natural liking for his own comfort and his own way, which is almost universal. He had never wished to cut himself off from his family, or to please himself at their expense. But something had come into his mind which is nearer than the nearest, — something which, with a new and uncomprehended fire, hardens the heart on one side while melting it on the other, and brings tenderness undreamed of and cruelty impossible to be believed from the same source. He felt the conflict of these powers within him when he was left alone in the badly furnished, badly lighted drawing-room, which seemed to reproach him for the retirement of those well-known figures which had filled it with tranquil dullness for so many years, and never wished it different. With something of the same feeling towards the inanimate things about him which he had expressed to his sisters, he walked up and down the room. It too would have to change, like them, to acknowledge that he was master, to be moulded to new requirements. He felt as if the poor old ugly furniture, the hard curtains that hung like pieces of painted wood, the dingy pictures on the walls, contemplated him with panic and disapproval. They were easier to deal with than the human furniture; but he had been accustomed to them all his life, and it was not without a sense of impiety that the young iconoclast contemplated these grim household gods, harmless victims of that future which as yet was but an audacious dream. He was standing in front of the great chiffonier, with its marble top and plate-glass back, looking with daring derision at its ugliness, when old Joseph came in at his usual hour — the hour at which he had fulfilled the same duty for the last twenty years — to put out the lamps. Warrender could horrify the girls and insult the poor old familiar furniture, but

he was not yet sufficiently advanced to defy Joseph. He turned round, with a blush and quick movement of shame, as if he had been found out, at the appearance of the old man with his candle in his hand, and murmuring something about work hurried off to the library, with a fear that even that refuge might perhaps be closed upon him. Joseph remained master of the situation. He followed Warrender to the door with his eyes, with a slight contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, as at an unaccountable being whose "ways" were scarcely important enough to be taken

into account, and trotted about, putting out one lamp after another, and the twinkling candles on the mantelpiece, and the little lights in the hall and corridor. It was an office Joseph liked. He stood for a moment at the foot of the back stairs looking with complacency upon the darkness, his candle lighting up his little old wry face. But when his eye caught the line of light under the library door, Joseph shook his head. He had put the house to bed without disturbance for so long: he could not abide, he said to himself, this introduction of new ways.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

II.

THE reader will please to observe that I have not yet fairly opened the New Portfolio. It lies quietly upon my table, sober-looking, unpretending, with a narrow edge of gilt around its margin, which seems to say that something may possibly gleam out of it by and by, if my good friend will be patient. But before I open it I want to claim a little indulgence.

There is a subject of profound interest to almost every writer, I might say to almost every human being. No matter what his culture or ignorance, no matter what his pursuit, no matter what his character, the subject I refer to is one of which he rarely ceases to think, and, if opportunity is offered, to talk. On this he is eloquent, if on nothing else. The slow of speech becomes fluent; the torpid listener becomes electric with vivacity, and alive all over with interest.

The sagacious reader knows well what is coming after this prelude. He is accustomed to the phrases with which the

plausible visitor, who has a subscription book in his pocket, prepares his victim for the depressing disclosure of his real errand. He is not unacquainted with the conversational amenities of the cordial and interesting stranger, who, having had the misfortune of leaving his carpet-bag in the cars, or of having his pocket picked at the station, finds himself without the means of reaching that distant home where affluence waits for him with its luxurious welcome, but to whom for the moment the loan of some five and twenty dollars would be a convenience and a favor for which his heart would ache with gratitude during the brief interval between the loan and its repayment. I wish to say a few words in my own person relating to some passages in my own history, and more especially to some of the recent experiences through which I have been passing. In the next number of this magazine the New Portfolio shall positively be opened, but now I am writing on the back of it.

What can justify one in addressing himself to the general public as if it were his private correspondent? There

are at least three sufficient reasons : first, if he has a story to tell that everybody wants to hear, — if he has been shipwrecked, or has been in a battle, or has witnessed any interesting event, and can tell anything new about it ; secondly, if he can put in fitting words any common experiences not already well told, so that readers will say, “ Why, yes ! I have had that sensation, thought, emotion, a hundred times, but I never heard it spoken of before, and I never saw any mention of it in print ; ” and thirdly, anything one likes, provided he can so tell it as to make it interesting.

I have no story to tell which can of itself claim any general attention. My first pages relate the effect of a certain literary experience upon myself, — a series of partial metempsychoses of which I have been the subject. Next follows a brief tribute to the memory of a very dear and renowned friend from whom I have recently been parted. The rest of this paper will be consecrated to the memory of my birthplace.

I have just finished a Memoir, which will appear soon after this page is written, and will have been the subject of criticism long before this number of *The Atlantic* is in the reader's hands. The experience of thinking another man's thoughts continuously for a long time ; of living one's self into another man's life for a month, or a year, or more, is a very curious one. No matter how much superior to the biographer his subject may be, the man who writes the life feels himself, in a certain sense, on the level of the person whose life he is writing. One cannot fight over the battles of Marengo or Austerlitz with Napoleon without feeling as if he himself had a fractional claim to the victory, so real seems the transfer of his personality into that of the conqueror while he reads. Still more must this identification of “ subject ” and “ object ” take place when one is writing of a person whose

studies or occupations are not unlike his own.

Here are some of my metempsychoses : —

Ten years ago I wrote in this magazine what I called *A Memorial Outline* of a remarkable student of nature. He was a born observer, and such are far from common. He was also a man of great enthusiasm and unwearying industry. His quick eye detected what others passed by without notice ; the Indian relic, where another would see only pebbles and fragments ; the rare mollusk, or reptile, which his companion would poke with his cane, and never suspect that there was a prize at the end of it. Getting his single facts together with marvellous sagacity and long-breathed patience, he arranged them, classified them, described them, studied them in their relations, and before those around him were aware of it the collector was an accomplished naturalist. When he died his collections remained, and they still remain, as his record in the hieratic language of science. In writing this memoir the spirit of his quiet pursuits, the even temper they bred in him, gained possession of my own mind, so that I seemed to look at nature through his gold-bowed spectacles, and to move about his beautifully ordered museum as if I had myself prepared and arranged its specimens. I felt wise with his wisdom, fair-minded with his calm impartiality ; it seemed as if for the time his placid, observant, inquiring, keen-sighted nature “ slid into my soul,” and if I had looked at myself in the glass I should almost have expected to see the image of the Hersey professor whose life and character I was sketching.

A few years later I lived over the life of another friend in writing a Memoir of which he was the subject. I saw him, the beautiful, bright-eyed boy, with dark, waving hair ; the youthful scholar,

first at Harvard, then at Göttingen and Berlin, the friend and companion of Bismarck; the young author, making a dash for renown as a novelist, and showing the elements which made his failures the promise of success in a larger field of literary labor; the delving historian, burying his fresh young manhood in the dusty alcoves of silent libraries, to come forth in the face of Europe and America as one of the leading historians of the time; the diplomatist, accomplished, of captivating presence and manners, an ardent American, and in the time of trial an impassioned and eloquent advocate of the cause of freedom; reaching at last the summit of his ambition as minister at the Court of Saint James. All this I seemed to share with him as I tracked his career from his birthplace in Dorchester, and the house in Walnut Street where he passed his boyhood, to the palaces of Vienna and London. And then the cruel blow which struck him from the place he adorned; the great sorrow that darkened his later years; the invasion of illness, a threat that warned of danger, and after a period of invalidism, during a part of which I shared his most intimate daily life, the sudden, hardly unwelcome, final summons. Did not my own consciousness migrate, or seem, at least, to transfer itself into this brilliant life history, as I traced its glowing record? I, too, seemed to feel the delight of carrying with me, as if they were my own, the charms of a presence which made its own welcome everywhere. I shared his heroic toils, I partook of his literary and social triumphs, I was honored by the marks of distinction which gathered about him, I was wronged by the indignity from which he suffered, mourned with him in his sorrow, and thus, after I had been living for months with his memory, I felt as if I should carry a part of his being with me so long as my self-consciousness might remain imprisoned in the ponderable elements.

The years passed away, and the influences derived from the companionships I have spoken of had blended intimately with my own current of being. Then there came to me a new experience in my relations with an eminent member of the medical profession, whom I met habitually for a long period, and to whose memory I consecrated a few pages as a prelude to a work of his own, written under very peculiar circumstances. He was the subject of a slow, torturing, malignant, and almost necessarily fatal disease. Knowing well that the mind would feed upon itself if it were not supplied with food from without, he determined to write a treatise on a subject which had greatly interested him, and which would oblige him to bestow much of his time and thought upon it, if indeed he could hold out to finish the work. During the period while he was engaged in writing it, his wife, who had seemed in perfect health, died suddenly of pneumonia. Physical suffering, mental distress, the prospect of death at a near, if uncertain, time always before him, it was hard to conceive a more terrible strain than that which he had to endure. When, in the hour of his greatest need, his faithful companion, the wife of many years of happy union, whose hand had smoothed his pillow, whose voice had consoled and cheered him, was torn from him after a few days of illness, I felt that my friend's trial was such that the cry of the man of many afflictions and temptations might well have escaped from his lips: "I was at ease, but he hath broken me asunder; he hath also taken me by my neck and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark. His archers compass me round about, he cleaveth my reins asunder, and doth not spare; he poureth out my gall upon the ground."

I had dreaded meeting him for the first time after this crushing blow. What a lesson he gave me of patience under sufferings which the fearful de-

scription of the Eastern poet does not picture too vividly! We have been taught to admire the calm philosophy of Haller, watching his faltering pulse as he lay dying; we have heard the words of pious resignation said to have been uttered with his last breath by Addison: but here was a trial, not of hours, or days, or weeks, but of months, even years, of cruel pain, and in the midst of its thick darkness the light of love, which had burned steadily at his bedside, suddenly extinguished.

There were times in which the thought would force itself upon my consciousness, How long is the universe to look upon this dreadful experiment of a malarious planet, with its unmeasurable freight of suffering, its poisonous atmosphere, so sweet to breathe, so sure to kill in a few scores of years at farthest, and its heart-breaking woes which make even that brief space of time an eternity? There can be but one answer that will meet this terrible question, which must arise in every thinking nature that would fain "justify the ways of God to men." So must it be until that

"one far-off divine event

To which the whole creation moves"

has become a reality, and the anthem in which there is no discordant note shall be joined by a voice from every life made "perfect through sufferings."

Such was the lesson into which I lived in those sad yet placid years of companionship with my suffering and sorrowing friend, in retracing which I seemed to find another existence mingled with my own.

And now for many months I have been living in daily relations of intimacy with one who seems nearer to me since he has left us than while he was here in living form and feature. I did not know how difficult a task I had undertaken in venturing upon a memoir of a man whom all, or almost all, agree upon as one of the great lights of the

New World, and whom very many regard as an unpredicted Messiah. Never before was I so forcibly reminded of Carlyle's description of the work of a newspaper editor,—that threshing of straw already thrice beaten by the flails of other laborers in the same field. What could be said that had not been said of "transcendentalism" and of him who was regarded as its prophet; of the poet whom some admired without understanding, a few understood without admiring, and many both understood and admired,—among these there being not a small number who went far beyond admiration, and lost themselves in devout worship? While one exalted him as "the greatest man that ever lived," another, a friend, famous in the world of letters, wrote expressly to caution me against the danger of overrating a writer whom he is content to recognize as an American Montaigne, and nothing more.

After finishing this Memoir, which has but just left my hands, I would gladly have let my brain rest for a while. The wide range of thought which belonged to the subject of the Memoir, the occasional mysticism and the frequent tendency toward it, the sweep of imagination and the sparkle of wit which kept his reader's mind on the stretch, the union of prevailing good sense with exceptional extravagances, the modest audacity of a nature that showed itself in its naked truthfulness and was not ashamed, the feeling that I was in the company of a sibylline intelligence which was discounting the promises of the remote future long before they were due,—all this made the task a grave one. But when I found myself amidst the vortices of uncounted, various, bewildering judgments, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, scholarly from under the tree of knowledge and sensible from over the potato-hill; the passionate enthusiasm of young adorers and the cool, if not cynical, estimate of hardened critics, all intersecting each other as they

whirled, each around its own centre, I felt that it was indeed very difficult to keep the faculties clear and the judgment unbiased.

It is a great privilege to have lived so long in the society of such a man. "He nothing common" said, "or mean." He was always the same pure and high-souled companion. After being with him virtue seemed as natural to man as its opposite did according to the old theologues. But how to let one's self down from the high level of such a character to one's own poor standard? I trust that the influence of this long intellectual and spiritual companionship never absolutely leaves one who has lived in it. It may come to him in the form of self-reproach that he falls so far short of the superior being who has been so long the object of his contemplation. But it also carries him at times into the other's personality, so that he finds himself thinking thoughts that are not his own, using phrases which he has unconsciously borrowed, writing, it may be, as nearly like his long-studied original as Julio Romano's painting was like Raphael's; and all this with the unquestioning conviction that he is talking from his own consciousness in his own natural way. So far as tones and expressions and habits which belonged to the idiosyncrasy of the original are borrowed by the student of his life, it is a misfortune for the borrower. But to share the inmost consciousness of a noble thinker, to scan one's self in the white light of a pure and radiant soul, — this is indeed the highest form of teaching and discipline.

I have written these few memoirs, and I am grateful for all that they have taught me. But let me write no more. There are but two biographers who can tell the story of a man's or a woman's life. One is the person himself or herself; the other is the Recording Angel. The autobiographer cannot be trusted to tell

the whole truth, though he may tell nothing but the truth, and the Recording Angel never lets his book go out of his own hands. As for myself, I would say to my friends, in the Oriental phrase, "Live forever!" Yes, live forever, and I, at least, shall not have to wrong your memories by my imperfect record and unsatisfying commentary.

In connection with these biographies, or memoirs, more properly, in which I have written of my departed friends, I hope my readers will indulge me in another personal reminiscence. I have just lost my dear and honored contemporary of the last century. A hundred years ago this day, December 13, 1784, died the admirable and ever to be remembered Dr. Samuel Johnson. The year 1709 was made ponderous and illustrious in English biography by his birth. My own humble advent to the world of protoplasm was in the year 1809 of the present century. Summer was just ending when those four letters, "son b." were written under the date of my birth, August 29th. Autumn had just begun when my great pre-contemporary entered this un-Christian universe and was made a member of the Christian church on the same day, for he was born and baptized on the 18th of September.

Thus there was established a close bond of relationship between the great English scholar and writer and myself. Year by year, and almost month by month, my life has kept pace in this century with his life in the last century. I had only to open my Boswell at any time, and I knew just what Johnson at my age, twenty or fifty or seventy, was thinking and doing; what were his feelings about life; what changes the years had wrought in his body, his mind, his feelings, his companionships, his reputation. It was for me a kind of unison between two instruments, both playing that old familiar air, "Life," — one a bassoon, if you will, and the other an

oaten pipe, if you care to find an image for it, but still keeping pace with each other until the players both grew old and gray. At last the thinner thread of sound is heard by itself, and its deep accompaniment rolls out its thunder no more.

I feel lonely now that my great companion and friend of so many years has left me. I felt more intimately acquainted with him than I do with many of my living friends. I can hardly remember when I did not know him. I can see him in his great bushy wig, exactly like that of the Reverend Dr. Samuel Cooper (who died in December, 1783) as Copley painted him, — he hangs there on my wall, over the revolving book-case. His ample coat, too, with its broad flaps and many buttons and generous cuffs, and beneath it the long, still more copiously buttoned waistcoat, arching in front of the fine crescentic, almost semi-lunar Falstaffian prominence, involving no less than a dozen of the above-mentioned buttons, and the strong legs with their sturdy calves, fitting columns of support to the massive body and solid, capacious brain enthroned over it. I can hear him with his heavy tread as he comes in to the Club, and a gap is widened to make room for his portly figure. "A fine day," says Sir Joshua. "Sir," he answers, "it seems propitious, but the atmosphere is humid and the skies are nebulous," at which the great painter smiles, shifts his trumpet, and takes a pinch of snuff.

Dear old massive, deep-voiced dogmatist and hypochondriac of the eighteenth century, how one would like to sit at some ghostly Club, between you and the bony, "mighty-mouthed," harsh-toned termagant and dyspeptic of the nineteenth! The growl of the English mastiff and the snarl of the Scotch terrier would make a duet which would enliven the shores of Lethe. I wish I could find our "spiritualist's" paper in the Portfolio, in which the two are brought to-

gether, but I hardly know what I shall find when it is opened.

Yes, my life is a little less precious to me since I have lost that dear old friend; and when the funeral train moves to Westminster Abbey next Saturday, — for I feel as if this were 1784, and not 1884, — I seem to find myself following the hearse, one of the silent mourners.

Among the events which have rendered the past year memorable to me has been the demolition of that venerable and interesting old dwelling-house, precious for its intimate association with the earliest stages of the war of the Revolution, and sacred to me as my birthplace and the home of my boyhood.

The "Old Gambrel-roofed House" exists no longer. I remember saying something, in one of a series of papers published long ago in this magazine, about the experience of dying out of a house, — of leaving it forever, as the soul dies out of the body. We may die out of many houses, but the house itself can die but once; and so real is the life of a house, so real to one who has dwelt in it, more especially the life of the house which held him in dreamy infancy, in restless boyhood, in passionate youth, — so real, I say, is its life that it seems as if something like a soul of it must outlast its perishing frame.

The slaughter of the Old Gambrel-roofed House was, I am ready to admit, a case of justifiable domicile. Not the less was it to be deplored by all who love the memories of the past. With its destruction are obliterated some of the footprints of the heroes and martyrs who took the first steps in the long and bloody march which led us through the wilderness to the promised land of independent nationality. Personally, I have a right to mourn for it as a part of my life gone from me. My private grief for its loss would be a matter for my solitary digestion, were it not that

the experience through which I have just passed is one so familiar to my fellow-countrymen that, in telling my own reflections and feelings, I am repeating those of great numbers of men and women who have had the misfortune to outlive their birthplace.

It is a great blessing to be born surrounded by a natural horizon. The Old Gambrel-roofed House could not boast an unbroken ring of natural objects encircling it. Northerly it looked upon its own outbuildings and some unpretending two-story houses which had been its neighbors for a century and more. To the south of it the square brick dormitories and the belfried hall of the university helped to shut out the distant view. But the west windows gave a broad outlook across the common, beyond which the historical "Washington elm" and two companions in line with it spread their leaves in summer and their networks in winter. And far away rose the hills that bounded the view, with the glimmer here and there of the white walls or the illuminated casements of some embowered, half-hidden villa. Eastwardly also, the prospect was, in my earlier remembrance, widely open, and I have frequently seen the sunlit sails gliding along as if through the level fields, for no water was visible. So there were broad expanses on two sides at least, for my imagination to wander over.

I cannot help thinking that we carry our childhood's horizon with us all our days. Among these western wooded hills my day-dreams built their fairy palaces, and even now, as I look at them from my library window, across the estuary of the Charles, I find myself in the familiar home of my early visions. The "clouds of glory" which we trail with us in after life need not be traced to a pre-natal state. There is enough to account for them in that unconsciously remembered period of existence before we have learned the hard limitations of

real life. Those earliest months in which we lived in sensations without words, and ideas not fettered in sentences, have all the freshness of proofs of an engraving "before the letter." I am very thankful that the first part of my life was not passed shut in between high walls and treading the unimpressible and unsympathetic pavement.

Our university town was very much like the real country, in those days of which I am thinking. There were plenty of huckleberries and blueberries within half a mile of the house. Blackberries ripened in the fields, acorns and shagbarks dropped from the trees, squirrels ran among the branches, and not rarely the hen-hawk might be seen circling over the barnyard. Still another rural element was not wanting, in the form of that far-diffused, infragrant effluvium, which, diluted by a good half mile of pure atmosphere, is no longer odious, nay is positively agreeable, to many who have long known it, though its source and centre has an unenviable reputation. I need not name the animal whose Parthian warfare terrifies and puts to flight the mightiest hunter that ever roused the tiger from his jungle or faced the lion of the desert. Strange as it may seem, an aerial hint of his personality in the far distance always awakens in my mind pleasant remembrances and tender reflections. A whole neighborhood rises up before me: the barn, with its haymow, where the hens laid their eggs to hatch, and we boys hid our apples to ripen, both occasionally illustrating the *sic vos non vobis*; the shed, where the annual Tragedy of the Pig was acted with a realism that made Salvini's Othello seem but a pale counterfeit; the rickety old outhouse, with the "corn-chamber" which the mice knew so well; the paved yard, with its open gutter, — these and how much else come up at the hint of my far-off friend, who is my very near enemy. Nothing is more familiar than the power of smell in reviv-

ing old memories. There was that quite different fragrance of the wood-house, the smell of fresh sawdust. It comes back to me now, and with it the hiss of the saw; the tumble of the divorced logs which God put together and man has just put asunder; the coming down of the axe and the hah! that helped it, — the straight-grained stick opening at the first appeal of the implement as if it were a pleasure, and the stick with a knot in the middle of it that mocked the blows and the hahs! until the beetle and wedge made it listen to reason, — there are just such straight-grained and just such knotty men and women. All this passes through my mind while Biddy, whose parlor-name is Angela, contents herself with exclaiming “ēgh! * ***** * *****!”

How different distances were in those young days of which I am thinking! From the old house to the old yellow meeting-house, where the head of the family preached and the limbs of the family listened, was not much more than two or three times the width of Commonwealth Avenue. But of a hot summer's afternoon, after having already heard one sermon, which could not in the nature of things have the charm of novelty of presentation to the members of the home circle, and the theology of which was not too clear to tender apprehensions; with three hymns more or less lugubrious, rendered by a village-choir, got into voice by many preliminary snuffles and other expiratory efforts, and accompanied by the snort of a huge bass-viol which wallowed through the tune like a hippopotamus, with other exercises of the customary character, — after all this in the forenoon, the afternoon walk to the meeting-house in the hot sun counted for as much, in my childish dead-reckoning, as from old Israel Porter's in Cambridge to the Exchange Coffee-house in Boston did in after years. It takes a good while to measure the radius of the circle that is about us, for

the moon seems at first as near as the watch-face. Who knows but that, after a certain number of ages, the planet we live on may seem to us no bigger than our neighbor Venus appeared when she passed before the sun a few months ago, looking as if we could take her between our thumb and finger, like a bullet or a marble? And time, too; how long was it from the serious sunrise to the joyous “sun-down” of an old-fashioned, puritanical, judaical first day of the week, which a pious fraud christened “the Sabbath”? Was it a fortnight, as we now reckon duration, or only a week? [Curious entities, or non-entities, space and time? When you see a metaphysician trying to wash his hands of them and get rid of these accidents, so as to lay his dry, clean palm on *the absolute*, does it not remind you of the hopeless task of changing the color of the blackamoor by a similar proceeding? For space is the fluid in which he is washing, and time is the soap which he is using up in the process, and he cannot get free from them until he can wash himself in a mental vacuum.]

In my reference to the old house in a former paper, published years ago, I said, —

“By and by the stony foot of the great University will plant itself on this whole territory, and the private recollections which clung so tenaciously to the place and its habitations will have died with those who cherished them.”

What strides the great University has taken since those words were written! During all my early years our old Harvard Alma Mater sat still and lifeless as the colossi in the Egyptian desert. Then all at once, like the commander's statue in Don Giovanni, she moved from her pedestal. The fall of that “stony foot” has effected a miracle like the harp that Orpheus played, like the teeth which Cadmus sowed. The plain where the moose and the bear were wandering while Shakespeare was writing Hamlet, where

a few plain dormitories and other needed buildings were scattered about in my school-boy days, groans under the weight of the massive edifices which have sprung up all around them, crowned by the tower of that noble structure which stands in full view before me as I lift my eyes from the portfolio on the back of which I am now writing.

For I must be permitted to remind you that I have not yet opened it. I have told you that I have just finished a long memoir, and that it has cost me no little labor to overcome some of its difficulties, — if I have overcome them, which others must decide. And I feel exactly as honest Dobbin feels when his harness is slipped off after a long journey with a good deal of up-hill work. He wants to rest a little, then to feed a little; then, if you will turn him loose in the pasture, he wants to *roll*. I have left my starry and ethereal companionship, — not for a long time, I hope, for it has lifted me above my common self, but for a while. And now I want, so to speak, to roll in the grass and among the dandelions with the other pachyderms. So I have kept to the outside of the portfolio as yet, and am disporting myself in reminiscences, and fancies, and vagaries, and parentheses.

How well I understand the feeling which led the Pisans to load their vessels with earth from the Holy Land, and fill the area of the Campo Santo with that sacred soil! The old house stood upon about as perverse a little patch of the planet as ever harbored a half-starved earth-worm. It was as sandy as Sahara and as thirsty as Tantalus. The rustic aid-de-camps of the household used to aver that all fertilizing matters "leached" through it. I tried to disprove their assertion by gorging it with the best of terrestrial nourishment, until I became convinced that I was feeding the tea-plants of China, and then I gave over the attempt. And yet I did love, and do love, that arid patch of ground. I

wonder if a single flower could not be made to grow in a pot of earth from that Campo Santo of my childhood! One noble product of nature did not refuse to flourish there, — the tall, stately, beautiful, soft-haired, many-jointed, generous maize or Indian corn, which thrives on sand and defies the blaze of our shrivelling summer. What child but loves to wander in its forest-like depths, amidst the rustling leaves and with the lofty tassels tossing their heads high up above him! There are two aspects of the corn-field which always impress my imagination: the first when it has reached its full growth, and its ordered ranks look like an army on the march with its plumed and bannered battalions; the second when, after the battle of the harvest, the girdled stacks stand on the field of slaughter like so many ragged Niobes, — say rather like the crazy widows of the dead soldiery.

Once more let us come back to the old house. It was far along in its second century when the edict went forth that it must stand no longer.

The natural death of a house is very much like that of one of its human tenants. The roof is the first part to show the distinct signs of age. Slates and tiles loosen and at last slide off, and leave bald the boards that supported them; shingles darken and decay, and soon the garret or the attic lets in the rain and the snow; by and by the beams sag, the floors warp, the walls crack, the paper peels away, the ceilings scale off and fall, the windows are crusted with clinging dust, the doors drop from their rusted hinges, the winds come in without knocking and howl their cruel death-songs through the empty rooms and passages, and at last there comes a crash, a great cloud of dust rises, and the home that had been the shelter of generation after generation finds its grave in its own cellar. Only the chimney remains as its monument. Slowly, little by little, the patient

solvents that find nothing too hard for their chemistry pick out the mortar from between the bricks; at last a mighty wind roars around it and rushes against it, and the monumental relic crashes down among the wrecks it has long survived. So dies a human habitation left to natural decay, all that was seen above the surface of the soil sinking gradually below it,

Till naught remains the saddening tale to tell
Save home's last wrecks, the cellar and the well.

But if this sight is saddening, what is it to see a human dwelling fall by the hand of violence! The ripping off of the shelter that has kept out a thousand storms, the tearing off of the once ornamental woodwork, the wrench of the inexorable crowbar, the murderous blows of the axe, the progressive ruin, which ends by rending all the joints asunder and flinging the tenoned and mortised timbers into heaps that will be sawed and split to warm some new habitation as firewood, — what a brutal act of destruction it seems!

Why should I go over the old house again, having already described it more than ten years ago? Alas! how many remember anything they read in a magazine so long ago as that? How many would find it out if one should say over in the same words that which he said in the last decade? But there is really no need of telling the story a second time, for it can be found by those who are curious enough to look it up in an old number of this magazine, or in a volume of which it occupies the opening chapter.

In order, however, to save any inquisitive reader that trouble, let me remind him that the old house was General Ward's headquarters at the breaking out of the Revolution; that the plan for fortifying Bunker's Hill was laid, as commonly believed, in the southeast lower room, the floor of which was covered with dents, made, it was alleged, by the butts of the soldiers' muskets. In that house, too, General Warren proba-

bly passed the night before the Bunker Hill battle, and over its threshold must the stately figure of Washington have often cast its shadow.

But the house in which one drew his first breath, and where he one day came into the consciousness that he was a personality, an *ego*, a little universe with a sky over him all his own, with a persistent identity, with the terrible responsibility of a separate, independent, inalienable existence, — that house does not ask for any historical associations to make it the centre of the earth for him.

If there is any person in the world to be envied, it is the one who is born to an ancient estate, with a long line of family traditions and the means in his hands of shaping his mansion and his domain to his own taste, without losing sight of all the characteristic features which surrounded his earliest years. The American is, for the most part, a nomad, who pulls down his house as the Tartar pulls up his tent-poles. If I had an ideal life to plan for him it would be something like this: —

His grandfather should be a wise, scholarly, large-brained, large-hearted country minister, from whom he should inherit the temperament that predisposes to cheerfulness and enjoyment, with the finer instincts which direct life to noble aims and make it rich with the gratification of pure and elevated tastes and the carrying out of plans for the good of his neighbors and his fellow-creatures. He should, if possible, have been born, at any rate have passed some of his early years, or a large part of them, under the roof of the good old minister. His father should be, we will say, a business man in one of our great cities, — a generous manipulator of millions, some of which have adhered to his private fortunes, in spite of his liberal use of his means. His heir, our ideally placed American, shall take possession of the old house, the home of his earliest mem-

ories, and preserve it sacredly, not exactly like the Santa Casa, but, as nearly as may be, just as he remembers it. He can add as many acres as he will to the narrow house-lot. He can build a grand mansion for himself, if he chooses, in the not distant neighborhood. But the old house, and all immediately round it, shall be as he recollects it when he had to stretch his little arm up to reach the door-handles. Then, having well provided for his own household, himself included, let him become the providence of the village or the town where he finds himself during at least a portion of every year. Its schools, its library, its poor, — and perhaps the new clergyman who has succeeded his grandfather's successor may be one of them, — all its interests, he shall make his own. And from this centre his beneficence shall radiate so far that all who hear of

his wealth shall also hear of him as a friend to his race.

Is not this a pleasing programme? Wealth is a steep hill, which the father climbs slowly and the son often tumbles down precipitately; but there is a table-land continuous with it, which may be found by those who do not lose their head in looking down from its sharply cloven summit. Our dangerously rich men can make themselves hated, held as enemies of the race, or beloved and recognized as its benefactors. The clouds of discontent are threatening, but if the gold-pointed lightning-rods are rightly distributed the destructive element may be drawn off silently and harmlessly. For it cannot be repeated too often that the safety of great wealth with us lies in obedience to the new version of the old world axiom, *RICHESSSE oblige*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

STRANGE.

HE died at night. Next day they came
To weep and praise him: sudden fame
These suddenly warm comrades gave.
They called him pure, they called him brave;
One praised his heart, and one his brain;
All said, You'd seek his like in vain, —
Gentle, and strong, and good: none saw
In all his character a flaw.

At noon he wakened from his trance,
Mended, was well! They looked askance;
Took his hand coldly; loved him not,
Though they had wept him; quite forgot
His virtues; lent an easy ear
To slanderous tongues; professed a fear
He was not what he seemed to be;
Thanked God they were not such as he;
Gave to his hunger stones for bread;
And made him, living, wish him dead.

E. R. Sill.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND HIS WIFE.¹

CIVILIZATION brings changes. In barbarous regions, when a man is thought to have outlived his usefulness, a son or a friend takes him to some secluded spot, and knocks him on the head. We have outgrown barbarism, and now the relatives await the natural demise, and then perform the *post mortem*. Either process interests the public and attracts an audience; but owing to the discovery of the art of printing, the modern method reaches more people. There is also the difference that, whereas the savage victim^{*}—so some writers assure us—took the process as a matter of course, and never objected, the civilized sufferer sometimes invites the autopsy and sometimes demurs. Carlyle insisted upon it, according to Mr. Froude; Hawthorne objected to it, as we know. Had he written poetry, he might possibly have entered as distinct a protest as Tennyson:—

“For now the Poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music, as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begin the scandal and the cry:

“‘Proclaim the faults he would not show;
Break lock and seal; betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred; ’t is but just
The many-headed beast should know.’

“He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave;
My Shakespeare’s curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest.”

Shakespeare’s curse proved sufficient, because he left no sons. Tennyson’s time has not yet come, and may it be long postponed; he has not yet gone down into his grave, but only into the House of Lords. But let him beware,—he too has sons; and after Hawthorne, who is safe?

The previous memoir by Mr. Lathrop,

¹ *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his wife*. A Biography. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

the son-in-law, was guarded, delicate, and therefore unsatisfactory. When is the public ever satisfied, so long as there is a “lock and seal” unbroken? So far as it lies in Mr. Julian Hawthorne,—and it lies in him pretty thoroughly,—the ultimate facts are now given without compunction; and as if to show that he loves his father as himself, he offers a liberal share of his own autobiography besides. Often the result is interesting, since the fatherly side of a great writer is always attractive. But after all, it is the writer, and not the father, who stands first in the public mind, and we could have done without many minutiae as to the little Julian’s feats of swimming and his torn garments for some added knowledge as to the genesis of the most remarkable fictitious writings of modern times. In the case of Hawthorne we especially need that knowledge “as to his chief works, their motives and origins,” which the publishers rashly promised in their advertisement, but which Mr. Julian Hawthorne has almost completely withheld. The interest of these pages lies almost wholly in their private aspects; they leave Hawthorne the author almost as much a sealed book to us as before.

For it is to be observed that in attempting to apply to this book the ordinary standards of biographical work we are met and defied at the outset. The corner-stone of a memoir would naturally seem to be the birthday of the person described, but we turn over nearly a hundred pages to discover when Hawthorne was born, and find it at last incidentally mentioned in somebody’s letter on the ninety-eighth page. The biography of an author should properly end with a bibliography, but we look for one vainly at the end of this work, and find only a fragmentary list at the middle

of the first volume (i. 175); and this relates only to the earlier works, and entirely omits Hawthorne's very interesting contributions to the once-famous Peter Parley books. As we read the book, we come upon singular instances of unfamiliarity with very common things, as when (i. 10) the author apparently assumes that the speaker of a legislative body is so called because he makes speeches, and says of an ancestor who for more than twenty years presided over the Massachusetts House of Representatives, "Some echoes of his eloquence have come down to posterity; and it must have been of a sturdy and trenchant sort to hold the ears of Puritan law-givers so long" (i. 10). There are repeated inaccuracies in names and other words: thus we have "Hodgson" for "Hodgdon" (i. 152); "Camberling" for "Cambreling" (i. 153, 155); "Healy" for "Haley" (i. 235); "Morton" for "Norton" (ii. 24, 27, 444); "Soldanha" for "Saldanha" (ii. 87); "*sandades*" for "*saudades*" (ii. 101). In another place he spoils the celebrated joke, "*Ne laissez pas le feu sortir,*" by substituting *faire* for *feu* (ii. 145). In some cases the fault may be simply in the proof-reading, but the author himself makes it a serious charge against the Saturday Review that it changed Hawthorne's "Miriam" to "Miriani" (ii. 251), which can hardly have been anything but a typographical error. In many places we have inelegancies of expression that make us view with regret the fact mentioned by the editor with a sort of satisfaction, that he himself was always near the foot of his class at Harvard College (ii. 330). Thus we have "children to be born and raised" (i. 245); "*what* De Quincey thought of Hawthorne's writings, or whether he ever read them, *we have no record*" (ii. 9); "never has the present writer consumed *so much* food, . . . or of better quality *than,*" etc. (ii. 18); "taking with *her* her two daughters" (ii. 68); "young girls

and *fellows*" (ii. 321), and the like. Sometimes he omits very essential parts of the information he undertakes to give, as when, for instance, describing the Peabody bookstore in Boston (i. 262), he omits the essential point that it was chiefly a foreign bookstore, something then quite rare. Sometimes, again, he seems rather to mistake his father's position. Thus in speaking of the civil war, he says, "To maintain that we were ready to imperil our life mainly out of regard to the liberation of the negroes was, in his opinion, to utter sentimental nonsense" (ii. 271), whereas, in a letter of Hawthorne's, six pages on, he says, "If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, it may be a wise object, and offer a tangible result" (ii. 277).

Considered as a revelation of private life, this book has at least two merits, one of which is rare. It is not uncommon for the sons or daughters of a great man to write of him in a tone of absolutely unceritcal admiration; though this is, on the whole, a merit, and one possessed by this book in a supreme degree. But the memoir has the much rarer merit of being written about Nathaniel Hawthorne "and his wife." Few children of authors pursue literally the scriptural injunction, "*Honor thy father and thy mother;*" and here this memoir strikes at the outset a high note. The mode of treatment undoubtedly invites questions, which never would occur to the biographer himself, as to the entire perfection of the married life which had so many lovely aspects; but it is a great thing to know that Mr. Julian Hawthorne, whose previous writings have never given marked indications of any very refined sensibilities, really becomes tender, and almost poetic, whenever he speaks of his mother. In this he only imitates the habitual tone employed by his father. There is not, perhaps, recorded in biographical literature a more complete and unsullied union of love than that which bound this gifted hus-

band and gifted wife together. It would not be right to suggest that it was too complete; but the question must certainly present itself to the careful reader whether the good effect of such engrossing love was in this case unalloyed. Mutual absorption, beyond a certain point, may partake of what may be called duplex selfishness. Hawthorne came to his wife from a morbidly recluse existence; she came to him from a sick-room. From the moment of contact they clung to each other, but it is hard to resist the conclusion that they helped each other to do without mankind outside. It is as if they had spent their lives within some magic glass, rose-tinted, but whose impassable crystal kept out all but the faintest vibrations of the busy world. In one place the editor speaks of his mother's "winning and humane characteristics," but there is throughout her correspondence scarcely a glimpse of those wider sympathies that are in a proper sense humane. There is only that utter merging of the wife in the husband which is the ideal of so many pious souls; we never see her heart yearning toward the sorrows of the world about her. Only twice do we find any such wider sympathies exhibited by Hawthorne: once when stirred by the wrongs of sailors, and yet again during the civil war. At all other times the married pair lived with almost literal exclusiveness for themselves and their children. In no literary biography that we can remember is the realm of human beings at large so wholly spectacular and remote.

Had either of these gifted people been of eminently charitable judgment, the case would have been different. Testing them by the standard of the Carlyles, we cannot, indeed, call them habitually sarcastic; but they clearly abetted each other in the practice of extremely sharp criticism on the very slightest grounds. To Mrs. Hawthorne, Theodore Parker was "only a scholar, bold and unscrupulous,

without a particle of originality" (i. 269), — a description about as ingeniously remote from the truth as the famous definition of a crab given by Cuvier's pupil. Hawthorne, in turn, found Thoreau "as ugly as sin," Margaret Fuller "a humbug," and could see in Emerson only a "seeker for he knows not what" (i. 293) and one "stretching his hand out of cloud-land in vain search for something real" (i. 291). Even Mrs. Hawthorne was chiefly interested in Emerson for what he said about her husband, who "seemed to fascinate him" (i. 271). This is conjugal and not unpleasing; but it is curious to see, on comparing their situation with that of the Carlyles, how an unhappy and a happy married life may lead in some respects to the same results. Perhaps the moral is that all indulged selfishness — even if it is the selfishness *à deux*, of very superior persons — may derange at last our relation to the larger world in which it is our lot to live, and so end in alienation or even bitterness in respect to our fellow-men.

A clear instance of the working of this mutual influence was in the natural wrath of the ladies of the Hawthorne family at the removal of Mr. Hawthorne from the Salem Custom House. There can be little doubt that their excess of sympathy stimulated him to an act which we now for the first time discover to have had a touch of vengeance in it. That they should have deplored his removal was a thing not unreasonable; but it was hardly needful to go farther, and assume that he who brought about the change must be a villain of the deepest dye. It is altogether probable that some one else had been removed when Hawthorne was appointed; and had these ladies ever seen villainy in that? The offender, it seems, was no other than Mr. Charles W. Upham, the historian of witchcraft, and at one time a Congressman; and we farther learn, with surprise, that he was the original of Judge Pyncheon, in *The House of the*

Seven Gables. Mr. Julian Hawthorne seems to share in the family animosity, for he refers to this very well-known author in a withering manner as "a Mr. Upham" (i. 336), and describes his conduct (in the index) as "interference" with the surveyorship, as if some one had not previously had to interfere to put his father in. It seems by a previous passage (i. 294) that Mr. Upham had himself been one of these who had thus assisted in Hawthorne's behalf; and that the novelist was then indignant at being represented as being very poor and needing the office. Apparently the matter was complicated by some charges against Hawthorne of too much partisanship; and there was a story — such as comes with a curious flavor of modernness in these days — of his dismissing two clerks who had not done enough for the party. This seems to be refuted; but the whole matter looks, at this late date, a little childish. "There he stands for all time," says Mr. Julian Hawthorne about "a Mr. Upham," "subtle, smooth, cruel, unscrupulous, perfectly recognizable to all who knew his real character," — this stern inheritor of the family *vendetta* having been at the time of the original injury less than three years old. Really, this is to carry rather too much of the hereditary feuds of Corsica and Arkansas into the serene paths of literature. In the days that preceded civil service reform, men in office were tenants at will; and Hawthorne had no more vested right in the Salem Custom House than had the man whom he had displaced, and who probably had no literary gifts to fall back upon. The general public cannot, at this distance of time, feel any great wrath against the Congressman who was incidentally the means of sending Hawthorne back to his natural career; and there is a sense of positive loss in knowing that the powerful delineation of Judge Pyncheon was in any respect due to a vulgar desire to "get even" with an enemy.

The same wholly conjugal standard of judgment was of course shown toward the most commonplace man who ever occupied the presidential chair, Franklin Pierce. It was no doubt an honest piece of loyalty in Hawthorne to write the campaign memoir, which did what it could to elevate its hero from his insignificance. It was not unnatural that so great a favor should be rewarded by President Pierce with the most lucrative office in his gift. Nobody grudged Hawthorne the office, and Charles Sumner took especial pains to secure the confirmation. There history might well leave the matter; but to Mrs. Hawthorne it was an affair not alone of fervid and enthusiastic gratitude, but of reverential admiration. She had previously written to her mother that President Pierce was "an incorruptible patriot;" "ambition has not touched him;" "he is a deeply religious man." "As regards the Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law, it is his opinion that these things must now be allowed — for the sake of the slave!" (i. 482, 483.) All this beforehand, but when the appointment to the Liverpool consulate was made it became "a very noble act." "General Pierce might have made great political capital out of it, if that were his way. But he acts from the highest, and not lowest, motives, and would make any sacrifices to the right" (ii. 12). Now it would be absurd, at this day, to count the transaction as in any way discreditable to Hawthorne or to Pierce: it was a bit of personal friendship upon both sides; but it was also, in its effect, one of the most politic acts that Pierce ever performed, and perhaps that by which he will be longest remembered, and it took a wife's devotion to see it on the heroic side.

But this is not all; this was not the worst result of this mutual absorption. There is in this book a singular barrenness of intellectual companionship outside the home. Hawthorne lived in a

time of very strong men. Of some of the strongest, as Garrison and Parker, he saw nothing and probably wished to see nothing; but he was on friendly terms with Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, of all of whom we here find next to nothing, while we are expressly told that he declined to meet them at the dinners of the Saturday Club (ii. 276). The letters, published in full, of his few American correspondents betray habitually the tone of secondary minds, not of men meeting him on high ground. His English correspondents are better, but they certainly do not supply the companionship that such a man might be expected to seek. In some cases the letters are given so fully as to give an impression of "padding," as where we have nine consecutive pages of not very interesting epistles from Herman Melville (i. 398), and where, amid the early letters of Hawthorne and his wife, we come upon eight pages of Italian guide-book from George William Curtis, then in early youth. The correspondence with Fields might have given much that was interesting in a literary way, but this is wholly omitted. Hawthorne is thus made to present to us, beyond all other intellectual men on record, the spectacle of avoidance of his proper compeers. All this was unquestionably due in part to that absorbing domestic life, which, acting on his original temperament, still farther separated him from the world. Whenever he ventured out of this rarefied atmosphere, he sought, by natural reaction, a somewhat coarser aliment than he found at home. He would not dine with the Saturday Club, but he enjoyed playing euchre, evening after evening, with the sea-captains at his Liverpool boarding-house (ii. 74). This is not to attribute to him any low tendencies whatever, although his son takes pains to remark, with questionable taste, that he "never was a tetotaller, any more than he was an abolitionist

or a thug" (i. 87); but it certainly seems a pity that he had not a fancy for the finer bread of human companionship, as well as for the bran and sawdust.

Even this is not all of the revelation made to us by the over-frankness of the son. He shows us in various ways that Hawthorne's observation was far less close, his inferences far less trustworthy, than had hitherto been supposed. Take a single instance. We find Hawthorne, during the war, sitting for a long time in the company of a certain Maine colonel, home on a furlough, the centre of an admiring group; he describes him minutely, and adds, "his shoulder-straps having two stars on them, in token of his rank" (ii. 319). But if this officer wore two stars, he was a major-general. How then could Hawthorne have made such a mistake? There was not a tavern-crowd in the United States that would not have discriminated every five minutes in its form of address between "colonel" and "general;" and the only plausible explanation is that Hawthorne put the shoulder-straps of one man—possibly a local militia-general—upon the shoulders of another. But granting that his ordinary discernment was as keen as has always been supposed, it was long ago pointed out by some of his English friends that his observations were sadly biased by another fact,—that he talked with very few people, and therefore could not correct one witness by another, but was apt to swallow the whole story that any informant told. Of this his biographer unconsciously gives several instances, the most striking being his talk with a garrulous American artist in Rome, who retailed the idle gossip of that period about Ossoli,—Margaret Fuller's husband,—that he was "a boor," ignorant "of his own language," "scarcely able to read at all," and the like (i. 259). Ossoli's letters had not then been published,—letters which, it is needless to say, effectually dispose of all this chatter,—and as Haw-

thorne, who seems rarely to have met an intellectual woman outside of his own and his wife's family, had a natural distaste for Margaret Fuller, it is not perhaps strange that he was taken in by it. But the curious thing is that when his talkative informant, who, as a Vermont boy, had not always mingled exclusively with lords and ladies, went on to hold up the Ossolis to shame for supporting themselves, in times of revolution and distress, by honest industry, the remark did not open the eyes of Hawthorne to the fact that he was talking with a very poor type of scandal-monger. The truth is that, while Hawthorne constantly showed his genius in his penetrating glimpses of the world around him, he still saw most of its details through a glass, darkly; his mental processes were unsteady and fragmentary, however brilliant, and it was only when he transmuted them into the final form of art that the result became great.

All these facts and results are brought together by Mr. Julian Hawthorne, with little sifting, not much method, and, it is needless to say, the most utter and heroic disregard of the sensibilities of any living person. Thus he prints from his father's diary a long description, almost too frightful to put into words, — certainly to put into types, — of the precise appearance of the body of an innocent young girl who had drowned herself (i. 300). Had he introduced a series of photographs from the Paris morgue, the result would not have been more horrible; yet there it is in print, although the relations and schoolmates of the poor girl may still live in Concord. In one place in his diary, Hawthorne writes a sarcasm, rather ill-natured and decidedly coarse, upon a lifelong friend of his, now residing in Cambridge, and his editor takes pains to print it. While in England, Hawthorne was a guest at a hospitable home, that of Mr. M. F. Tupper, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. He wrote home a long de-

scription of the visit, which fills eight pages of the book (ii. 108-116). In this he says that he "instinctively knew [Tupper] to be a bore," that he was "the vainest little man of all little men," and much more of the same description. Mr. Tupper and his family are still living, and yet Mr. Julian Hawthorne prints it all. In the same way, Mrs. Ainsworth, of Hawthorne's favorite Smithell Hall, — where he found the bloody footstep, — is pilloried to all time as "a silly woman" (ii. 69), although she seems to have shown him kind hospitality, and may still be living; as may Mr. Bromley Moore, of whom his guest complained that he alluded to the cost of his wines and valuables (ii. 41). Nay, the biographer apparently adds his own dislikes and grudges to those of his father, prints in full two innocent letters from a young poet (ii. 273) for no conceivable object but to turn them into ridicule, and goes out of his way (ii. 250) to vent his spite upon a very unimportant person, Mr. S. C. Hall.

But it is when we come to consider Mr. Julian Hawthorne's omissions that the tone of the book is most extraordinary. That he should mention the fact of his sister Rose's marriage, but entirely ignore, both in the text and in the index, the name of her husband, is peculiar enough; but it is the omission of the name of Mr. James T. Fields that is especially objectionable. From his attributes both as publisher and man, Mr. Fields was practically the centre of the literary society of Boston during much of Hawthorne's career. A less discerning person would not have penetrated Hawthorne's shell as he did; interposed as a medium between a shy writer and a slow public; invited him, tempted him, urged him, encouraged him, and volunteered to put the stamp of the world upon the gold of genius. All who knew the literary society of that period knew how thoroughly and habitually Fields did this. He believed ardently in every word that

Hawthorne wrote; it would be almost true if we said that no man of his time believed in it so ardently, since such was Fields's temperament. Every one who ever heard Mrs. Hawthorne talk about her husband's literary career knows that, while it seemed to her a matter of course that all the world should bow down and acknowledge his greatness, she yet recognized Fields as the man who was first and most efficient in guiding the pilgrims to the shrine; and for this she expressed a gratitude which her son does not share. Who that will recur to the brief narrative long since given in this magazine (October, 1871), entitled *An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne*, can help seeing the immense value to both the Hawthornes of that early morning call, when Fields broke in upon their solitude to tell them that he had sat up all night to read the manuscript of the *Scarlet Letter*. The ship then was launched at last; and the author who had carried all that winter "a knot in his forehead," according to his watchful wife, "came down with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room a different man."

And yet Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who, as an author himself, cannot be ignorant what a sympathetic friend does for an author at such a moment, sees fit not

merely to omit all direct reference to Mr. Fields in his book, but where he is obliged to allude to him as the "publisher" (ii. 304) or "the editor" (ii. 311) makes no corresponding reference in his voluminous and careful index. To say that this is as if Lockhart's *Life of Scott* had omitted the name of Constable or Ballantyne is to say nothing; for the robust author of *Waverley* stood in no such need of publisher or editor as did Hawthorne. The qualities of this particular publisher were as well known to all Bostonians of his time as was his beaming and cordial personality; and of all the pettinesses of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's book, there is none so petty as this omission. For the sake of what can only be a personal grievance he has left a gap in his delineation; he has sacrificed the completeness of his work to what can be but an ungenerous whim. He has made an interesting and valuable book, for he happened to be the possessor of materials whose value could not be spoiled; but it is one which gives a very inadequate view of the father, and will do no lasting credit to the son. So far as filial affection goes, his claim cannot be disputed; but the quality is unfortunately shown in such a way as to confuse and becloud the serene memory of Hawthorne.

MR. PARKMAN'S MONTCALM AND WOLFE.

THERE is a pleasure in taking up one of Mr. Parkman's histories, for the reader knows that he will be invited to a share in the results of the historian's patient labor without being made a partner in the labor itself. There are some historical writers who drag one along with them, and one has to work hard to make the book one's own; but Mr. Parkman's dealings with the reader

are of another sort. He assimilates his material so thoroughly that his narrative reads like the tale of a man who saw all, and if he was not a part of the action was all the better a narrator for being a bystander. The reader listens, and places implicit confidence in the narrator, not merely because the array of public and private authorities shows that Mr. Parkman has had access to material

known in its mass to no other student, but because the firm tone of the historian carries conviction of his entire familiarity with his subject.

Mr. Parkman occupies a somewhat peculiar position as an historical writer. He belongs, one would say, by culture and by choice to the older school of narrative historians, but he brings to his task a scholarship which identifies him with the newer school of critical historians. He has the virtues of both schools, the defects of neither. He avoids, on the one hand, the tendency to rhetoric and smoothness which makes one distrust some very agreeable and even fascinating writers, men who are praised for making history as interesting as a novel; and he has none of that contempt for human interest which leads the scientific historian to treat all historical questions as merely unsolved problems. His positive merit lies in the thoroughly scientific method of his knowledge and the fine artistic power of his expression; while he never writes as a partisan, his work is warm with a genuine human sympathy.

His latest book¹ affords a better opportunity than any of the previous volumes in the series for a judgment on Mr. Parkman's special gifts as a historical writer. The whole subject of France and England in North America, when treated in detail, is so dissipated, and owes its interest so much to detached incidents and half-isolated persons, that one is more impressed by Mr. Parkman's mastery of the separate passages and by his clear portraiture than by his dramatic power. The story of the downfall of France, however, as contained in the volumes before us, moves so swiftly to its conclusion, and involves such vast interests, that it might easily tempt one into a theatrical display. It is to the credit of Mr. Parkman's literary judg-

ment that he has not yielded to any such temptation, but has so marshaled his facts as to make the historical development depend for its impressiveness upon the luminous qualities of the narrative. The drama involved in the sequence of events receives no adventitious aid from any manipulation of detail.

Indeed, any mere scenic dramatic effect is forbidden, except in the culminating encounter between Montcalm and Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. The disputed points in the Seven Years' War, so far as America was concerned, were not many,—Fort Du Quesne, Louisbourg, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, the western forts, Montreal and Quebec; but the campaigns were so independent, for the most part, so little under the control of one master mind, that the impression created on the reader is of a great deal of straggling warfare,—an impression heightened by the remembrance of natural conditions, the dense forests, the trackless ways, the wilderness penetrated only by small parties, and by the frequent glimpses of Indians and bush-rangers, whose mode of warfare emphasizes the unscientific character of the entire struggle.

The real drama lies deeper than this superficial picture, and it is this essential dramatic property which is never lost sight of by Mr. Parkman. Faithful as he is to the delineation of details in this dispersed conflict, he knows that a bystander could not measure the significance of the contest. There is needed that larger historical knowledge, of which prescience can only be dim, and in the light of that knowledge he is able to interpret the isolated fights, to sketch the successive scenes upon the large background of that ethnic struggle for possession of the continent which now stands revealed to the human mind. The brief introduction with which the first volume opens is a vigorous outline of the thought underlying the struggle, and in the first chapter the author has

¹ *Montcalm and Wolfe.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1884.

given a rapid, trenchant sketch of the physical, political, and social conditions under which the movements were to be made.

It may be said, without extravagance, that Mr. Parkman's previous volumes in the series have been in the nature of introduction to this; for he appears from the beginning to have kept in mind the real character of the forces to be pitted against each other, and to have given hints occasionally to the reader of what was finally to be expected. All this will undoubtedly appear more clearly when the only missing link has been supplied, and the reader is able to follow the entire series from *Pioneers of France in the New World* down to this work. We cannot forbear now calling attention to a singularly perspicacious passage in his volume *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*, because it contains in a nutshell the difference of the two national elements at war with each other. It occurs in the eighteenth chapter, where the capture of Fort Nelson by Iberville leads Mr. Parkman into a sudden consideration of the rival colonies, English and French. "These northern conflicts," he says, "were but episodes. In Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia, the issues of the war were unimportant, compared with the momentous question whether France or England should be mistress of the West; that is to say, of the whole interior of the continent. There was a strange contrast in the attitude of the rival colonies toward this supreme prize: the one was inert, and seemingly indifferent; the other, intensely active." He then proceeds to analyze the character of the two colonies and their aim, in two or three pages, which are masterly in their clear, profound disclosure of the inherent differences between the French and the English.

It was in 1697 that Iberville took Fort Nelson. The attitude of the two nations was not essentially different in

1759, except that even under the narrow policy of France Canadian self-consciousness had grown more firm, and the community occupying the basin of the St. Lawrence could no longer be described as a mere French camp. Mr. Parkman occasionally hints at, but nowhere that we remember calls special attention to, the fact that in the final struggle Canada counted upon the side of France with something of the force that New England counted on the side of England. With something of the force, we say, for relatively New England was far more an integer in the struggle, and the evolution of the two peoples in America proceeded with greater rapidity in the case of the English settlers, since they were helped, not only as were the others, by physical conditions, but also by the accumulating influence of political and intellectual principles which made for freedom.

Mr. Parkman says in his introduction that "it was the fatuity of Louis XV. and his Pompadour that made the conquest of Canada possible," an epigram like Emerson's "In the year 1775 we had many enemies and many friends in England, but our one benefactor was King George the Third." If one concentrates one's attention, it is not difficult to sum the matter into such phrases, and Mr. Parkman gives abundant proof of the weakness of Canada through the fatuity of the French court, but his two volumes diminish the force of his epigram. He might with equal truth have said that it was the reinforcement of England by Pitt that made the conquest of Canada possible; and indeed one of the most brilliant passages in the work is to be found in the contrast drawn in the two pictures of Pitt and Pompadour:—

"The Great Commoner was not a man of the people, in the popular sense of that hackneyed phrase. Though himself poor, being a younger son, he came of a rich and influential family; he was

patrician at heart; both his faults and his virtues, his proud incorruptibility and passionate, domineering patriotism, bore the patrician stamp. Yet he loved liberty and he loved the people, because they were the English people. The effusive humanitarianism of to-day had no part in him, and the democracy of to-day would detest him. Yet to the middle-class England of his own time, that unenfranchised England which had little representation in Parliament, he was a voice, an inspiration, and a tower of strength. He would not flatter the people; but, turning with contempt from the tricks and devices of official politics, he threw himself with a confidence that never wavered on their patriotism and public spirit. They answered him with a boundless trust, asked but to follow his lead, gave him without stint their money and their blood, loved him for his domestic virtues and his disinterestedness, believed him even in his self-contradiction, and idolized him even in his bursts of arrogant passion. It was he who waked England from her lethargy, shook off the spell that Newcastle and his fellow-enchanters had cast over her, and taught her to know herself again. A heart that beat in unison with all that was British found responsive throbs in every corner of the vast empire that through him was to become more vast. With the instinct of his fervid patriotism he would join all its far-extended members into one, not by vain assertions of parliamentary supremacy, but by bonds of sympathy and ties of a common freedom and a common cause. The passion for power and glory subdued in him all the sordid parts of humanity, and he made the power and glory of England one with his own. He could change front through resentment or through policy, but in whatever path he moved his objects were the same: not to curb the power of France in America, but to annihilate it, — crush her navy, cripple

her foreign trade, ruin her in India, in Africa, and wherever else, east or west, she had found foothold; gain for England the mastery of the seas, open to her the great highways of the globe, make her supreme in commerce and colonization, and while limiting the activities of her rival to the European continent give to her the whole world for a sphere.

"To this British Roman was opposed the pampered Sardanapalus of Versailles, with the silken favorite who by calculated adultery had bought the power to ruin France. The Marquise de Pompadour, who began life as Jeanne Poisson, — Jane Fish, — daughter of the head clerk of a banking-house, who then became wife of a rich financier, and then, as mistress of the king, rose to a pinnacle of gilded ignominy, chose this time to turn out of office the two ministers who had shown most ability and force, — Argenson, head of the department of war, and Machault, head of the marine and colonies: the one because he was not subservient to her will, and the other because he had unwittingly touched the self-love of her royal paramour. She aspired to a share in the conduct of the war, and not only made and unmade ministers and generals, but discussed campaigns: and battles with them, while they listened to her prating with a show of obsequious respect, since to lose her favor was to risk losing all. A few months later, when blows fell heavy and fast, she turned a deaf ear to representations of financial straits and military disasters, played the heroine, affected a greatness of soul superior to misfortune, and in her perfumed boudoir varied her fulsome graces by posing as a Roman matron. In fact, she never wavered in her spite against Frederic, and her fortitude was perfect in bearing the suffering of others and defying dangers that could not touch her."

In these personal sketches Mr. Park-

man is at his best. He loves men. He has drawn Montcalm and Wolfe with equal care and affection, and his sense of honor inspires him to give Vaudreuil his due, when that offensive governor turns his best side to the light. The persons who make history are dearer to him than the forces which the philosopher discovers at work; but this is only another way of saying that Mr. Parkman is an artist in his history, and that is what we wish to say most emphatically, for it is the charm of these volumes that the reader sees the action, while he is never deluded into supposing that he is merely watching a game of skill.

The story gains perceptibly from the familiarity which the writer shows with the actual ground of the several scenes. That Mr. Parkman should have taken pains to visit the localities mentioned in his history was to be expected; it was a part of his patient preparation for a faithful report. He has used his local knowledge, however, for other purposes than to identify movements or to fix the position of forces, for he has transferred the scene more than once to his pages with the effect of giving color and richness. Such a picture as he draws of Louisbourg at the beginning of chapter xix. is more than a pleasant way of introducing the reader to the scenes which are to follow. It is a background upon which one may see the moving figures in the siege; for it is clear that the historian himself was informed in his imagination by the aspect of the place.

We have preferred to direct attention to the artistic side of this admirable work. The material in which Mr. Parkman has dealt is very largely of his own gathering; the results which he reaches commend themselves to the reader's judgment by the clear, impartial tone which pervades the book; one feels that the years which have been given to the entire series have mellowed and ripened the author's power, and that if

the subject had been one which the world chose to consider a great subject the historian would by this time be ranked with the great historians. But is not the subject great? It is only when one considers it as the affair of Canada that one relegates it to a subordinate place. No juster or more generous conclusion could be drawn than Mr. Parkman presents when he sums up the case as it relates to Canada:—

“With the peace of Paris ended the checkered story of New France, a story which could have been a history if faults of constitution and the bigotry and folly of rulers had not dwarfed it to an episode. Yet it is a noteworthy one in both its lights and shadows; in the disinterested zeal of the founder of Quebec, the self-devotion of the early missionary martyrs, and the daring enterprise of explorers; in the spiritual and temporal vassalage from which the only escape was to the savagery of the wilderness; and in the swarming corruptions which were the natural result of an attempt to rule, by the absolute hand of a master beyond the Atlantic, a people bereft of every vestige of civil liberty. Civil liberty was given them by the British sword; but the conqueror left their religious system untouched, and through it they have imposed upon themselves a weight of ecclesiastical tutelage that finds few equals in the most Catholic countries of Europe. Such guardianship is not without certain advantages. When faithfully exercised it aids to uphold some of the tamer virtues, if that can be called a virtue which needs the constant presence of a sentinel to keep it from escaping: but it is fatal to mental robustness and moral courage, and if French Canada would fulfill its aspirations it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world.”

It is when the history which Mr. Parkman records is taken as a constituent part of the history of great move-

ments in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and especially when it is considered with reference to the genesis of the United States, that it becomes one of dignity and consequence. To miss a knowledge of it is to miss a clear conception of the history of our own country; and as, generation

by generation, this history becomes of greater moment to American readers, and all else is read for the light it throws upon it, the series of which Montcalm and Wolfe is the closing number will come to have an importance much greater than the early books of Livy could have had to Romans.

JOHNSON'S PERSIA.

MR. JOHNSON'S friends will welcome the last volume of his great work, not merely as the most brilliant episode of it, but as the full demonstration of his genius and the final consummation of his aim. Had he lived a few weeks longer, he might have added a chapter or two, rounding off his exposition in a manner more agreeable to his taste, but he would have contributed nothing important to the statement itself. The three volumes are in fact one, describing three stages in the unfolding of the religious idea in the early history of mankind,—the era of thought, the era of ethics, and the era of will. The volumes seem large, but when one considers the extent of ground gone over, the number of authors consulted, the variety of views presented, the necessity for complete definition, the demand for adequate consideration of disputed points, the discussion of characters and events, the space given is small. Mr. Johnson is not a master of suggestive language, but his style is nervous, sinewy, exact, and by no means diffuse. It is hardly copious enough to be read on the run by readers who are not mainly interested in the thought. It is the style of a writer who thinks keenly, and whose words cling to his ideas. Not a sentence is composed with an eye to effect, and often one must read a passage twice, so compact are

the phrases employed. These glowing pages on Persia complete the design. The subject could not be pursued further without opening other fields of study, with which the author may be familiar, but which lie wholly in the modern world. The exposition is already carried far into the Christian centuries, and any attempt to look beyond must be attended by such an examination of details as Mr. Johnson would not think of undertaking, on the lines laid down. Christianity has been firmly though incidentally touched,—in connection with Manicheism and Gnosticism quite freely enough; and a more ample interpretation of the "cosmic" religion, which he regards as the coming faith, would take him far beyond his present limits. The key to the author's immediate theory is given in the opening pages of the chapter on Mahomet. The passage is too long for quotation here, but the substance is expressed in nearly every chapter, and can easily be divined as the development of the religious sentiment in man through successive phases of religious form and institution. Mr. Johnson does not believe in Christianity as the final mode of devout feeling, to which other faiths are but preliminary arrangements; on the contrary, he regards it as a step towards the future attainment of a free, scientific worship of law, order, beauty, wherein shall be

no element of revelation, no recognition of divine will, no rudiment of the monarchical spirit, no priesthood, no inspired book, but simply the highest unfolding of the human mind in every mode of art.

Professor Eitel gently criticises Mr. Johnson because he takes an ideal view of other religions and a literal view of Christianity, with which he might be presumed to be practically more familiar, and evidently thinks this is the reason for a preference of the former over the latter. The truth is that Mr. Johnson takes an ideal view of all religions; that is, he regards, or tries to regard, each form of faith in the light of its central idea. The religion of Christendom he treats in the same manner, and, having defined its genius according to his understanding of it, he does not deem it important to dwell on points that are familiar. In truth, Christianity is so implicated with modern civilization that the task of separating them is almost impossible; would, for the author's purpose, be altogether out of range. Its humanity, its breadth of sympathy, its respect for character as above dogma, its reach of fellowship, is, in his estimation, due more to Europe than to Palestine. With all this he has nothing to do; and this constitutes a large part of the Christianity of to-day. The occasional allusions to Christianity — unnecessarily curt, many will think — that mark the pages are mostly references to some unjust sentence upon foreign faiths, or the rejection on the part of believers of some claim that cannot be met. There may be mental irritation in the paragraph, but of personal feeling there is certainly none. The argument throughout is confined within logical limits.

To comprehend this argument in all its force one must bear in mind constantly that Mr. Johnson was a transcendentalist in philosophy. It was, in fact, as a disciple of that creed that he undertook this work. Preserving

his confidence in the supreme Substance, Cause, Harmony, as intuitions of the mind, he was sure that history would bear him out in his conviction; and while he leaves no stone unturned to discover the truth, he makes no secret of his persuasion that the postulates of the ideal philosophy will be vindicated. If there is a theory he has no patience with, it is the theory of Materialism, as being at once debasing and absurd; at the same time he triumphs in Pantheism, because it makes allowance for liberty and implies the energy of an immanent spirit. An air of expectancy was characteristic of his attitude. He was ever looking forward and upward, as if in anticipation of some unattained good. He saw the best where others saw the worst. During the period of moral conflict that preceded the civil war he was sanguine and jocund, and his sermons, which were printed from time to time in course of the strife of arms, were brimming over with confidence, not in victory merely, but in the triumph of divine principles, in the coming of a nobler condition of society.

He was an immense believer, as this volume shows on every page. He called himself a *fideist*, a man of faith, having in his vocabulary no word large enough to convey his thought. One must remember this in reading these chapters, lest a negative interpretation should do injustice to the writer whose gaze was fixed steadily on positive realities. He was an iconoclast, but, in the fine language of another, "he dashed the idol in order that he might reveal the god." One might question the soundness of his first principle, one might doubt the subtlety of his analysis; but to challenge his sincerity would be impossible, and to escape the contagion of his hopefulness was, for his intimates, a task they would rather not try to perform. In his joyous anticipation of benefit he went before them all. He was an optimist on principle; not that he did not

see the shadow, but he kept his eye fixed on the light, and was confident that the full development of the individual, under perfect liberty, must result in final excellence.

That Mr. Johnson was an ardent believer in the evolution of divine ideas as opposed to the method of direct communication cannot but be apparent to all who glance at these volumes. With evolution in the ordinary sense of the term, as implying the production of the greater from the less, mind from matter, soul from organization, he had no sympathy whatever. His faith in the supremacy of mind, in the primacy of the moral law, was absolute. But his assurance that the way of gradual unfolding was the way of science, of history, of logical thought, was as inflexible. Without that clue all, in his opinion, is confusion; with it difficulties become surmountable, and although obstacles do not disappear a certain order is visible and advance is manifest. His Pantheism comes into play here not merely as making the conception easier, but as delivering him from the necessity of explaining the determinations of a theistic will. The conflict of revelations is avoided, too, the animosities of opposing systems are rendered impossible, and the path is left open for endless expansion in knowledge.

The discussion of Persian thought brings to the front the ancient problem of evil. From such a discussion the author does not flinch; far from it, he rejoices in this opportunity to express all the faith there is in him, and to prove the sufficiency of his principle to master the hardest inquiry. His summary of the dualism of the Avesta, his account of Mani, his analysis of Manicheism, his sketch of the past and future of the speculation, cover the whole ground and exhaust the possibilities of philosophical debate. His own conviction — a conviction born of thought and experience, the conviction of an earnest, aspiring,

deeply-feeling man — is expressed in his own language, which embodies, on the whole, better than any existing statement, the view of the school to which he belongs.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that discussions of this kind occupy a very large space in this volume. Mr. Johnson was a keen thinker, a student of books, a lover of reflection, one with whom intellectual considerations were uppermost; but he was neither arid nor austere. Even in speculations on grave themes he was racy, nervous, vital. He had an eye for the picturesque. His love of natural beauty amounted to a passion. The descriptions of the desert and its influence on those who live on it or dwell within its atmosphere, of the city of Babylon, of the free Persian life, of cloud and mirage, are exceedingly fascinating. The accounts of Cyrus, of Xerxes, of Alexander the Great, of Mahomet, are brilliant enough for a romance. The side glances at Aristotle, at Justinian, are in the highest degree attractive. The author is learned, but his materials are so completely mastered that the radiant picture alone is presented to the reader. The love of art, of symmetry, of color, are kept subordinate to the love of knowledge; but they are active still, and make themselves felt in the general effect, so that one goes on from page to page without an effort.

Mr. Johnson's idea that the Persians illustrate the energy of personal will, the force of nerve power, is very striking, and, as presented, quite original with him. This idea he finds exemplified in all their institutions, in their habits, their laws, their social arrangements, their polity, their religion, which he regards as the worship of individual will in its majesty. There will, of course, be dissent from this daring generalization, — dissent, by no means in all cases coincident with capacity of judging. Some will object that the author, not being an eminent Oriental scholar, has no right

to assert such a proposition. But this objection, conceding for the moment its relevancy, may certainly be carried too far. The point in question is the *genius of the people*. To get at *that* is the desirable thing; and to get at *that* a knowledge of the cuneiform character will not go far. Provided one has a sufficient basis of knowledge, though it be derived from secondary sources, no complaint can be made. This information Mr. Johnson had taken pains to collect. He had read every important book on the subject in English, French, German, articles in learned magazines, reports of societies, journals of travel, incidents of adventure, legends, versions; turning over every scrap of paper on which instruc-

tion might by chance be written. Then he was in possession of the seer's gift of reading between the lines, of interpreting sentences, of running out hints to their conclusion, of divining the meaning of symbols. He was a man of genius, endowed with insight into causes, capable of tracing the fine lines of sequence. Besides, he was inspired by an idea which woke up all his powers, and carried him through investigations that would have appalled a feebler spirit. He was essentially a poet, using the imagination as an organ of truth, while regarding truth as the end of imagination. Thus this volume is a lofty poem in celebration of the march of the Eternal through one of the epochs of time.

A WORD FOR PEPYS.

THE final edition of Pepys is a matter that may deservedly receive some brief attention. In these twelve volumes,¹ admirable in all points of book-making, low-priced, and containing large additions to Lord Braybrooke's version, together with important corrections in the old rendering of the cipher, we have all of the original manuscript that will see the light until there is some change in the editor's standard of decency; and the text is illustrated, and as fully as possible elucidated, by notes. As one glances over the pages, not for the last time, and lingers on some whimsicality, or piece of gossip, or other *révélation intime* it may be, he escapes the guilty consciousness of eaves-dropping just by the very awfulness of the joke Pepys played upon himself in being his own sole confidant, and thus blabbing more than the tiring-women of the whole

century. Here under our hands we have in cold type "the perpetual aside" he whispered in his own confidential ear, and the humor of the situation is something not approached in comedy. How could it be unless the screen-scene in Joseph Surface's drawing-room could be made a whole play, or Molly Seagrim's rug be falling through an entire novel? This dramatic situation, this continued discovery of Pepys behind the circumspect worldliness with which he sheltered his peeping soul, is a main element in the humorous fascination of the diary; one feels almost as if he were himself among the laughing gods who see this same comedy of What Fools these Mortals Be playing everywhere on the broad stage of the world, and there is a taste of divine felicity in the spectacle. If one cannot apply to the diary the classical definition of a good

¹ *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F. R. S.* From his MS. cipher in the Pepysian Library, with a life and notes by RICHARD VOL. LV. — NO. 328. 18

LORD BRAYBROOKE, deciphered, with additional notes by Rev. MYNORS BRIGHT, M. A. 12 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1884.

book, — “the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life,” — it is a classic, nevertheless, and keeps the plebeian vitality of a very honest, vain man and a true Briton, though possibly he would rather have been condemned to a second death than possess an immortality of such very extraordinary publicity as Fortune has given him. Be that as it may, he has added cheerfulness to history and given humaneness to our thoughts of the feeblenesses of our kind. The most cynical, seeing how fairly well this inconsiderate diarist turns out in the confessional of his least-breathed-on thoughts, must feel less certain of the sight men would see were the curtain lifted from the bosom of the passer-by. Pepys was one of the most English of his race; he was the British islander, and, circle within circle, the Londoner, just as Voltaire was French, Gautier Parisian; he had the defects of his nativity, broad, deep, well-marked defects, visible as far as you can see a scarlet coat, and he had foibles and eccentricities of his own, and cranks of many varieties, but his good nature and his contracted view carry them off; one no more thinks of criticising him than the ideas of old Sir Roger; and with all these appurtenances of humor, he had sound and sterling qualities of business, integrity, public spirit, intelligent and active curiosity, and, in a certain sense, traits of a liberal mind and some humane tastes, so that any reader may well pray that, should the discretion of his own silence ever be turned by some flank movement of posterity, and the conscienceless editor come in on the rear of his thoughts, he may cut as respectable a figure as the highly honorable Mr. Pepys, who was garrulous of his follies only to himself, and when his lock was forced was found to have been addicted

only to Lilliputian wickedness. Everything about him was on a petty scale, it is true, except his diary; but the size of that makes amends for his littleness in other things.

Of all the wandering loves of Fortune, this, which has made Pepys immortal, is the strangest vagary. How many laureled heads of Davenants and Bayeses did she pass by to fix this paper crown on the busy official of the navy, who wrote with less regard to his readers than probably any other popular author! All the comic dramatists of the Restoration, as they are now styled, have gone, with their dry jests and elaborated humor, into the property-box of the English theatre, and are shut up to be food for worms; their names fresh only in these pages and the foot-note that explains the obscure reference. The real comedy, the one Fortune had fixed her favor on, was this one of the navy official's, indited in prose, — no French influence to be observed in it, corrupting and enfeebling the old English stock, any more than in the Department he had in charge. But Fortune is wise, and out of her caprice has given us a good gift to make our advantage of, — the sincere history of one Englishman's life, selected, it would seem, almost at random from the intelligent men of his time, but one who remained at bottom the mere human creature, and so by the weakness of our own nature creeps in to our hearts; and in our charity and remembrance and knowledge of ourselves he is as safely sheltered, perhaps, after all, as would have been the case had the short-hand volumes of manuscript never been disturbed. His journal is at once a history and a biography, as well as a scene from the great *Comédie Humaine*, and those whom it cannot satisfy in any of its three interests must be very dull people.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOME ten years ago I chanced to be spending Christmas with a friend in an out-of-the-way village in Cornwall, England. The tourist in England very rarely includes this extremity of the kingdom in his rambles, and, indeed, to the majority of the English people Cornwall is still very much a *terra incognita*.

Cornwall was the last section of England to be invaded by the iron horse. The railway runs quite through the county, from Penzance to Plymouth, in Devonshire, where it connects with the Great Western broad gauge to the metropolis. Though comparatively few tourists deem "the fag-end of England" worth visiting, many artists, to their credit be it said, are wont to go thither for inspiration. And indeed the coast scenery of Cornwall is a blending of the awe-inspiring and the beautiful: it is a country of bold promontories and beetling cliffs, but these are covered with verdure, and not unfrequently the plough of the husbandman passes within a few feet of the brow of precipitous cliffs, a hundred feet below which the ocean heaves its foamy crests, or when in genial mood gently ripples in its ebb and flow.

It may be because of their comparative isolation that the Cornish people are so interesting. Physically, they are a splendid race, and far superior to the natives of other counties of England. The men are in general tall and finely moulded, with none of the slouchy, cart-horse inertness so characteristic of the Midlands and East Anglia. The women, when young, are remarkable for their graceful carriage and delicate complexions, but they are said to "grow old" at a comparatively early period. Both sexes are especially noted for their love of personal adorn-

ment, and nowhere else in all Europe is there so marked an absence of class distinctions in dress.

The main industries of the Cornish are tin-mining and sea-fishing. From the fishermen of the west Great Britain largely recruits her navy, and a Cornish youngster seems almost instinctively to find his way to the sea. The miners, however, are the most interesting to the stranger, because they are the least influenced by the world outside, and because their language, manners, and customs differ so materially from those of the laboring class elsewhere in England. Their dialect would sorely puzzle a philologist, and I cannot pretend to explain, much less account for, its peculiarities. The original tongue of the country exists, I believe, only in glossaries; but it could scarcely have been much more foreign to "English as she is spoke" than is the present vernacular of the mining districts.

The village where I was, at the time referred to, spending the Christmas vacation, was situated near the town of Redruth. On Christmas Eve the "waits," or minstrels, went from house to house with clarionets and flutes, rendering various carols and a sort of oratorio of their own composing, the words being derived from the prophet Isaiah. These people are born musicians. I never thought to discover in such a corner of the world a country so emphatically deserving to be called the land of song. Patti has made a similar observation respecting the Welsh, among whom she has made her home; and here, again, Mr. Galton, the hereditist, may perchance recognize traces of a race-faculty extending into the misty past, and connecting Cornish minstrels and Welsh hymnists with the bards of ancient Britain. So far as I could ob-

serve, the only special religious observance of the following day was held in the parish church, although there were at least three chapels, or "meeting-houses," of Nonconformists in the village. Since Wesley's time, the Dissenters have been numerically in the ascendant in this county, but here, as elsewhere throughout England, even Nonconformists are wont at certain times to put in a sort of tacit claim to membership in the church of their forefathers. On this occasion almost everybody went to church on Christmas morning, — possibly because there was no other service which they could attend, — and in the afternoon it was publicly announced by the town-crier that "the Christmas Players" would perform in "the big room of The Fountain Inn at six o'clock precisely: admission two pence, children one penny." This announcement was made directly in front of the house of the schoolmaster, with whom I was staying, himself a true born Cornubian and a Trewartha.

"By Tre, Pol, and Pen
You may know the Cornishmen."

"Oh Yes! Oh Yes! Oh Yes!" preceded by the ringing of a bell, was the way in which the town-herald attracted the popular attention. The voice was husky and cavernous, for William Brown Rowter had served many years in "the Queen's Navee," and the rude winds of the Bay of Biscay had blown too often down his throat to qualify him for proclaiming his corrupted form of the old Norman "Oyez!" with the silvern tone of an ancient herald. Besides being the crier, Rowter was also the village jester, his wit being of the dry, caustic, and not always agreeable kind. His peculiar name was oftentimes a trouble to him, arising from the fact that the only "mountains" in Cornwall are two in number, the one being Brown Willy, the other Rowter. On his first voyage, the senior lieutenant of the ship was a Mr.

Mule. This officer was accustomed, at times, to descend somewhat from the pedestal of his dignity in his communications with inferiors, — always a risky thing to do, as it is not at all times so easy to remount. On one occasion he facetiously asked the rough Cornish lad to tell him "the difference between William Brown Rowter and Rowter Brown Willy." "The same difference as there is 'twixt a mule and an ass, sir," was the ready reply, and not even the discipline of the service could restrain the audible smile it provoked.

Mr. Rowter's announcement interested me, and I asked my friend Trewartha to enlighten me on the subject of Christmas Players. The information I received induced me to beg that we might be present at the entertainment, — a request that Trewartha somewhat reluctantly granted. At six o'clock, we made our way into the "big room" of the Fountain, which we found fairly well crowded with villagers, and not so fairly lighted by candles of the "dip" variety, stuck in tin sconces on the white-washed walls. The only stage was a clear space at the farther end of the room, the scenery being such as the imagination might succeed in conjuring out of bare walls and the floor. The first player to appear wore a huge wig of hemp, a fur coat, and a coronet of holly. In his hand he wielded a staff, to which a large blown bladder was attached. He at once proceeded to introduce himself: —

"Here be I, old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not!
But I hope old Father Christmas
Can never be forgot."

That his memory still remained green was evidenced by the shout of hearty gratulation raised by the more youthful among the audience, while the seniors laughed merrily and nodded their approbation. The venerable father was of a merry, not to say boisterous humor, as his next proceeding was to ad-

vance among the plauditors and bestow various hearty thwacks of the bladder with admirable impartiality and much vigor for one so aged as his name proclaimed him to be. He was apparently intent that no error should prevail with regard to the purpose of his visit, as he assumed quite a portentous frown while declaring, —

"I be not come here to laugh or to jeer,
But for a bag full of money and a skin full of beer.
If you don't believe the words that I say,
Come on, bold Turkish Knight, and clear the way!"

Following this invitation there entered a being gorgeous in spangles and silver lace, having a gilded helmet, in which portions of a shattered mirror reflected the light afforded by the candles. In his right hand he bore a lofty lance, whose blade or point was cunningly fashioned of Cornish tin; from his side there hung suspended a ferocious cutlass. As he strode forward the cutlass swung between his red-stockinged nether limbs, which caused him to come into violent contact with Father Christmas, who promptly restored the stranger's equilibrium, and with a resounding blow from the bladder admonished him to be more wary of walking. Recovering his dignity, the new comer, said, —

"Here stand I, a Turkish Knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight;
If your St. George will meet me here,
I'll quell his courage without fear."

In response to this challenge, St. George came on the scene. He was armed like the knight, but his raiment was far more gorgeous. He wore a suit of chain mail, covered with scales of glistening tin, and in person he was tall and of a commanding presence. Passing by with indifference the mocking gesture of Father Christmas, — who seemed most unchristian-like to take the side of the Paynim, — St. George confronted his adversary. For an instant the two champions examined each other. St. George's countenance seemed illuminated by a lofty

enthusiasm; his opponent had evidently been studying the art of smiling with sardonic scorn. The champion of Christendom announced his title, country, and deeds of renown: —

"Here am I, St. George! From England do I come,
The land of love and beauty, the pride of Christendom.
I fought the dragon bold, and brought him to the slaughter;
I saved the land of Egypt, and wed its prince's daughter."

To this the arrogant Turk replied, —

"St. George, I pray be not too bold;
If your blood is hot, I'll make it cold."

The champion of England thereupon drew his sword with a flourish, and cried, —

"No further parley, Turkish Knight,
We prate in vain when we should fight."

The combat that followed was terrific. Both champions seemed unaware of the fact that their swords were pointed. During the fray Father Christmas capered about the combatants in great glee, ever and anon, however, most unfairly aiding and abetting the Paynim by striking St. George with the bladder. At last, after many vicissitudes, the victory lay with the English champion. The Turk was prostrated, and when dying he besought St. George to forgive him, which the hero graciously did. Before his decease he was most unsympathetically upbraided by Father Christmas for his want of success, and when dead his remains were spurned and even kicked by the indignant old worthy. Indeed, so angry was the latter that he went so far as to himself challenge St. George, avowing his own ability to knock off the Englishman's head with his bladder. Finding St. George impervious to abuse, the old fellow assumed a new rôle, that of a doctor. Taking a vial of what he termed cure-all from his pocket, he poured a few drops of the liquid into the mouth of the Turk, saying, —

"Drink a drop of elecampane;
Drink, rise up, and fight again."

The medicine must have been potent; at all events, it resuscitated the Turk. Then ensued another combat with St. George, which, however, this time terminated in the Paynim being killed without hope of redemption. "And serve him right," added Father Christmas, who now began to atone for his former treatment of the renowned champion. When the dragon — possibly not the same beast which St. George had assured us he had previously slain — rushed forth, it was difficult to determine whether the saint or Father Christmas did most of the killing. Like Falstaff with Hotspur's body, however, the father assumed the whole credit of the achievement.

The remainder of the play consisted of a combat between St. George and the King of France. The latter, being sorely wounded, had his life spared him on condition that he at once consented to a union between his daughter and his vanquisher. To this proposal the monarch gladly consented, and the play concluded with the espousals; the fair young bride having prepared herself for the altar by shaving a few days prior to the ceremony, as the blue tinge on her cheeks plainly indicated. During the betrothal of the happy couple Father Christmas was in high feather. His behavior at this part of the entertainment was unpardonably rude, and indicated a low tone of morality in the class to which the players belonged. Subsequently I found that these were all miners. My inquiries as to the origin of the play itself elicited no other information than that it "was before their time," and I do not question that Trewartha is correct in his impression that the Christmas Plays of Cornwall — now more and more rarely performed — are real relics of mediæval England, in all probability of the England of the Crusades.

— The Inquisition so impresses the imagination by its pitiless severity in the suppression of heresy that we are apt to think of it only in connection with the dungeon and the stake, and to lose sight of its activity in other directions. Yet it had a large field of operations through methods which, if less dramatic, were more widely diffused, and its services to its masters were by no means limited to retarding the development of the human mind. A little episode of Florentine history in the fourteenth century, hitherto, I believe, unpublished, will serve to illustrate one of these less conspicuous phases of its utility.¹

When the Inquisition was first organized the fines and confiscations imposed on heretics were abandoned to the secular potentates, to stimulate their zeal in persecution; but before long the Holy See claimed a third of the spoils in those Italian states which it could control. In 1343 the Apostolic Chamber became aware that it was cheated of these dues by some members of the Holy Office, and on August 5th of that year Clement VI. sent a commission to Pietro di Vitale, Primicerio of Lucca, authorizing him to prosecute and punish the inquisitors of Lucca and Florence, and force them to disgorge the sums which they had wrongfully withheld. Pietro placed the Florentine Abbot Nicolo of S. Maria in charge of the matter in that city, and the investigation speedily led to a vacancy in the Holy Office. By March, 1344, the Signoria of Florence had occasion to thank the general of the Franciscan Order for filling the vacancy with Frà Pietro d'Aquila. Frà Pietro was a man of some mark. His command of the scholastic theology of the day was shown by his Commentaries on the Master of Sentences, which were well thought of in the schools, and only two months earlier he had received the appointment

¹ The materials for this sketch are drawn from the Florentine Archivio delle Riformazioni and the Archivio Diplomatico, supplemented by a few

facts from Villani, Ughelli, Wadding, and Raynaldus.

of chaplain to Queen Joanna of Naples. Had the Florentines, however, foreseen what was in store for them, they scarcely would have welcomed him so gratefully.

A fearful financial crisis was impending over Florence. The republic was impoverished with the drain of the Lombard war, while the immense sums advanced by the Florentine bankers to Edward III. of England and Robert of Naples could not be collected. Money grew scarce, credit vanished, and when the storm broke it brought ruin to the whole community. The great banking and commercial companies, the Bardi, the Peruzzi, the Acciajuoli, closed their doors; the merchant princes were bankrupts, and the paralysis of all industry plunged the people into the severest suffering. Yet there was one creditor who was resolved to have his money.

The Cardinal of S. Sabina, in wandering as papal legate through several of the European kingdoms, had found it convenient to deposit his surplus collections, amounting to nearly seven thousand gold florins, with the agents of the company of the Acciajuoli; taking receipts under which its members were bound, jointly and severally, to repay the sums at the papal court in Avignon, and were subjected to the jurisdiction of the auditors of the papal chamber. When payment was claimed the funds were not forthcoming, and judgment was of course rendered against the bankers. The real creditor was doubtless the Pope, who lost no time in taking energetic steps to collect the debt. On October 9, 1343, he wrote to the republic, stating the claim, and ordering the Signoria to enforce its payment. In the financial distress of the time, this was impossible. Seven thousand florins was a large sum at a period when the whole annual revenue of Florence amounted to only three hundred thousand florins, and Florence was reckoned the richest state of Europe, except France.

As time passed on, and the Florentine bankers became yet more hopelessly involved, Clement resolved on sharper measures. The new inquisitor, Frà Pietro, was commissioned to collect the debt, with power to invoke the aid of the secular arm and to lay an interdict on the whole city, if necessary, to force the Acciajuoli to meet their obligations. Monstrous as this perversion of the power of the keys may seem to us, it was too common in those times to arouse remonstrance; and when, November 23, 1345, Frà Pietro summoned the Gonfalonier and the Priors of the Arts, under pain of excommunication, to arrest the debtors and hold them in prison until payment, the officials humbly promised to do so, out of reverence, as they said, for the Pope and respect for the inquisitor, and to oblige the cardinal. Yet the sum of seven thousand florins was not to be raised even by this stringent process; and it is quite possible that the political influence of the Acciajuoli, which was great, sufficed to deter the Signoria from employing the harshest methods. Be this as it may, in due time all the magistrates of Florence were excommunicated, and the city was laid under interdict by the inquisitor, who thus managed, in spite of a solemn protest and appeal to the Pope, on March 16, 1346, to render the whole republic responsible for the debt of a few of its citizens. It is true that the interdict was not observed in the city, even by the Bishop of Florence, for which he and his clergy were duly prosecuted; but, nevertheless, though its spiritual terrors were disregarded, its temporal penalties were sufficient speedily to humble the spirit of the Florentines. A commercial community, however little devout, could not afford to endure the derangement of trade consequent on being outlawed by the church and cut off from intercourse with the rest of Christendom. The tremendous nature of these penalties was illustrated in 1376, when, in a quarrel between the

papacy and Florence, Gregory XI. excommunicated the Florentines, and abandoned their persons and property to the first comer; and though they wholly denied the accusations alleged by Gregory in justification of his action, they were forced to submit on learning that in England Edward III., as a devout son of the church, had confiscated all the wealth of their factories, and had reduced their merchants to slavery. Similar submission was inevitable in the present case. By June 14, 1346, the Signoria succumbed, and gave to Nicolo Geri Soderini and Nicolo Bindi Ferucci a procuration authorizing them to pledge the faith of the republic for the payment within eight months of the claim, not exceeding seven thousand florins, of the Cardinal of S. Sabina on the company of the Acciajuoli; but a clause was added that this was done, not because the state was justly liable for the money, but in order to save its citizens from vexations, and to enable them to trade unmolested throughout the world. The Curia graciously accepted the submission, though, with customary procrastination, it was not till February 28, 1347, that Clement VI. removed the excommunication and interdict, conditioned on the payment, within the term agreed, of sixty-six hundred florins, the balance of the debt. As failure to meet the engagement revived the censures, *ipso facto*, and as we do not hear of their renewal, we may assume that the cardinal collected his claim from the bankrupt community.

Frà Pietro's successful energy in thus using the awful powers entrusted to him for such a purpose met its appropriate reward. Undeterred by the fate of his predecessor, which had created the vacancy for him, he had scarce been installed in office when he had fallen into the same evil courses, and worse. In less than two years he was a fugitive from justice. Abbot Nicolo of S. Maria had continued the investigation into the

affairs of the Holy Office, and had found Frà Pietro guilty, not only of withholding the sums due to the Apostolic Chamber, but of innumerable acts of the foulest extortion (*estorsioni nefande*) on individuals. The limitless opportunity which the inquisitorial procedures afforded for these abuses was such that only the most rigid integrity could resist the temptation; and even when the inquisitor himself was above suspicion, the creatures around his tribunal, his spies and familiars, had an ample field for villainous gain by working on the fears of any one whom they might threaten with arrest. Mere suspicion of heresy inflicted an indelible stain, to avert which the miser would willingly sacrifice a portion of his wealth. The whole community was thus at the mercy of the Holy Office, and it would be expecting too much of human nature not to believe that remorseless use was frequently made of this irresponsible power.

By March 16, 1346, the Signoria is seen asking the appointment of a Florentine, Frà Michele di Lapo, to fill the vacancy caused by Frà Pietro's flight, alleging the frightful abuses to which the city had been subjected from foreign inquisitors; and on April 11th it addressed a request to Don Pietro, the Lucchese papal commissioner, for the arrest of Frà Pietro, and for enlarged powers for the Abbot of S. Maria. The trial of Frà Pietro dragged on. He was formally cited and offered a safe-conduct if he would appear, but he prudently held aloof. After due delay, testimony was taken in his absence, when, among a number of witnesses, a single one swore to no less than sixty-six cases of extortion committed by him. During his two years of office he had evidently been active, and his industry had been profitable, for a list of a few of the victims has been preserved, with the sums obtained from them, ranging from twenty-five to seventeen hundred gold florins. In view of the financial distress, of the

time, these extortions represent to us an amount of misery inflicted on the plundered which is not easily computable.

As Frà Pietro persistently refused to appear, he was finally declared contumacious, and in due course he was excommunicated for contumacy. The notice of excommunication was sent to all the churches and religious houses, to be published on Sundays and feast days, and the priests and superiors duly reported their compliance with the mandate. All this was done under direct papal authority, the Abbot of S. Maria being the delegate and representative of the Pope; and henceforth Frà Pietro was an accursed thing, to be shunned of all men, until he should win absolution by contrition and satisfaction rendered to those whom he had wronged.

Solemn as were these proceedings, yet were they none the less a comedy played for the amusement of the good Florentines. Frà Pietro understood the papal Curia far too well to waste in useless restitutions the treasures he had gathered, and he could rely on its gratitude for his activity in collecting the debt due to the cardinal. While the Abbot of S. Maria was citing him as a contumacious fugitive, Clement VI. was expressing his approbation by making him, February 12, 1347, Bishop of Sant'angeli de' Lombardi. The excommunication which followed soon after in no way affected the favor in which he was held, for in June, 1348, he procured his translation to another, and presumably a better, bishopric, — that of Trevinto, — where he appears to have quietly enjoyed the fruits of his labors. Nothing was left to the Florentines but to digest their wrongs as best they might, and to petition again that in future inquisitors might be selected from among their own citizens, over whom they apparently imagined that they could exercise some moral restraint.

— The *espèglerie* of our fancy during a single day, if faithfully reported, would

perhaps go far to impeach our sanity, in the opinion of an auditor, — unless that auditor were advised from within that he himself was subject to a like infirmity. Yet, how certain ideas naturally unrelated, or even mutually opposed, come to be associated in our minds is not, it seems to me, more singular than that they should remain thus associated long after our judgment has recognized the absurdity of the combination. The fantastic assemblages which childhood gets together have a fashion of lingering in our presence, though they have been repeatedly dismissed with our benediction. It is not easy wholly to dispossess ourselves of certain early impressions regarding physical nature: for instance, if in your tender juvenility you imagined that the bright new moon seen just above the place of the sun's disappearance was sent to reign in his stead, your momentary impression when you see the silver crescent may still be that the moon rises in the west.

I remember how after a first hearing of Hail, Columbia, in my childhood, I tried to reproduce its music and words. The first and second verses were readily recalled, but memory halted at the third; I was certain only that it had something to do with fighting and bleeding and Freedom. With these heroic elements I constructed a new line, and the song, in my version, ran thus: —

“Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled for Freedom's head,” etc.

The leonine rhyme did wonderfully tickle my ear, and my imagination did not wince at the truculent circumstance. However, suspecting that my version might not tally precisely with that of older people, I always took care to render *pianissimo* the doubtful line. To this day, when the hymn is sung in my hearing, I have a vision of the “heaven-born band,” gashed and gory, yet triumphant, marching away in undisputed possession of Freedom's head.”

Does anybody know what the Long Gospel is (if there be a Long Gospel)? Until my tenth year I never questioned the canonicity of this evangel, which I supposed the preachers knew all about, as also about the corresponding Short Gospel, — though they never mentioned that, never (I thought it a pity!) discoursed therefrom, of an endless Sunday morning. It is, perhaps, not strange that I should have come to have extreme reverence for the Long Gospel. As conversationally employed by a shrewd, sententious relative of mine, the expression was, I felt, perilously near to profanity. How could the acts and words of one person, how could that person himself, be Long Gospel to another, as this relative was given to asserting? The reader has probably surmised that what was actually said was “law and gospel,” which slackly enunciated becomes “law ‘n gospel,” whence, easily, “Long Gospel”!

I recall my first draught of mythology, drawn from an old-fashioned work on astronomy, *The Geography of the Heavens with a Celestial Atlas*. In the one I read the story of Jason and his expedition to Colchis; on the other I traced the ship which conveyed him thither. I have since been informed that the gallant commander had great difficulty in passing by certain treacherous rocks called the Symplegades, but I have never believed the tale: for me, *Argo Navis* sails the heavens (as in the *Celestial Atlas*), and the argonauts in effect remain aeronauts.

In a copy of Milton which I possess the printer's substitution of a small letter for a capital, in a certain passage in *Il Penseroso*, still, as when I first read the passage, colors the meaning extraordinarily: —

“Till the civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
With the attic boy to hunt.”

Naturally, the “attic boy” lived in an attic (I have since imagined that he be-

longed to the *genus irritabile ratum*), and most likely the rickety stairs gave out loud creaks under his joyous steps, as he bounded down to join the Morning, who had so kindly (“civil-suited,” indeed!) invited him to go hunting.

Lately, reading Chapman's version of the sufferings of Venus wounded by Diomed, — how

“She, sighing, went her way
Extremely grieved, and with her griefs her beauties did decay,
And black her ivory body grew,” —

instantly there came into my mind, not the image of the repining goddess, but that of the curious little wood plant *monotropa*, or Indian pipe. It too has an “ivory body,” and stem and flowers after a time grow dark. I shall never see this plant again without wondering if it has been wounded by Diomed, never read this passage in Homer without a vision of *monotropa* starting delicately through the leaf-mould in the middle of the rich woods.

— The very pleasant and taking essay in which Mr. Henry James has lately expressed some of his opinions on the art of fiction — writing, as he says, to “edge in a few words under cover of the attention which Mr. Besant is sure to have excited” — is as pretty a piece of controversial writing as one need care to read. So agreeable a debater almost invites any one who differs from him to rise and explain.

Now it may be true that, as Mr. James says, art lives upon discussion, and also that questions of art are (in the widest sense) questions of execution; but may there not be danger of too much formulation, too much discussion and comparison of standpoints, concerning any art? A little of Carlyle's horror of formulæ, of his suspicion that much of the talk about art is, after all, a species of cant, may come to be very wholesome, even in fiction, if we insist too much on laying down rules and setting up artificial standards. Humanity

is so broad and the questions affecting it are so infinite, that it seems petty to attempt limitation of any sort in the art which has humanity for its field. For whatever it may be in a novel — whether incident or analysis, charm of style or absorbing plot — that lends it interest, it is always the power of touching the human heart that gives it real worth at last. It is because we are interested in ourselves, in our fellow-beings' relations to each other, and curious to know how these relations are modified by acts and circumstances, that we demand reality in a novel, and that fiction has so boundless a scope. The questions of the "art," if they are in any sense questions of execution, must be forever secondary to this human element of sympathy; and though we hear of one sitting for hours with his head in his hands, in an agony of search for the "right word," and see rules and precepts on this side and on that for writing fiction, we may yet learn to believe that one's best qualification for a novelist is, after all, perhaps, not the ability to write exquisitely, nor to take notes, but rather to "fear himself and love all humankind," even as the poet does.

Then it is hard to see, too, what the real good is of these comparisons of fiction to painting and to other arts.

Schlegel says that perhaps the Greek painters were too much sculptors and the sculptors too much painters, while a character who had probably read Vivian Gray thinks the novelists of his time were too much historians and the historians too much novelists. It would be easy to go on in this way and make many epigrammatic combinations, such as "Some poets are too much novelists," or "Some novelists are too much painters;" but when all the various arrangements which this plan would afford were exhausted, nothing would have been gained. It is dangerous and misleading to reason from analogies; and fiction, if it is to be taken for an art at all, had best stand without props, — without aid or support from any of the sister arts. That Fiction is abundantly able to do this, that her purposes are high and broad enough, that her meaning and material are of depth and worth enough to do this, there are already many who are willing to believe; even though they make no clamor for her admittance into the sisterhood of arts, nor attempt to bind her in formulas simply that they may hold her up before an unthinking but admiring world, and say, "See! she is an art even as the other arts are; clothed, and with form and substance!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Philosophy. The Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture and attested by the Fathers of the First Five Centuries of the Church. In three volumes. (Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.) This work is a reissue of Father Waterworth's edition of the treatise originally put forth by Fathers Berington and Kirk in the early part of this century. It is enlarged by the addition of a chapter from Bishop Ullathorne on the Immaculate Conception, a translation of the first dogmatic constitution of the General Council of the Vatican, and a chronological list of the Popes of the first five centuries. It is also introduced by a preface of half a dozen pages from the pen

of Monsignor Capel, who dedicates the work in very complimentary fashion to the People of the United States. The work in its original form, and as freshly presented, is not for the benefit of believers so much as an apology, couched in persuasive terms, for the use of Protestants who themselves rely for the support of their faith on isolated texts of Scripture. That is to say, the book is an old-fashioned reply to an old-fashioned defense. But the habit of mind now prevailing in the stoutest Protestantism is not met by reasoning of the sort of these good fathers. — The Evidence of Faith, by James S. Bush (Osgood): a volume of sermons in defense of a spiritual recognition

of spiritual facts. The writer is very much in earnest, is thoughtful and unwilling to appear to hold truths which he cannot clearly and intelligently support. — Out of Egypt: Bible Readings on the Book of Exodus, by G. F. Pentecost. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The readings are reports of extemporaneous exegesis, and it may be added that they are readings into the Book of Exodus of a strictly modern and exclusive school of religious thought. — The Continuity of Christian Thought, a study of modern theology in the light of its history, by Alexander V. G. Allen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) This work, an expansion of the author's now famous articles in the Princeton Review, is destined to make its mark in contemporary literature. It supplies a link in the chain of theologic and philosophic reasoning, which will make the whole chain every way more serviceable and operative. — Atheism in Philosophy, and other Essays, by Frederic Henry Hedge. (Roberts.) The essays included in the special title cover the topics of Epicurus, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann. The miscellaneous essays treat of Augustine, Leibnitz, Kant, Irony, Fetishism, Genius, and the Lords of Life. The writing is compact, nervous, and of an almost explosive vigor. — Dr. McCosh's Philosophic Series is continued by a criticism of the Critical Philosophy, which is in effect a study of Kant. (Scribners.) The Reality of Religion, by Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr. (Scribners): a half dozen sermons, fervid, not devoid of thought, and an argument by their earnestness for the reality of religion, but so rhetorical in their style that one never forgets the preacher, the congregation, and the meeting. — The New Philosophy, by Albert W. Paine. (O. F. Knowles & Co., Bangor.) Mr. Paine postulates two worlds as the sphere of man's activity: the present visible one being the temporary scene of his spiritual energy; the future, now invisible one receiving into more full activity the powers of the spirit here dormant through bodily restraint. His new philosophy then concerns itself with the commerce between these worlds, and takes into consideration as most worthy of study visions, warnings, thought, transference, telepathy, and the like. The practical outcome is to disengage one's mind from a too slavish submission to his senses and what we ordinarily call reason. The author naturally takes great interest in the new society for psychical research. — The Genius and Character of Emerson, lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy, edited by F. B. Sanborn. (Osgood.) A brief sketch of the Concord School and its contributions to philosophical literature serves as an introduction, and then are given the several lectures, papers, and poems, presented in the session of 1884, by Mrs. Cheney, Julian Hawthorne, Dr. Bartol, Miss Peabody, Mr. Mead, Mr. Sanborn, Dr. Harris, Mrs. Howe, and others. There is necessarily a good deal of traversing by each of the ground of others, and discourses on Emerson are very apt to draw their inspiration of style from Emerson, but the volume has interest as a contemporary discipular portrait of the sage.

Holiday Books and Fine Arts. From Greenland's Icy Mountains has been set to pictures.

(Porter & Coates.) The contrasts permitted by the poem are hardly regarded except in one amusingly conventional picture, and the supernatural element is expressed by feeble fireworks. — Lady Clare, by Alfred Tennyson, with twenty-two illustrations by Fredericks, Perkins, Schell, Garrett, Church, and Fenn. (Porter & Coates.) There is more variety of work in this volume, but it can hardly be said that the work is really illustrative of the poem. It does not throw any light on it, and the figures which ought to carry the thought of the poem are very expressionless.

Literature. Human Intercourse, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts Brothers): a collection of twenty-six essays, by a thoughtful and graceful writer, upon those themes of human life which lie upon the surface of ordinary conversation, yet permit a deeper lead to be sunk. Mr. Hamerton will bring his readers back to certain principles of courtesy in human intercourse which can scarcely be learned from books of etiquette. — Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel appears in a new edition, with illustrations by Garrett, Harper, Taylor, Shelton, and others. (Crowell.) The page is good, and the illustrations show a little more historical study and a little less of the theatrical treatment than is common in such subjects. — Miss Lucy Larcom's Poetical Works having passed into the standard form of Household Edition (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), it is fair to give her a place in literature, and not relegate her to a seat in current poetry and the drama. Her fine humanity is not infrequently wedded to a clear and penetrating song. — Sheridan's Comedies, edited, with an introduction and notes to each play, and a biographical sketch of Sheridan, by Brander Matthews (Osgood): an interesting edition, with good apparatus and some serviceable illustrations. We think the form of the book unnecessarily clumsy. — Annus Sanctus is the title of a work of which the first volume now appears, edited by Orby Shipley, containing hymns of the Church for the ecclesiastical year, translated from the sacred offices by various authors, with modern, original, and other hymns, and an appendix of earlier versions. Cardinal Newman, E. Caswall, Dryden, Aubrey De Vere, Oxenham, are the best known of the translators. The work is an important addition to the higher order of hymnology. It professes to contain also a large number of hymns by Dryden not included in the regular editions of that poet. The editorial work bears the mark of great care. (Burns & Oates.)

Science. A curious paper is The Revelations of Fibrin, by Rollin R. Gregg, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y., in which the author thinks he has presented testimony to the indestructible nature of fibrin, and has thus supplanted the bacteria theory. His aim goes beyond this, however, for he contends that if his position is sustained there is an argument for the immortality of the soul, since the greater includes the less. — The journal Science has issued a neat volume containing the numbers from August 29 to October 3, which include the admirable reports of the meetings of the Scientific Associations recently held in Montreal and Philadelphia. (Science Company, Cam-

bridge, Mass.) The workmanlike manner in which the great mass of material presented at the meetings was digested and made accessible to the general reader is clearly apparent when the whole is brought into view at once.

Books for Young People. The bound volume of *Our Little Ones and The Nursery*, edited by William T. Adams (Estes & Lauriat), is so prudently arranged that to the eye it scarcely suggests a serial. Every page, nearly, has its picture, and most of them are uncommonly pretty. The text is unpretentious, and though for steady reading it would be found somewhat weak, taken in small doses it would do little harm. But what an area of the commonplace it covers! — *Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time*, by Edward Jewett Wheeler. Illustrated by Walter Satterlee. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A pleasant book, not too ambitious, but merry and wholesome. — *Little Bell*, and other stories for boys and girls, by Margaret Vaudegrift (Ketterlinus Printing House, Philadelphia): some capital stories in prose and verse, illustrated chiefly by color-prints, which are sometimes successful. — *The Absent-Minded Fairy*, by the same author (same publishers): a lively story, of the half-burlesque order, but not therefore unrefined. Some of the illustrations by E. B. Bensell are delightfully humorous. — *Other Folks at Home*, a trip through Europe (Estes & Lauriat); written in the Childese dialect, chiefly to accompany a set of ingenious combination pictures containing flags, postage stamps, costumes, etc., printed in sticky colors. — *Young Folks' History of London*, by William H. Rideing. (Estes & Lauriat.) The author modestly disclaims any originality, but he has made a good mosaic and crowded a great many figures into the composition. A lad who should read this book would find an epitome of a good deal of English history. — *Heidi*, her years of wandering and learning, translated from the German of Johanna Spyri by Louise Brooks (Cupples, Upham & Co.): a delightful story, of the best German sentiment; the details are nearly all of peasant life, and the lessons of self-sacrifice and devotion are charmingly told. The book is, as it should be, printed in clear type, well-leaded, and is bound in excellent taste. Altogether it is one which we suspect will be looked back upon a generation hence by people who now read it in their childhood, and they will hunt for the old copy to read in it to their children. It is, so to speak, old-fashioned from the start. — *Katy Neal*, a comedy of child life, in three acts, for young performers, by Charles Barnard (Harold Roorbach, New York): a bright little piece, but we should have some misgivings about setting such small children on the stage as some of the characters require. — *The Browns*, by Mary P. W. Smith (Roberts): a story of Cincinnati young people, not too good for human nature's daily food. The spirit of the book is healthy, and though the adventures seem hardly worth telling, and there is in fact no special purpose in the book, it is less idle than many of its class. — *Spinning-Wheel Stories*, by Louisa M. Alcott (Roberts): a collection of stories, many of them of historic days, set in a decorative border of contemporaneous talk. Miss Alcott's rosy hue of life

is not the worst medium for children to see through. — *The Old-Fashioned Fairy Book*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Miss Rosina Eunnet. (Scribners.) Mrs. Harrison, with her head full of the old fairy tales, has produced a lively book of new stories out of the old cloth. Invention is the great thing, and she invents briskly, but we think she would have done well to discriminate a little more between the grotesque and the horrible. The gusto with which she tells her stories, however, is very effective in making good listeners. — *Six Girls*, a home story for girls, by Fannie Belle Irving. (Estes & Lauriat.) Of the Miss Alcott school, in which all the figures are in high light, and character and circumstances are manufactured out of new colors. The accompanying illustrations have the air of having been picked up from other books, or story papers. — *Chatterbox*, edited by J. Erskine Clarke. (Estes & Lauriat.) It turns out that *Six Girls* was the serial in *Chatterbox*, and appears to have been introduced for copyright purposes. The other contents, both of text and illustration, are of the ordinary kind, showing little more than a scrap-book judgment and taste. The whole aspect of the book, with its advertisements and cheap art, is of the rankest Philistinism. — *Zig-Zag Journeys in Acadia and New France*, by Hezekiah Butterworth. (Estes & Lauriat.) In the style of the previous volumes in the series, crowded with cuts, broken up by story and verse, densely instructive, and with rheumatic gayety. — *Three Vassar Girls in South America*, by Lizzie W. Champney (Estes & Lauriat): a continuation of previous volumes in the series. It has the advantage of being written by a lady who has the playfulness which will not let her be too instructive even when she is resolutely bent on making a book of travels. — *Little Blossom*, a book of child fancies, invented and drawn by R. André (S. P. C. K., London; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York); a series of chromo-lithographic illustrations of flowers, in sets, and the like, with snatches of verse. There is some humor and plenty of good nature in the work. — The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge through its agents, E. & J. B. Young & Co., of New York, sends a dozen cheap toy books in colors, all illustrated by R. André. Mr. André appears to be a disciple of Caldecott, but his work, though fair, lacks the peculiar grace of that delightful draughtsman. Half of these little books are rhymed stories by Miss Ewing, who is not always at her best, but is always cheerful, simple, and light in her touch. The other half are prose stories, which sometimes attempt too much in a small space, and are conventionally English, with frequent reminders of governesses, maids, and the state of life in which one is called. — *Last Fairy Tales*, by Edouard Laboulaye, translated by Mary L. Booth. (Harpers.) This volume contains the stories written or arranged by Laboulaye in addition to his well-known *Fairy Book*. The stories have the true fairy-tale flavor; it is noticeable that good storytellers of this sort are always quick to adopt folk-tales, for they recognize the fact that the best stories grow, and are not made. It is a pity that the number of illustrations was not reduced, and

the expense put into a few well-engraved pictures. The meanness of the process employed robs some excellent designs of their worth. — *Left Behind, or Ten Days a Newsboy*, by James Otis. Mr. Otis says in a closing paragraph that his story is a true one. It is a pity, then, that he could not have told it as if it were true. A true story founded on fiction is one thing, but this is something else. It is so affected and artificial a story that the reasonable reader gets out of patience with the author who had real incidents and could so abuse them. — *Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones*, compiled by Mary J. Morrison. (Putnam's.) There is a cheerfulness and a homeliness about most of these ditties which should commend the book to sensible parents. Occasionally a poem is given which is rather about children than for children, but in the main there is no sentimental rubbish, and a deal of honest, healthy story and moral. — *Prince Lazybones and other Stories*, by Mrs. W. J. Hays. (Harpers.) Mrs. Hays writes in an excellent spirit, and never loses her sprightliness, but the fairy machinery is rather violently overworked, and it must be a clear-headed child that can see its way through the tangle of the tales. — *Lamps and Paths*, by T. T. Munger (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an enlarged edition of a little book which appeared a year ago, and was welcomed by many in its briefer form for the clear, unaffected appeal which it made to the simple, religious nature of the young. Mr. Munger addresses children from the vantage-ground of a candid religious faith which is not nicely formulated; he uses anecdote sparingly, and relies chiefly upon a frank, intelligible reason.

Text-Books and Education. The Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1882-83 has been received. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) One can only stand and admire the mass of statistical information herein gathered, and ask if, besides the race of diggers, we are not also to have a race of assayers who will give us the bullion, for we surely cannot all do the work for ourselves. — *A Thousand Questions in American History*. (Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) To construct a history on this plan is mischievous, for it supposes no knowledge on the part of the pupil, and makes the work to be wholly that of the teacher except in a mere mechanical memorizing. It would be almost a waste of time to use the book in teaching history, and scarcely less in examining pupils. — *Sex in Mind and in Education*, by Henry Maudsley (Bardeen, Syracuse): a study based on physiological conditions, and of value to all who would carefully consider the intellectual education of girls. — *A Hand-Book of Latin Synonyms*, based on Meissner's *Kurzgefasste Lateinische Synonymik*, by Edgar S. Shumway (Ginn, Heath & Co.): a convenient handbook for teachers to use in expanding their pupils' conception of linguistic forms. — *A manual of the Gymnastic Exercises as practiced by the Junior Class in Amherst College*; prepared under the direction of Dr. Edward Hitchcock. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The object is to furnish a series of exercises by the use of which a teacher can instruct a class in light gymnastics; there are also exercises for company drill, and tables of meas-

urements. A little pamphlet of fifty-six pages only. — *Handbook of Latin Writing*, by Henry Preble and Charles P. Parker (Ginn, Heath & Co.): a most sensible little work, since it strikes at the root of the mechanical conception of translation. A hundred exercises are given, and the preliminary suggestions are full of value, especially to teachers. — *A Reader of German Literature*, with notes by W. H. Rosenstengal. (Putnam's.) A tolerably wide range is followed, and the editor has undertaken to make his book serve as a real introduction to literature by examples, and not simply a practice book in reading. — *Colloquial Exercises and Select German Reader*, by William Deutsch. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The editor seeks to combine the Hennessy-Sauveur method with a more positive work on the part of the student in memorizing and linguistic gymnastics. — *A Grammar of the German Language*, by H. C. G. Brandt. (Putnam's.) The author, himself a German, has approached his task in a severely scholastic fashion, and the young pupil must expect no Pullman cars on this line. If he sticks to the road, however, he will undoubtedly reach his journey's end in a very athletic condition. — *First Lessons on Minerals*, by Ellen H. Richards, is the thirteenth in the Guides for Science Teaching (Ginn, Heath & Co.): an admirable series of aids to teachers, published under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History. — *Select Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, edited with notes by William J. Rolfe (Osgood); uniform in general appearance with Rolfe's *The Princess* and other of his school editions of English Classics. Seventeen poems are taken, all of them notable ones. Mr. Rolfe prints some excellent notes, and, as before, makes free use of the best published criticism. — In the Circulars of Information issued by the Bureau of Education at Washington the fourth number for 1884 is devoted to the proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting at Washington, February 12-14, 1884. An abstract of the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1882-83 accompanies it, and partially supplies the need for which we have just been sighing. — *Female Education from a Physiological Point of View*, by John Thorburn, M. D. (J. E. Cornish, Manchester, England.) Dr. Thorburn repeats in brief the argument of Dr. Edward H. Clarke, and sounds a note of alarm in England, drawing his inferences very largely from American experience. — The youth of this country are fortunate in having such text-books as Mr. Horace E. Scudder's *History of the United States of America*. (J. H. Butler & William Ware & Co.) It is only within the last eight years that authors like Mr. Higginson and Mr. Scudder have brought accurate scholarship and trained literary skill to the preparation of works of this kind. Though intended for the use of schools and academies, Mr. Scudder's volume commends itself, by the charm and clearness of its style and the admirable arrangement of its matter, to maturer readers. The maps have been prepared with great care, and the illustrations which accompany the text are notable samples of American drawing and engraving. —

Professors Crane and Brun, of Cornell University, have rendered an inestimable service to teachers and students of the French language by the publications of *Tableaux de la Revolution Française*. (Putnams.) It is the best French reader that has come under our notice. — How to Learn and Earn (Lothrop) is a collection of sketches by various authors, descriptive of philanthropic schools, like that for the blind, those for Indians, cooking schools, art schools, sewing schools, and the like. West Point also comes in for attention. The book is an interesting indication of the work doing for the helpless or half-dependent. — The Field of Honor, by Major Ben C. Truman (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), is a compendium of dueling in all countries, and gives brief histories of all the more notable duels that have occurred in Europe and the United States. The book is interesting in its way, though it is poorly written. — Choice Readings from Standard and Popular Authors, embracing a complete classification of selections, a comprehensive diagram of the principles of vocal expression, and indices to the choicest readings from Shakespeare, the Bible, and Hymn-Book, compiled and arranged by R. T. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) The book is classified under fourteen divisions, one of which, "imitative metrical," is novel. Of course a teacher can use the book any other way than in course, but we should think the danger would be that classes would read a whole section of "grave, solemn, serious, and pathetic" poems and articles, and become surfeited with them, before they struck the "lively, joyous, gay." The selections are generally well made, though the vulgar is included under "humorous, comic," and is not in a separate section by itself. — Natural History Plays, Dialogues, and Recitations, for School Exhibitions, by Louisa P. Hopkins (Lee & Shepard): an ingenious versification of familiar facts in natural history, for the use of children. It is an adaptation of the old-fashioned geography rhymes, and is fairly successful. — Wentworth & Hill's Exercise Manuals, No. III., comprises Geometry. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) It is intended to practice the student in a great variety of exercises, so as to enable him to use the power which he has acquired by becoming acquainted with the principles. — Addition Manual, by which addition is memorized, and the sum or difference of any two numbers known at sight, by F. B. Ginn. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) Mr. Ginn shows that there are but forty-five combinations to be learned in order to know the sum or difference of any two numbers, and that any one who can learn the multiplication table can memorize addition and subtraction. — The Antigone of Sophocles, edited on the basis of Wolff's edition, by Martin L. D'Ooge (Ginn, Heath & Co.), has, besides copious notes, the rhythmical scheme of the lyric parts, and a carefully annotated list of various readings. — Experiment Blanks for a Short Course in Elementary Chemistry, by Nathaniel S. French (Harris & Rogers, Boston): an ingenious little manual, adapted to the use of schools, with slight apparatus, and serving to make both teachers and pupils work more systematic and orderly. — Italian Prin-

cipia, Part II., is a first Italian Reading Book. (Harpers.) The editor, whose name is not given on the title-page, is Signor Ricci, professor at the City of London College. The extracts are from nearly all the best Italian prose writers, both ancient and modern, and proceed in natural order from the simple to the more complex forms. — Professor J. Laurence Laughlin has abridged and annotated Mill's Principles of Political Economy, for college use. (Appleton.) Besides the service rendered by making the original work more compact, there has been a special gain in the introduction of American illustrations in place of and in addition to those used by Mr. Mill, in the insertion also of interesting new charts and diagrams, and in the addition of a full and useful bibliography. Altogether the book bears all the signs of a thoroughly-studied and well-furnished manual. — Mrs. Botta's Handbook of Universal Literature (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has been revised and brought down to date. It is now a quarter of a century old, and has borne the test of class-room use. The book does not disclose any singular insight on the part of the author, but a conservative and judicious mind. — Outlines of Metaphysic, dictated portions of the lectures of Hermann Lotze. Translated and edited by George T. Ladd. (Ginn, Heath & Co.) This is the first of a short series intended to present the latest thought of Lotze. This one lies really at the basis of Lotze's system. — The Origin of the First German Universities, by G. G. Bush (New England Publishing Co., Boston): an encyclopædic pamphlet, reprinted from Education. The writer presents a good many facts, but he does not seem to us to have given as much attention as the reader would like to a philosophical view of the subject. The antiquarian aspects are more carefully considered than the historical.

Social and Domestic Literature. In Putnam's Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing, Bread-Making is a recent volume, which is by necessity a small one. We wish it had been made still smaller by the omission of a sentence which encourages the production of soda biscuits. — The Usages of the Best Society, a complete manual of Social Etiquette, by Frances Stevens (A. L. Burt, New York): a harmless sort of book, since it supposes an ordinary knowledge of courtesy on the part of the people for whom it is designed. Such books, however, fill one with a mild despair as he thinks of the futile effort so often made to impose manners by rule. — John Bull's Daughters, by Max O'Rell, translated by F. C. Valentine (R. A. Saalfeld, New York): a tawdry piece of work. The reader feels that the writer is winking at him all the time that he is professing to give an account of female society in England. — The Mentor, a little book for the guidance of such men and boys as would appear to advantage in the society of persons of the better sort, by Alfred Ayres (Funk & Wagnalls): one of the better class of books on etiquette, and well written. — How the Ends Meet, by Susan Anna Brown (Osgood), though in the form of a story, is in substance a lesson in economy, illustrated by the experience of a family of excellent intentions and modest purse. — In Bridget's Vacation, by

the same author (Osgood), is an ingeniously prepared Daily Comforter for distracted housekeepers, being a series of directions for twenty-one simple meals. If Bridget does not then come back, the household will not probably greatly care. — *About People* is the title which Mrs. K. G. Wells gives to a collection of essays (Osgood) in which she aims at finding the true connection between society and the man or woman who is a man or woman "for a' that." She is very much in earnest, and very indignant over the false coin of society. Her sentiments are those of good sense and impatience at mere leather and prunella, expressed with a downrightness which must be accepted in place of much literary grace.

Biography. A Sketch of the Life and Times of the Rev. Sydney Smith, by Stuart J. Reid. (Harpers.) So good a subject could not easily be spoiled, and Mr. Reid does not come near spoiling it, but a less aggressive manner would have suited him better. He is too anxious to rehabilitate Smith, not in clerical robes, but in those of a whig reformer; he is somewhat labored in his style, sometimes even pedantic, and while he enjoys his subject's wit he seems to wish it were not so conspicuous. However, we have little to quarrel with in a book which gives so much genuine pleasure to the reader. — *Sir Moses Montefiore*, a centennial biography, with selections from letters and journals. (Harpers.) Mr. Lucien Wolf, the author of this sketch, has done his work well, with sensible reserve and dignity. The story is well worth reading, not only for the delineation which it gives of an admirable character, but for its interior pictures of modern Judaism. — *Fifty years of London Life*, memoirs of a man of the world, by Edmund Yates. (Harpers.) Mr. Yates's world is not exactly a disreputable one, but he manages to drop all the places and persons described by him a few pegs lower than a more healthy-minded man would do. There is something ignoble about the whole book. One lays it aside with the feeling that he has been in the company of a lot of cads. — *The Story of my Life*, by J. Marion Sims, edited by his son, H. Marion Sims. (Appleton.) Dr. Sims has told his story with a vigor and raciness which make it as interesting as a novel; he uses names pretty freely, and the book cannot be equally agreeable reading to everybody, but if one reads it as a romance he will be well repaid. — *Men of Invention and Industry*, by Samuel Smiles. (Harpers.) Dr. Smiles has acquired a certain right to the treatment of subjects of this class, and by occupying the ground he has attracted to himself a good deal of new material; so that this volume has not only his own studies, but the contributions of others who have used him as a mouthpiece. — *John Adams*, by J. T. Morse Jr., is the latest number of *American Statesmen* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and is marked by the rugged, downright treatment of character and achievement which Mr. Morse displayed in his previous volumes. It is refreshing to meet an historical critic who is more in earnest to get at the truth and tell it than he is to adjust all matters to the satisfaction of everybody.

Poetry and the Drama. The Last David and

other Poems. (Elliot Stock, London.) The longest poem is the title one, which is a dramatic sketch. The author shows good taste, a scholar's mood, and a thoughtful mind, but his poetry is sometimes mechanical in form, and there is no strong spirit breathing in it. — *Pictures in Song*, by Clinton Scollard. (Putnams.) The title does not belie the contents of this little volume. Perhaps a more exact title still would be *Decorative Designs in Song*, for the poetry, often graceful and sometimes beautiful, is, after all, scarcely independent. It adorns this, that, and the other, rather than contains its own excuse for being. — *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, edited by his wife. (Scribners.) A biographical preface, by W. H. Ward, supplies some of the facts which one desires to know regarding Lanier, but it is a pity that more of his letters could not have been given. The story is of a brave struggle amidst peculiarly trying circumstances. The poems are collected from various magazines and journals in which they first appeared. One cannot help feeling that here was a true musician who, when he had once so mastered his instrument that he need never think of it, would have given some noble melodies. As it is, one wonders at the crass and brutal ridicule with which his cantata met when it first appeared. — *Ferishtah's Fancies*, by Robert Browning. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Browning (his name suits well the prologue to this volume, wherein the poems are likened to ortolans on toast and sage) has collected, under the name of *Ferishtah's Fancies* (*Ferishtah's*, in spite of its suggestion of a maudlin "for instance," being a Persian Dervish), a few apologues of Eastern scene and Western thought, and has appended to each, not a moral (his morals are usually applied to the tales as mustard plasters), but a lyrical reproduction of the esoteric philosophy of the apologue. The apologues are the ortolans, the lyrics are the toast; at least, so we read the riddle, for in this volume Browning retires into the recesses of his shell, only allowing his head to peep out now and then.

Politics and Economy. Money in Politics, by J. K. Upton, with an introduction by Edward Atkinson. (Lothrop.) This work does not relate, as one might suppose, to the purchase of votes or any Belshazzar's Feast, but to the effect upon money in the United States by legislative enactments. The author was formerly assistant secretary of the treasury of the United States, and his treatment is historical, beginning with early colonial money and concluding with trade dollars. The temper in which he writes is excellent, and his clear, unimpassioned style is an admirable medium, while his occasional bursts of honest indignation are welcome to the sympathetic reader. — *The Competitive Test* is the fourteenth of the *Economic Tracts* published by the Society for Political Education. Mr. E. M. Shepard, the author, considers the subject especially with reference to the civil service of States and cities; he writes temperately and with discrimination. — *Silver Coin*, by John Geo. Hertwig (the author, Washington): a plea for the retirement of government notes and the exclusive use of gold and silver coin.